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LECCIONES

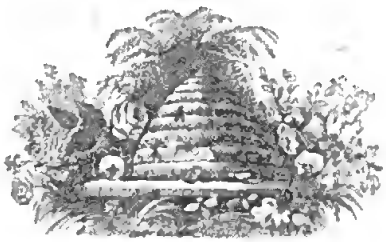
DE LITERATURA INGLESA,

PRECEDIDAS

DE UN COMPENDIO GRAMÁTICAL, CON REGLAS Y CLAVE DE PRONUNCIACION,

Y ACOMPAÑADAS DE UN VOCABULARIO AL PIÉ DE CADA PÁGINA.

Por el profesor H. Mac Veigh.



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IMPRENTA DE DON ALEJANDRO GOMEZ FUENTENEBRO,
calle de la Colegiata, núm. 6.

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The selections in this volume embody a series of specimens peculiarly adapted to facilitate improvement in reading and translating English. Elegance and propriety of thought vie herein with eloquence and beauty of expression. Both ancient and modern authors have supplied these gems, which the youth of Spain may make their own, at no other cost than that of perusing the short Introductory Outline of English Grammar and Pronunciation; and learning the vocabulary at the bottom of each page, which will give them the meaning and pronunciation of every word *not previously explained*. By this means the expense and laborious plodding occasioned by dictionaries are eschewed, and Industry is supplied with a key to unlock, by her own unaided efforts, the vast literary trea-

ADVERTENCIA.

Los trozos que contiene este tomo forman una serie de modelos los mas á propósito para que el discípulo adelante en la lectura y traduccion del idioma inglés. A la mayor elegancia y propiedad en los pensamientos, reunen las formas mas bellas y mas elocuentes en el decir. Tanto los autores antiguos como los modernos han proporcionado estas joyas, que podrán ser propiedad del discípulo español, con solo atender á la breve reseña gramatical y al sistema de pronunciacion que preceden á la obra; lo mismo que al vocabulario que se encuentra al pié de cada página, y que contiene el significado y pronunciacion de toda palabra que no se halle *en las páginas anteriores. De este modo se excusa el gasto y el trabajo ímprobo de un Diccionario, y al estudioso se le facilita una llave con la cual podrá por sí solo abrir la puer-*

sures of the British empire.

The work is being subjected to the inspection of the Rev. A. Ducrós, appointed by the very Rev. the Vicar Ecclesiastic, to see that nothing contrary to faith or morals be inserted therein. In the last Part will appear the authoritative *imprimatur*.

ta de los tesoros literarios del imperio Británico.

El Ilmo. Sr. Vicario Eclesiástico de Madrid se ha servido encargar la censura al respetable presbítero Sr. Don A. Ducrós. En la última parte de la obra se estampará el imprimatur *de la autoridad Eclesiástica.*

Madrid 20 de Octubre de 1857.

H. Mac Veigh.

INTRODUCCION

á la lectura y traduccion

DE LA LENGUA INGLESA,

POR H. MAC VEIGH.

MADRID: 1857.

IMPRENTA DE D. ALEJANDRO GOMEZ FUENTENEBRO,
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BREVE RESEÑA

DE LA PRONUNCIACION

Y DE LA ANALOGIA INGLESA.

HAY seis vocales en el inglés, á saber:

a = éi.
e = i.
i = ái.
o = óu.
u = iu.
y = ái.

Así pronunciadas se llaman vocales *largas*, y esto sucede principalmente, 1.° al terminar una sílaba: 2.° formando la misma sílaba solas ó sin consonante: 3.° colocadas delante de una sola consonante seguida de una vocal, sobre todo de una *e* muda en la misma sílaba. La *e* es muda al final de diccion si la palabra pasa de tres letras. Estas reglas encuentran pocas excepciones en las palabras que *no* se parecen al castellano.

VOCALES BREVES.

a = a en *fat.*
e = e en *met.*
i = i en *fin.*
o = o en *not.*
u = u en *tub.*
y = y en *Styx.*

Sobre todo: 1.° colocadas delante de una consonante ó de dos que terminan la sílaba: 2.° al términar la sílaba (especialmente si no tiene acento) en las palabras parecidas al castellano.

OBSERVACIONES.

La *a* es larga antes de *the*, *ste*, *nge* y *nci* en la misma sílaba.
La *i* es larga antes de *gh*, *gn*, *ld*, *nd*, *ght*, *dle*, *fle*, *tle* y *ple*.
La *o* es larga antes de *ld*, *lt* y *st*.
La *a* es como *a* española antes de *r*, *lm*, *lf*, *lv*, *th*, *nt*, *nce*, *s*, *ss* y *st*.

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La *a* se pronuncia casi como *o* antes de *ll*, *lk*, *ls*, *ld*, *lt* y *l*; y despues de *w* ó *q*.

La *u* se pronuncia *u* española antes de *ll* ó *l* y despues de *r*, ó precediendo *a* ó *i* en la misma sílaba.

La *o* = *u* española en *prove*, *move*, sus compuestos y en *behove* y *lose*.

La *o* = *u* breve inglesa antes de *ve* y *nk*.

La *e* se pronuncia antes de la *r* y la *l* en las terminaciones *re* y *le*.

La *e* é *i* se pronuncian como *u* breve inglesa antes de *r* en la misma sílaba.

En *medicine*, *evil*, *devil*, *Salisbury* y *venison*, la *i* apenas se oye.

DIPTONGOS Y TRIPTONGOS.

ai, *ay* = *é* ó *á* larga inglesa.
au, *aw* como en *saw* (viva voz).
ea = *i* española las mas veces: = *e* muchas veces.
ee = *i* siempre.
ei, *ey* = *e* casi siempre: á veces = *i*.
eo = *i*.
eau, *eou*, *eu*, *ew* = *iu* lo mismo que los siguientes
ieu, *iew*. Esceptúanse *beau*, *flambeau*.
ie = *i*, *ai* ó *e*; comunmente el primero.
io = *aio* cuando se halla en la primera sílaba.
iou, *eou* y *ou* seguidas de *r* ó *s* = *u* breve inglesa.
oa = *o* muchas veces.
oi, *oy* como en castellano.
oo = *u*. Esceptúanse *blood*, *flood*, *door* y *floor*.
ou, *ow* = *au* español.

CONSONANTES.

La *b* no debe confundirse con la *v*. Se pronuncia con ambos labios fuertemente.

La *c* = *s* en los casos en que equivale á *z* en castellano.

La *d* es mas fuerte y palatal que en castellano. Al pronunciarla se separa la punta de la lengua del nacimiento del paladar, sin tocar con ella los dientes.

La *g* = *g* en *general* en los casos que equivale á *j* en castellano. En los demás casos, y aun en las palabras que no se parecen al castellano, colocada delante de *e*, *i* ó *y*, suele prouunciarse como *g* en *gamo*.

La *h* suele aspirarse suavemente en la mayor parte de las voces.

La *j* = *j* en *jar* (viva voz).

La *m* no se confunde con *n* al fin de dicciou.

La *r* ó *rr* son mas suaves que en castellano.

La *s* = *s* en *season* especialmente entre dos vocales: en los demás casos la *s* ó *ss* equivale á la *s* española.

La *t* es mas fuerte y palatal que en español. Véase lo que se ha dicho sobre la *d*.

La *v* no se confunde con la *b*. Es *dental* y *labial*.

La *w* equivale á una *u* pronunciada con los labios un poco contraidos y sacados hácia afuera.

La *x* = *cs* (1) casi siempre.

La *y* es semiconsonante al principio de diccion; pero no palatal como en castellano, sino dental.

La *z* = *z* en *zcal* (viva voz).

La *s* antes de *io* y antes de *ure*, así como la *z* en igual caso, se pronuncian como la *j* francesa (2).

ALGUNAS CONSONANTES DOBLES.

ch = *ch* castellana: equivale á *c* cuando en español se escribe con *c* ó *q*.

gn = *n* si están en la misma sílaba.

gh, generalmente muda: á veces equivale á *f*.

kn = *n* (al principio de diccion).

ph = *f* cuando están en la misma silaba.

rh = *r*.

sh = *sh* en *shall*.

th = *z*.

(3) *th* = *th* en *the*, *than*, en los articulos, pronombres, adverbios y conjunciones, y entre dos vocales.

(1) La *x* es equivalente á *cs* fuerte delante de una consonante.

(2) La *j* francesa se escribirá con letra bastardilla.

(3) Esta *th* llevará un · encima, siendo suave por excepcion.

wh = *hu*, aspirándose la *h*.
wr = *r* (estando en la misma silaba).
pht = *t* (estando en la misma silaba).
sch = *sc* comunmente: á veces *s*.
Hay veintiseis letras en el alfabeto, y se llaman:

A = é.	N = en.
B = bi.	O = o.
C = si.	P = pi.
D = di.	Q = kiu.
E = i.	R = ar.
F = ef.	S = ess.
G = (viva voz).	T = ti.
H = ech.	U = iu.
I = ai.	V = vi.
J = (viva voz).	W = debliu.
K = que.	X = ecs.
L = el.	Y = uai.
M = em.	Z = (viva voz).

ACENTO SILÁBICO.

Este no se marca en inglés, pero se deja oir como en todas las lenguas. La silaba *mas radical* de una palabra es la que casi siempre lleva el acento. Para conocer esa silaba es preciso privar á la palabra de sus particulas *iniciativas* y *terminativas comunes al castellano y al inglés*, y de las siguientes *propias* solo del inglés.

Iniciativas.

Be—	With—
Un—	Out—
Mis—	Over—
Fore—	En—
For—	Under—

Terminativas.

— Er, eer, ar.	— Ed.
— Ee.	— ing.
— Es.	— less.
— Est.	— ful.
— Eth.	— y.

— Ish.	— Ling.
— Some.	— Let, et, ock.
— Ness.	— Ward, wards.
— Th.	— En.
— Ly.	— Ment.

Si despues de esto quedan dos silabas á la palabra descompuesta, la sílaba que lleva el acento se marca como se dirá mas abajo; si queda una, debe ser la enfática. Las palabras parecidas al castellano que han perdido una sílaba al final, siguen siendo esdrújulas, si lo han sido en castellano, y el acento está en la *preantepenúltima* si ha estado en la penúltima en español. En las polisílabas se evita el acento final colocándose dos, tres ó cuatro sílabas antes del fin.

Nota. Todas estas reglas tienen muchas excepciones, por cuya razon se aplicará á estas la siguiente pronunciacion convencional tomada de Walker:

$\overset{1}{a}$ = a en *fate.*	$\overset{1}{o}$ = o en *no.*
$\overset{2}{a}$ = a en *fat.*	$\overset{2}{o}$ = o en *not.*
$\overset{3}{a}$ = a en *far.*	$\overset{3}{o}$ = o en *nor.*
$\overset{4}{a}$ = a en *fall.*	$\overset{1}{u}$ = u en *tube.*
$\overset{1}{e}$ = e en *me.*	$\overset{2}{u}$ = u en *tub.*
$\overset{2}{e}$ = e en *met.*	$\overset{3}{u}$ = u en *bull.*
$\overset{1}{i}$ = i en *fine.*	oi = oi en *oil.*
$\overset{2}{i}$ = i en *fin.*	ou = ou en *pound.*

La sílaba acentuada llevará encima un acento agudo español. La consonante suave llevará un · encima.

PARTES DE LA ORACION.

Las que varían en sus terminaciones son:

1.° El nombre cuyo plural termina en *s*, *es*, *ies* y *ves*.

El singular de los que terminan en *es*, es ó bien *ch*, *sh*, *x*, *s*, *ss*, *o*, *ce*, *ge* ó *se:* el de los terminados en *ies* es *y* comunmente, y finalmente el de los que terminan en *ves* es *f* ó *fe*. La terminacion *ves* no aumenta las sílabas de la palabra original. Hay plurales irregulares que se anotarán.

2.° El adjetivo y adverbio, cuyos grados comparativo y su-

perlativo á veces terminan en *er* ó *ier* el primero, y *est* ó *iest* el segundo. Para hallar el positivo se quita generalmente el *er* y *est* (á veces solo la *r* y *st*), y si queda *i* latina se convierte en *y*. Los adjetivos numerales terminan generalmente en *th* cuando son ordinales, de modo que se quitará esta terminacion para hallar el cardinal, convirtiendo en *ve* la *f* que podrá quedar, y en *y* la *ie*.

3.° Los pronombres *this* y *that*, este y aquel, cuyos plurales son *these* y *those:* el pronombre (1) *who* y compuestos = quien (sugeto ó nominativo), *whose* (dueño ó posesivo), y *whom* (objeto ó acusativo). Se encuentra una *'s* ó bien una *s'* agregada á un nombre, adjetivo ó á veces pronombre posesivo para indicar la idea y el caso de posesion, que se expresa por la preposicion *de* en español colocada delante del nombre, etc. La *'s* es para el singular y la *s'* generalmente para el plural del poseedor.

Varían además los pronombres posesivos siguientes:

my en *mine.*	our en *ours.*
thy en *thine.*	your en *yours.*
her en *hers.*	their en *theirs.*

Los segundos se encuentran siempre sin nombres.

4.° Varían los verbos como se ve en los siguientes modelos. Los pronombres necesarios para su conjugacion son los siguientes:

Nominativos.

1.° I = yo.
2.° Thou = tú.
3.° He = él (para seres racionales masculinos). } Terceras personas.
4.° She = ella (seres racionales femeninos). } Terceras personas.
5.° It = él, ella, ello (los demás seres). } Terceras personas.
6.° We = nosotros, -as.
7.° You (ú) = vos, vosotros, -as, V. VV.
8.° They = ellos, -as.

(1) *Who, whose, whom* = hu, hus, hum. *Our* = aúr: *your* = iúar en letras españolas.

Acusativos.

1.° Me = me *ó* á mi.
2.° Thee = té *ó* á tí.
3.° Him = le *ó* á él. }
4.° Her = la *ó* á ella. } Terceras.
5.° It = lo, la, le. }
6.° Us = nos *ó* á nosotros, -as.
7.° You = vos, os *ó* á vosotros, le, les, á V. *ó* á VV.
8.° Them = los, las, les.

CONJUGACION-MODELO.

Infinitivo. *To* call (tú cál) = llamar.
Gerundio. Call*ing* = llamando.
Participio pasado. Call*ed* (cáld) = llamado.

Presente de indicativo.

I call = yo llamo.
Thou call*est*.
He call*s*.
We }
You } Call.
They }

Pasado de indicativo y de subjuntivo.

I call*ed* (cáld) = yo llamaba, llamé *ó* llamára.
Thou call*edst*.
He }
We }
You } Called.
They }

Imperativo.

Segundas personas. = Call = llama *ó* llamad.

Subjuntivo presente.

I call = yo llame.
Thou
He
We
You
They } Call.

Los demás tiempos se forman por medio de los auxiliares siguientes, colocados delante del infinitivo sin *to* del verbo que se quiere conjugar.

SHALL = (SHÄL[2]) : WILL.

I *shall* ó *will* = yo debo ó quiero.
Thou *shalt* ó *wilt*.
He
We
You
They } *Shall* ó *will*. } Forman el futuro de indicativo y subjuntivo.

SHOULD, WOULD (SHUD[3], WUD[3]).

I *should* ó *would* = yo debia ó queria.
Thou *shouldst* ó *wouldst* (shudst[3], wudst[3]). } Forman el condicional, indicativo y subjuntivo.
He
We
You
They } *Should* ó *would*.

MAY.

I *may* = yo puedo (acaso ó con permiso).
Thou *mayest*. } Forma á veces el presente del subjuntivo.
He
We
You
They } *May*.

MIGHT.

I *might* = yo podia.
Thou *mightest*.
He, We, You, They } *Might*. } Forma á veces el pasado del subjuntivo.

LET.

Let = deja, permite. (1). { Me 1.ª persona. / Him 3.ª persona. } Singular. / { Us 1.ª persona. / Them 3.ª persona. } Plural. } Forma estas personas del imperativo.

HABER Ó TENER.

Infinitivo. *To* hâve = haber *ó* tener.
Gerundio. Having = habiendo *ó* teniendo.
Participio pasado. Had = habido *ó* tenido.

Indicativo presente.

I have = he ó tengo.
Thou hast.
He has.
We, You, They } Have.

Pasado, indicativo y subjuntivo.

I had = habia, tenia, hube, tuve, hubiera *ó* tuviera.
Thou hadst.
He, We, You, They } Had.

(1) Las terminaciones en bastardilla son comunes á todos los verbos, exceptuando las primeras personas del pasado de indicativo de los verbos irregulares, así como de su participio pasado.

Los demás tiempos se forman como los de *to call*, con solo quitar *call* y poner *have* en su lugar. Colocado este verbo delante de un participio pasado, sirve para conjugar los *tiempos compuestos*.

SER Ó ESTAR.

Infinitivo. To be = ser ó estar.
Gerundio. Being = siendo ó estando.
Participio pasado. Been = sido ó estado.

Presente de indicativo.

I am = soy ó estoy.
Thou art.
He is.
We
You
They } Are (ar).

Pasado de indicativo.

I was = era, fuí, estaba ó estuve.
Thou wast.
He was.
We
You
They } Were (wer).

Pasado de subjuntivo.

I were = fuera ó estuviera.
Thou wert.
He
We
You
They } Were.

Los demás tiempos se forman segun *to call* quitando *call* y poniendo *be*. Colocado delante de un participio pasado este verbo sirve para formar los tiempos de la *voz pasiva*.

HACER.

Infinitivo. To do (dū) = hacer.
Gerundio. Doing (dūing) = haciendo.
Participio pasado. Done (dŭn) = hecho.

Presente de indicativo.

I do (dū) = yo hago.
Thou dost.
He does (dŭs).
We
You } Do (dū).
They

Pasado, indicativo y subjuntivo.

I did = yo hacia, hice ó hiciera.
Thou didst.
He
We
You } Did.
They

Los demás tiempos siguen la regla de poner *do* en lugar de *call*. Este verbo en el presente y pasado de indicativo y (1) subjuntivo, se necesita casi siempre para la conjugacion *negativa* é *interrogativa*, é *interrogativo-negativa* de todo verbo que no sea auxiliar ó defectivo.

Se conjuga negativamente poniendo *not* = no, delante del infinitivo, gerundio y participio pasado y despues de los demás tiempos. Se conjuga interrogativamente anteponiendo el verbo al pronombre ó sugeto: finalmente se hace la conjugacion interrogativo-negativa poniendo primero el verbo, luego el pronombre y entonces la negacion *not*. En el caso de conjugar con auxiliares, á estos y no al verbo principal se les aplica todas

(1) Y en las segundas personas negativas del imperativo.

las reglas anteriores; quedándose dicho verbo siempre en el infinitivo sin *to*, excepto cuando los auxiliares son *to have* y *to be*, en cuyo caso el verbo va en el participio pasado.

VERBOS DEFECTIVOS.

I can = puedo. I could (cud[3]) = podia, pude.

I must.. } Es menester que yo, etc.
I need (á veces) }

I ought (at[4]) = yo debo.

Despues de dichos verbos se suprime el *to* del infinitivo siguiente (1). *Can*, *could* y *ought* toman *st* y *est* en la segunda persona singular, única variacion suya.

HAY.

Indicativo presente.

Singular. There is } Hay.
Plural. There are }

Pasado indicativo.

Singular. There was.
Plural. There were.

En los demás tiempos se pone *be* en lugar de *call*, empleándose *there* como nominativo, y aplicándosele las reglas para la conjugacion interrogativa, etc.

Infinitivo. There to be = haber.
Gerundio. There being = habiendo.
Participio pasado. There been = habido.

Este verbo, conjugado con auxiliares, requiere que *there* sea el nominativo de los auxiliares.

NUMERALES.

Cardinales.	*Ordinales.*
1 one.	1.° first.
2 two (tu[3]), en composicion *twen.*	2.° second.

(1) Se exceptua el último.

3 three, en composicion *thir*.	3.° third.	
4 four (foar), en composicion *four* y *for*.	4.° four. . .	
5 five, en composicion *fif*.	5.° fif. . . .	
6 six.	6.° six. , .	
7 seven.	7.° seven. .	
8 eight, en composicion *eigh*.	8.° eigh. . .	Th.
9 nine, en composicion *nine* y *nin*.	9.° nin. . .	
10 ten, como terminacion *teen* ó *ty*.	10.° ten.. .	
11 eleven.	11.° eleven.	
12 twelve, en composicion *twelf*.	12.° twelf. .	
13 thir. .		
14 four..		
15 fif. . .		
16 six.. .	Teen. Agréguese *th* para hacer el ordinal.	
17 seven.		
18 eigh..		
19 nine..		
20 twen.		
30 thir. .		
40 for. .		
50 fif. . .	Ty. Cámbiese la *y* en *ieth* para formar el ordinal.	
60 six.. .		
70 seven.		
80 eigh..		
90 nine..		
100 *one hundred.*	100.° *one hundredth.*	
1000 *one thousand.*	1000.° *one thousandth.*	
1000000 *one million.*	1000000.° *one millionth.*	

Se pone *and* = y, delante de la unidad que acaba un número complexo. Se puede contar con centenares hasta dos mil, y con centenares de miles hasta dos millones. Solo el último número de un ordinal lleva *th* ó la forma de ordinal.

Nota. 1.ª En la página de significados no se traducirán aquellos que en ortografía y sentido son casi parecidos al castellano. Se dará el sentido primitivo de la palabra, y en seguida el sentido adecuado á la página en que se encuentre. En inglés los verbos irregulares lo son solo en el participio pasado y en la

primera persona del pasado de indicativo, en donde en lugar de terminar en *ed* como call*ed*, terminan con otras letras. Se marcarán los formas irregulares.

El mejor modo de aprovechar estas traducciones es el siguiente:

1.° Léase bien de un dia para otro la página de significados, y luego el texto.

2.° Al dia siguiente recitarlos de memoria. Léase el texto.

3.° Leer la traduccion *literal escrita* de la página que se ha de llevar traducida, haciéndose la traduccion mas libre segun se vaya progresando.

4.° Contestar á las preguntas que haga el profesor sobre la etimología y sintáxis gramatical.

5.° Repasar de tiempo en tiempo los significados de las páginas anteriores, y aprender los mejores trozos literarios de memoria.

Nota 2.ª Segun se vaya adelantando se eliminarán de los significados aquellos que sean mas conocidos. = Convendria que el discípulo formase un pequeño diccionario de las voces y modismos que encuentre en las traducciones.

Nota 3.ª Cada trozo de literatura llevará al final el nombre y apellido del autor, la época de su nacimiento y de su muerte, y se señalará el género literario en que sobresalió.

LESSONS

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

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HISTORICAL VIEW

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

ITS IRREGULARITIES ACCOUNTED FOR; ITS COPIOUSNESS; ITS COMPARISON WITH THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

THE language which is, at present, spoken throughout Great Britain, is neither the ancient primitive speech of the island, nor derived from it; but is altogether of foreign origin. The

VIEW = vista, ojeada, s.

OF = de (*union ó posesion*), prep.

THE = el, la, los, las, art. d.

ENGLISH (*inglish*) = inglés, adj.

ITS = su, sus, (*poseedor irracional*).

ACCÓUNTED, p. p. = jnzgar. } explicar.
FOR = por, pr. (*á causa de*). }

CÓPIOUSNESS = copiosidad, riqueza, s.

COMPÁRISON = comparacion, s.

WITH = con, prep.

FRENCH = francés.

WHICH = que, pron. rel. (*irracionales*).

AT = á ó en, al, prep. (*descanso*).

SPOKEN, p. p. del v. irreg. to speak, spoke; spoken = hablar.

THROUGHOUT (thrûout) = de parte á parte, por todo, prep.

GREAT (grat) = grande, adj.

BRITAIN (brittin) = Bretaña, s.

NEITHER (nether) = ni, conj.

ANCIENT (ensbent) = antigno, adj.

SPEECH = habla, s.

ISLAND (iland) = isla, s.

NOR = ni, conj.

DERIVED = derivar, p. p. (derive).

FROM = de (*separacion*), prep.

BUT = pero, sino que, conj.

ÁLTOGÉTHER = del todo, adv. (*all to gather* = rennir todo).

FOREIGN (fórin) = extranjero, adj.

ÓRIGIN = orígen, s.

language of the first inhabitants of our island, beyond doubt, was the Celtic, or Gaëlic, common to them with Gaul; from which country it appears, by many circumstances, that Great Britain was peopled. This Celtic tongue, which is said to be very expressive and copious, and is, probably, one of the most ancient languages in the world, obtained once in most of the western regions of Europe. It was the language of Gaul, of Great Britain, of Ireland, and, very probably, of Spain also; till, in the course of those revolutions, which, by means of the conquests, first, of the Romans, and afterwards, of the

FIRST = primero, adj. num.

INHÁBITANTS = habitante, s.

OUR = nuestro, pron. pos.

BEYÓND = mas allá de, fuera de, prep.

DOUBT (dout) = duda, s.

OR = ó, conj.

GAELIC (gélic) = gáelico, adj.

COUNTRY (cúntry) = comarca, pais, s.

APPEARS (appérs) = parecer, v.

BY = por, (por medio de), prep.

MANY, pl., much., sing. = mucho, pron. indef.

CÍRCUMSTANCES.

THAT = que, conj.

PEOPLED (pépeld) = poblar, v.

THIS = este, esta, pron. demos.

TONGUE = lengua (en ambos sentidos), s.

SAID (sed), p. p. del v. irreg. to say, said, said = decir (enunciando).

IS SAID TO BE, fr. = se dice que es.

VÉRY = muy, adv.

AND = y, conj.

PRÓBABLY = probablemente, adv.

ONE (wun) = uno, adj. num.

MOST = mas, sup. adv.

IN = en (dentro), prep.

WORLD (wurld) = mundo, s.

OBTAINED = obtener, predominar, v.

ONCE (wuns) = una vez, adv.

WESTERN = occidental (west), adj.

REGIONS (réjuns).

GAUL = Galia, s.

IRELAND (írland) = Irlanda.

SPAIN = España, s.

ALSO = tambien, conj.

TILL = hasta, hasta que, prep. y conjoncion.

COURSE (cors) = curso, trascurso, s.

THOSE, pl.; that., sing. = ese, esa, aquel, etc., pron. demos.

REVOLUTIONS (revolúshuns). La *ti* y *ci* se pronuncian como *sh* delante de otra vocal.

MEANS (mens) = medio, medios, s.

CONQUEST (cónkuist) = conquistas, s.

RÓMANS.

ÁFTERWARDS = despues, adv.

northern nations, changed the government, speech, and, in a manner, the whole face of Europe, this tongue was gradually obliterated, and now subsists only in the mountains of Wales, in the highlands of Scotland, and among the wild Irish. For the Irish, the Welsh, and the Erse, are no other than different dialects of the same tongue, the ancient Celtic.

This, then, was the language of the primitive Britons, the first inhabitants, that we know of, in our island; and continued so till the arrival of the Saxons in England, in the year of our Lord 450; who, having conquered the Britons, did not intermix

NÓRTHERN=septentrional, adj.
CHÁNGED=cambiar, v.
GOVERNMENT (góverment)=gobierno, s.
A (*an* antes de vocal ó *h* muda)=un, una, art. indef.
WHOLE (hol)=total, toda la, pron. indef.
FACE=cara, faz, s.
GRÁDUALLY=gradualmente adv., la *ly* final=*mente* final en español.
OBLÍTERATED=borrar, v.
NOW (nou)=ahora, adv.
ÓNLY=único, solamente, adj, y adv.
MÓUNTAINS=montañas, s.
WALES (wals)=Gales, s.
HIGHLANDS (hilands)=altas tierras, (high, lands) montañas.
SCÓTLAND=Escocia, s.
AMÓNG=entre (*varios*), prep.
WILD=nómade; bravío, adj.
IRISH=Irlandés, adj. y s.
FOR=pues, porque, conj.
WELSH=de Gales, adj. y s.
ERSE=Erso, adj. y s.
NO=no, ninguno, adv. y pron. indef.
ÓTHER=otro, pron. indef.
THAN=que, conj. (para despues de comparativos).
DÍFFERENT.
DÍALECTS.
SAME=mismo, pron. indef.
THEN=entonces, adv.
BRÍTONS=Bretones, s.
KNOW (no)=conocer, v. } tener noticia
OF=de. } de, fr.
CONTINUED (continud), continuar, v.
SO=así, adv.
ARRÍVAL=llegada, s.
SÁXONS=Sajones, s.
ENGLAND (Ingland)=Inglaterra, s.
YEAR (iar)=año, s.
LORD=amo, señor, s.
WHO (hu)=quien, pron. rel.
CONQUERED (cónkerd)=conquistar, v.
INTERMÍX=mezclar, mezclarse, v. act. é intrans.

with them, but expelled them from their habitations, and drove them, together with their language, into the mountains of Wales. The Saxons were one of those northern nations that overran Europe; and their tongue, a dialect of the Gothic, or Teutonic, altogether distinct from the Celtic, laid the foundation of the present English tongue. With some intermixture of Danish, a language, probably, from the same root with the Saxon, it continued to be spoken throughout the southern part of the island, till the time of William the Conqueror. He introduced his Norman or French as the language of the court, which made a considerable change in the speech of the nation; and the English, which was spoken afterwards, and continues to be spoken now, is a mixture of the ancient Saxon and this Norman-French, together with such new and foreign words

EXPÉLLED = expulsar, v.

THEIR (thair) = su, sus (de muchos), pron. pos.

DROVE, v. irreg., pr. ind., to drive, drove, driven = obligar á andar, arrojar.

TOGÉTHER = juntamente. } á la par que,
WITH. } así como.

INTO (íntu) = dentro (movimiento), prep.

OVERRAN, p. p. del v. irreg. to overrun, overran, overrun, de over y run = correr sobre, recorrer venciendo.

GÓTHIC = Godo, adj.

DISTÍNCT.

LAID, pr. ind. del v. irreg. to lay, laid, laid = poner, echar.

SOME (sum) = algun, pron. indef.

INTERMÍXTURE (intermixehuar) = mezcla, s.

DÁNISH = Danés, adj.

ROOT = raiz, s.

CONTINUED to be spoken, fr. = siguió hablándose.

SOUTHERN (súthern) = meridional, adj.

TIME = tiempo, s.

WILLIAM = Guillermo.

CÓNQUEROR = conquistador.

HIS = su, sus (de él), pron. pos.

NORMAN = normando, adj.

AS = como, segun, adv. y conj.

COURT (eort) = corte, s.

MADE, pr. ind. del v. irreg. to make, made, made = hacer.

CHANGE = cambio, s.

MIXTÚRE (mixehuar) = mezcla, s.

SUCH = tal, pron. indef.

NEW = nuevo, adj.

WORDS (wurds) = palabras, s.

as commerce and learning have, in progress of time, gradually introduced.

The history of the English language can, in this maner, be clearly traced. The language spoken in the low countries of Scotland, is now, and has been for many centuries, no other than a dialect of the English. How, indeed, or by what steps the ancient Celtic tongue came to be banished from the low countries in Scotland, and to make its retreat into the highlands and islands, cannot be so well pointed out, as how the like revolution was brought about in England. Whether the southernmost part of Scotland was once subject to the Saxons, and formed a part of the kingdom of Northumberland; or, whether the great number of English exiles that retreated into Scotland, upon the Norman conquest, and upon other occasions, introduced into that country their own language,

LEARNING (lérning)=sabiduria, ciencia, s.
PRÓGRESS.
HÍSTORY.
CAN, could, v. defect.=puedo, podia (por mi mismo).
CLEARLY (clérly)=claramente, adv.
TRACED=trazar, averiguar, v.
LOW (lo), bajo, adj.
CÉNTURIES=siglos, s.
HOW (bou)=como (*de qué modo*), adv.
INDÉED=en hecho, á la verdad, adv.
WHAT=qué, pron. interrog. y rel.
STEPS=pasos, s.
CAME, pr. indic. del v. irreg. to come, came, come=venir.
BÁNISHED=desterrar, v.
RETREAT (retrét)=retiro, asilo, s.
CANNOT por *can not*=no puede.
SO=asi, tan, adv.
WELL=bien, adv.
POINTED=apuntar, v. } indicar.
OUT=fuera, prep. . . }
LIKE=parecido, igual, adj.
BROUGHT, p. p. del v. irreg. to bring, bronght, brought=traer. } realizar.
ABOUT=alrededor, adv. . . }
WHETHER=sea que, conj.
SOUTHERNMOST (sûthernmost)=mas meridional, adj.
SÚBJECT=sujeto, gobernado, adj.
FORMED=formar, v.
KINGDOM=reino, s.
NORTHÚMBERLAND.
NÚMBER=número, s.
EXÍLES=refugiados.
RETREATED (retréted)=retirarse.
ÚPÓN=sobre, en, al tiempo de, prep.
OCCASIONS ockéjnns (j francesa).
OWN (oun)=propio, adj.

which afterwards, by the mutual intercourse of the two nations, prevailed over the Celtic, are uncertain and contested points, the discussion of which would lead us too far from our subject.

From what has been said, it appears, that the Teutonic dialect is the basis of our present speech. It has been imported among us in three different forms, the Saxon, the Danish, and the Norman; all which have mingled together in our language. A very great number of our words too, are plainly derived from the Latin. These we had not directly from the Latin, but most of them, it is probable, entered into our tongue through the channel of that Norman-French, which William the Conqueror introduced. For as the Romans had long been in full possession of Gaul, the language spoken in that country, when it was invaded by the Franks and Normans, was a sort of corrupted Latin, mingled with Celtic, to which was

MÚTUAL.

INTERCOURSE (intercors)=comunicacion, trato, s.

TWO (tu)=dos, adj. num.

PREVÁILED=predominar, llevar la supremacia.

ÓVER=sobre (dominio), prep.

UNCÉRTAIN=incierto, adj.

CONTÉSTED=disputado, p. p.

POINTS=puntos, s.

DISCÚSSION.

LEAD (led)=acaudillar, llevar.

TOO=demás, adv.

FAR=lejos, adv.

SÚBJECT=sujeto, asunto, s.

WHAT=lo que, pron. rel.

BÁSIS=base, s.

ALL=todo, adj. indef.

MÍNGLED=mezclar.

TOO=además, tambien, conj y adv.

PLAINLY=claramente.

THESE, pl.; this, sing.=este.

DIRÉCTLY=directamente.

MOST OF=los ó las mas de.

ÉNTERED INTO=entrar en.

THROUGH (thru)=á través, por medio.

CHÁNNEL=canal, conducto.

LONG=largo, largo tiempo, adv.

FÚLL=lleno, completo.

THAT=aquel.

WHEN=cuando, adv.

INVÁDED.

SORT=clase, especie.

CORRÚPTED=corrompido.

TO (tu)=á, prep.

given the name of Romanshe: and as the Franks and Normans did not, like the Saxons in England, expel the inhabitants, but, after their victories, mingled with them; the language of the country became a compound of the Teutonic dialect imported by these conquerors, and of the former corrupted Latin. Hence, the French language has always continued to have a very considerable affinity with the Latin; and hence, a great number of words of Latin origin, which were in use among the Normans in France, were introduced, into our tongue at the conquest; to which, indeed, many have since been added, directly from the Latin, in consequence of the great diffusion of Roman literature throughout all Europe.

From the influx of so many streams, from the junction of so many dissimilar parts, it naturally follows, that the English, like every compounded language, must needs be somewhat irregular. We cannot expect from it that correspondence of parts, that complete analogy in structure, which may be found in those simpler languages, which have been formed in a manner

GIVEN (gúiven), p. p. del v. irreg. to give, gave, given=dar.

LIKE=como, á manera de, prep.

ÁFTER=despues de, prep.

BECÁME, pr. indic. del v. irreg. to becóme, became, become=llegar á ser.

CÓMPOUND=compuesto, s.

FÓRMER=anterior, primero (de dos).

HENCE=de aquí, adv.

ÁLWAYS=siempre, adv.

AFFÍNITY=afinidad.

USE=uso, s.

AT=á, cuando.

SINCE=desde entonces, adv.

ADDED=añadir.

INFLUX=influjo, ingreso, s.

SO MANY=tantas, adj. indef.

JUNCTION=union.

DISSÍMILAR=desemejante, adj.

NÁTURALLY=naturalmente.

FOLLOWS (fólos)=seguir.

MUST=ha menester.

NEEDS=necesariamente, adv.

SOMEWHAT=un tanto, adv.

EXPÉCT=esperar (creyéndolo).

FOUND, p. p. del v. irreg. to find, found, found=hallar.

SIMPLER=mas sencillo.

within themselves, and built on one foundation. Hence it has but small remains of conjugation or declension; and its syntax is narrow, as there are few marks in the words themselves that can show their relation to each other, or, in the grammatical style, point out either their concordance, or their government, in the sentence. Our words having been brought to us from several different regions, struggle, if we may so speak, asunder from each other; and do not coalesce so naturally in the structure of a sentence, as the words in the Greek and Roman tongues.

But these disadvantages, if they be such, of a compound language, are balanced by other advantages that attend it; particularly, by the number and variety of words with which such a language is likely to be enriched. Few languages are, in fact, more copious than the English. In all grave subjects especially,

WITHÍN=dentro, al interior de, preposicion.

THEMSELVES = ellos mismos, ellas mismas, pron. refl.

BUILT, p. p., del v. irreg. to build, built, built=construir, edificar.

FOUNDATION=fundacion.

BUT=pero, solo, ó no mas que, conjuncion.

SMALL=chico, pequeño.

REMÁINS=restos.

DECLENSION=declinacion.

NARROW (nár[2]o[1])=estrecho, reducido.

FEW=pocos, -as, adj.

MARKS=señales.

SHOW, inf., del v. irreg. to show, showed, shown=mostrar.

EACH (é[1]ch)=cada. } el uno al otro, etc.,

OTHER. } pron. recip.

STYLE=estilo.

EITHER (é[1]ther)=ó, ó bien.

SÉ[2]VERAL=varios, diversos.

STRUGGLE=luchar. } porfiar por des-

ASUNDER=en partes } encajarse.

COALESCE (coalé[1]s[1])=entrelazarse, cuajarse.

DISADVÁNTAGES=desventaja, s.

CÓMPOUND=compuesto, adj.

BÁLANCED=equilibrar, compensar.

ATTÉND=servir, acompañar.

VÁRI[3]É[1]TY=variedad (todos los vocablos acabados en *iety* se pronuncian del mismo modo).

LIKELY (lí[1]ki[2]) verosimil, probable.

IS LIKELY TO BE=tiene probabilidad de ser.

ENRÍCHED=enriquecer.

IN FACT=en hecho, efectivamente.

historical, critical, political and moral, no writer has the least reason to complain of the barrenness of our tongue. The studious reflecting genius of the people, has brought together a great store of expressions, on such subjects, from every quarter. We are rich too in the language of poetry. Our poetical style differs widely from prose, not in point of numbers only, but in the very words themselves; which shows what a stock and compass of words we have it in our power to select and employ, suited to those different occasions. Herein we are infinitely superior to the French, whose poetical language, if it were not distinguished by rhyme, would not be known to differ from their ordinary prose.

WRITER (ráiter)=escritor.
LEAST (lest)=meoor (sup.).
REASON (résun)=razon, motivo.
COMPLÁIN=quejarse.
BÁRRENNESS=esterilidad.
REFLÉCTING=pensador, adj.
GENIUS (géñus)=gsoio.
PEOPLE (pépel)=pueblo.
BROUGHT TOGETHER=traido junto, reonir ó hacioar.
GREAT (grat)=grande.
STORE (stor)=copia, caudal.
ÉVERY=cada uno, todo.
QUÁRTER=cuarto ó barrio, parte.
RICH=rico.
TOO=además.
PÓETRY=poesia.
DÍFFERS=diferenciarse.
WIDELY (widly)=anchamente, enormemente, adv.
IN POINT OF=en cuanto á.
VERY=verdadero, mismo, adj.
STOCK=surtido, copia.
WHAT A STOCK=qué copia.
CÓMPASS=alcance, campo.
POWER (póuer)=poder, s.
SELÉCT=escoger.
EMPLÓY=emplear.
SUITED (súted)=adecoado.
HEREIN (herío)=en esto, adv.
INFINITELY (infinitli)=infinitamento
SUPERIOR (supérior).
WHOSE (hus)=cuyo, pron. rel.
IF=si, conj. (part. cond.).
DISTÍNGÜISHED=distioguido.
RHYME=rima.
KNOWN (non), p. p., del v. irreg. to know, knew, known,=saber.
WOULD NOT BE KNOWN TO DIFFER=no se sabria que se diferenciaba.
ÓRDINARY.

It is chiefly, indeed, on grave subjects, and with respect to the stronger emotions of the mind, that our language displays its power of expression. We are said to have thirty words, at least, for denoting all the varieties of the passion of anger (1). But in describing the more delicate sentiments and emotions, our tongue is not so fertile. It must be confessed, that the

(1) Anger, wrath, passion, rage, fury, outrage, fierceness, sharpness, animosity, choler, resentment, heat, heartburning; to fume, storm, inflame, be incensed, to vex, kindle, irritate, enrage, exasperate, provoke, fret; to be sullen, hasty, hot, rough, sour, peevish, etc.

CHIEFLY (chéfli)=principalmente.
ON=sobre (tocando), prep.
RESPÉCT=respeto.
STRÓNGER=mas fuerte.
EMÓTIONS.
MIND=mente.
DISPLÁYS=desplegar, revelar.
WE ARE SAID TO HAVE=se dice que tenemos.
AT LEAST=al menos, adv.
FOR=para, prep.
DENÓTING=denotar.
ANGER (ángner)=ira, cólera.
WRATH (roth)=ira.
RAGE=rabia.
FÚRY=furia.
OÚTRAGE=ultraje.
FIERCENESS, férsness=fiereza.
SHÁRPNESS=acritud.
HEAT (hét)=calor, furor.
HEARTBÚRNING (hártburning)=ardor del corazon, rencillas.
TO FUME=humear, bufar.
TO STORM=hablar ú obrar tempestuosamente.
TO BE INCÉNSED=estar encendido en cólera.
TO VEX=tragar bilis.
KINDLE=subirse los humos.
ÍRRITATE=irritar.
ENRAGE=hacer rabiar.
EXÁSPERATE=exasperar.
PRÓVÓKE=provocar.
FRET=consumirse de rabia.
TO BE SÚLLEN=estar díscolo.
HÁSTY=violento.
HOT=cálido, arrebatado.
ROUGH (ruf)=áspero.
SOUR=acre.
PEEVISH=displicente.
ETC, et cætera=and so forth.
DESCRÍBING=describir.
FÉRTILE.

French language surpasses ours, by far, in expressing the nicer shades of character; especially those varieties of manner, temper, and behaviour, which are displayed in our social intercourse with one another. Let any one attempt to translate, into English, only a few pages of one of Marivaux's novels, and he will soon be sensible of our deficiency of expression on these subjects. Indeed, no language is so copious as the French for whatever is delicate, gay and amusing. It is, perhaps, the happiest language for conversation in the known world; but, on the higher subjects of composition, the English may be justly esteemed to excel it considerably.

BLAIR. *Lectures on Rhet.* Lect. IX.

HUGH BLAIR (Scotland, 1718-1800), Sermons, etc.

SURPÁSSES = sobrepujar.
OURS = la nuestra, pos. abs.
BY FAR = con mucho.
NÍCER = mas exacto, mas fino.
SHADES = sombra.
CHÁRACTER.
TÉMPER = temperamento, genio.
BEHAVIOUR (behávyur) = conducta.
ANÓTHER = otro.
ONE ANOTHER = el uno al otro.
ANY ONE = algun, -o, cualquiera.
TRANSLÁTE = traducir.
PAGES = páginas.
NÓVELS = novelas.
SOON = pronto, adv,
SENSIBLE = sensible, convencido.
DEFÍCIENCY (defíshensi) = defecto, carencia.
WHÁTEVER = cualquiera, todo cuanto, pron. indef.
GAY = alegre.
AMÚSING = divertido.
PERHÁPS = acaso, adv.
HÁPPIEST (de happy) = el mas feliz.
HIGHER (hier) = mas alto.
COMPOSÍTION.
JÚSTLY = justamente.
ESTÉEMED = estimado, tenido por.
EXCÉL.
LÉCTURES = discursos.

FABLES.

I. THE BEAR.

A Bear, who was bred in the savage deserts of Siberia, had an inclination to see the world. He travelled from forest to forest, and from one kingdom to another, making many profound observations in his way. Among the rest of his excursions, he came by accident into a farmer's yard, where he saw a number of poultry standing to drink by the side of a pool. Observing that at every sip they turned up their heads

FÁBLES = fábulas.
BÉAR = oso.
WHO (hu) = quien.
BRED, p. p. del v. irreg. to breed, bred, bred = eriar.
SÁVAGE = salvaje, adj.
DÉSERTS = desiertos.
SIBÉRIA.
SEE, inf., to see, saw, seen = ver.
WORLD (wurld) = mundo.
TRÁVELLED (to travel) = viajar.
FÓREST = floresta, bosque.
KÍNGDOM = reino.
PROFOÚND = profundo.
WAY = camino.
REST = lo demás, s.
BY ÁCCIDENT = por casualidad.
FÁRMER'S = de labrador (genitivo).
YARD = patio, corral.
WHÉRE = donde.
POULTRY (póltri) = aves.
STANDING (stand, stood, stood), estar vertical ó de pié.
TO DRINK (drink, drank, drunk) = beber.
SIDE = lado.
POOL = charco.
ÉVERY = cada.
SIP = sorbo.
TURNED = volver. } levantar.
UP = arriba. }
HEADS (heds) = cabezas.

towards the sky, he could not forbear enquiring the reason of so peculiar a ceremony. They told him, that it was by way of returning thanks to Heaven for the benefits they received; and was indeed an ancient and religious custom, which they could not, with a safe conscience or without impiety, omit. Here the bear burst into a fit of laughter, at once mimicking their gestures, and ridiculing their superstition, in the most contemptuous manner. On this, the cock, with a spirit suitable to the boldness of his character, addressed him in the following words: «As you are a stranger, Sir, you perhaps may be excused the indecency of this behaviour; yet give me leave to tell

TÓWARDS=hácia.
SKY=firmamento, cielo.
FORBEÁR=contenerse, evitar.
ENQUÍRING=inquirir, preguntar.
REASON (résuo)=razon.
CÉRÊMONY.
TÓLD (tell, told, told)=decir.
RETÚRNING=volver.
THANKS=gracias.
HÉAVEN (héven)=el cielo.
BÉNÉFITS.
RECEIVED (résevd)=recibir.
RELÍGIOUS.
CUSTOM=costumbre.
SAFE=seguro, tranquilo.
WITHOÚT=sin, prep.
IMPÍETY=impiedad.
ÓMÍT=omitir.
HÉRE=aqui.
BURST=reventar, prorumpir.
FIT=acceso.
LAUGHTER (láfter)=risa.
MÍMICKING=remedar.
GÉSTURES=gestos.
RÍDÍCULING=poner en ridículo.
SUPERSTÍTION.
CONTÉMPTÚOUS=despreciador, insolente.
ON=sobre, en, prep.
COCK=gallo.
SPÍRIT=espiritu, valor.
SUITABLE (sútable)=adecuado.
BÓLDNESS=osadía, arrojo.
ADDRÉSSED=dirigirse á, hablar á ó increpar.
STRÁNGER=extraño.
SIR=señor.
PERHÁPS=acaso.
EXCÚSED=excusar, perdonar.
INDÉCENCY=indecencia, lo indecoroso, s.
BEHAVIOUR (behávyur)=conducta.
YET=con todo, como quiera.
GIVE (guiv), imperat. del v. irreg. give, gave, given=dar.
LEAVE (liv)=licencia, permiso.

you, that none but a bear would ridicule any religious ceremonies whatsoever, in the presence of those who believe them of importance.»

DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY, 1703–1764. Plays, miscellany.

II. THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

As two men were travelling on the road, one of them espied a bag of money lying on the ground; and picking it up, «I am in luck this morning,» said he, «I have found a bag of money.» «Yes,» returned the other; «though, methinks, you should not say I, but We have found it; for when two friends are travelling together, they ought equally to share in any accidental good fortune that may happen to attend them.» «No,»

NONE=ninguno, nadie.
WHATSOÉVER=cualquiera, sean las que fuesen.
PRÉSENCE.
THÓSE=aquellos.
BELIEVE (belév)=creer.
IMPÓRTANCE.
TRÁVELLERS=viajeros.
MEN, pl.; man, sing.=hombres.
ROAD (ród)=camino.
ESPIED (espy)=espiar, divisar.
BAG=saco.
MONEY (múni)=dinero.
LYING (líing) (to lie, lay, lain)=yacer, estar echado).
GROUND=terreno, suelo ó tierra.
PICKING=piear, *pick up*=recoger.
LUCK=suerte.
MÓRNING=mañana.
SAID (say, said, said)=decir.
FOUND (find, found, found)=hallar.
YES=si (afirmativo), adv.
RETURNED=volver, contestar.
THOUGH (tho)=aunque.
MÉTHÍNKS, methought (methót), impers., se me figura.
SHOULD (shud)=deber, defect.
WHEN=cuando.
FRIENDS (frends)=amigo, -a.
OUGHT (ót)=deber (defect).
ÉQUALLY=igualmente.
SHARE=dividir, partir.
ACCIDÉNTAL=casual.
GOOD=bueno.
HÁPPEN=suceder, acaecer.
ATTEND=acompañar, salirle á uno.

rejoined the former, «it was I that found it, and I must insist upon keeping it.» He had no sooner spoken these words, than they were alarmed with a hue and cry after a thief, who had that morning taken a purse upon the road: «Lord,» says the finder, «this is extremely unfortunate, we shall certainly be seized.» —«Good Sir» replied the other, be pleased not to say We, but I: as you would not allow me a share in the prize, you have no right to make me a partner in the punishment.»

DODSLEY.

III. THE COURT OF DEATH.

Death, the king of terrors, was determined to choose a prime minister; and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of

REJÓINED = reponer.
KEEPING (keep, kept, kept) = guardar.
NO SOONER = no mas pronto, apenas.
THAN = que, cuándo.
HUE (grito al lobo, etc.). } griteria al la-
CRY = griteria. } dron.
THIEF (thef) = ladron, ratero.
TAKEN, p. p., del v. take, took, taken = tomar, pillar.
PURSE = bolsa.
FÍNDER = *hallador*.
EXTREMELY (extrémli) = extremadamente, sobre manera.
UNFÓRTUNATE = desgraciado.
CERTAINLY (cértinli) = ciertamente.
SEIZED (sezd) = aprehender, cogerle á uno preso.
REPLIED (réplid), reply = replicar, contestar.
PLEASED (plesd) = complacer.
BE PLEASED = sirvase V.
ALLOW (alów) = permitir.
SHARE = cupo, parte.
PRIZE = presa.
RIGHT = derecho, a.
PÁRTNER = partícipe, compañero.
PÚNISHMENT = castigo.
DEATH (deth) = muerte.
KING = rey.
TÉRRORS = terrores.
DÉTÉRMINED = determinar.
CHOOSE, chose, chosen = escoger.
PRIME = primero. . . } privado ó presi-
MÍNISTER = ministro. } dente del Consejo.
PALE = pálido.
COURTÍERS (cortyers) = cortesanos, s.
GHASTLY (gástli) = fantasmagórico.
TRAIN = comitiva, comparsa.

diseases, were all summoned to attend; when each preferred his claim to the honour of this illustrious office. Fever urged the numbers he destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions, by shaking all his limbs; and Dropsy, by his swelled unwieldy carcass. Gout hobbled up, and alledged his great power in racking every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak was a strong, though silent, argument in favour of his claim. Stone and Colic pleaded their violence; Plague, his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was

DISEASES (dis¹ēses) = enfermedades.
SÚMMONED = convocar, citar.
ATTÉND = asístir.
PREFERRED (prefer) = preferir, anunciar.
CLAIM = clamor, pretension ó derecho.
HONOUR (h²ón²ur) = honor.
ILLÚSTRIOUS = ilustre.
OFFICE (²ófis) = oficio, empleo.
FÉVER = fiebre.
ÚRGED = instár, mostrar con empeño.
DESTRÓYED = destruir.
COLD = frio.
PÁLSY = parálisis.
SET (set, set) = colocar.
FORTH = fuera.
SET FORTH = poner en evidencia.
SHAKING (shake, shook, shaken) = temblar, hacer temblar.
DROPSY = hidropesia.
SWELLED, reg. é irreg. (swole, swoln), hinchar.
UNWIELDY (unwéi²di) = que no se puede mover por el peso ó bulto, enorme.
³CÁRCASS = cadáver (de animal).
GOUT = gota (enfermedad).
HOBBLED = cojear. } llegó con su cojera.
UP. }
²ALLÉDGED = alegar.
²RÁCKING = atormentar (dislocando).
JOINT = coyuntura, articulaciones.
ASTHMA'S (³asm²a's) = dol asma.
³INHABILITY = incapacidad.
STRONG = fuerte.
¹SILENT = silencioso, pacífico.
³ÁRGUMENT.
FAVOUR (¹fávur) = favor.
STONE = piedra.
²CÓLIC = cólico.
PLEADED (¹pléded) = defender como abogado, abogar ó sostener.
PLAGUE (¹plág) = plaga, peste.
²RÁPID.
¹PRÓGRESS.
²DESTRÚCTION.
³CONSÚMPTION = consuncion, tisis.
THOUGH (¹tho) = aunque, conj.
SLÓW = lento.

sure. In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting, and revelry; when immediately entered a lady, with a bold lascivious air, and a flushed and jovial countenance: she was attended on one hand by a troop of cooks and bacchanals, and on the other, by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who merrily danced to the softest musical instruments: her name was Intemperance. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases: «Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this great monarch. Am

SURE (shúar)=seguro.

MIDST=medio (parte central).

CONTÉNTION=contienda.

DISTÚRBED=turbar.

MÚSIC.

DÁNCING=baile.

FEASTING (fésting)=festines.

RÉVELRY=fraocachela ruidosa.

IMMEDIATELY (imédeatly)=inmediatamente.

ÉNTERED.

LÁDY=señora.

BÓLD=osado, descarado.

LASCIVIOUS (lasévius)=laseivo.

AIR (er)=aire, aspecto.

FLÚSHED=sooroaado, eolorado.

JÓVIAL=jovial, de bueoa vida.

CÓUNTENANCE=rostro.

ATTENDED=segoir (como séquito).

HAND=mano, parte ó lado.

TROOP=tropa, comparsa.

COOKS=eocíneros.

BÁCCHANALS=bacantes.

WÁNTON=errante ó suelto, libre ó impúdico.

YOUTHS (yuths)=jóveoes (mase.).

DÁMSELS=jóvenes (mezas).

MÉRRILY=coo algazara, adv.

DANCED=bailar.

SÓFTEST=mas dolce ó voloptueso.

HER=su, sus (de ella).

NAME=oombre.

WAVED=ondear, mever ó agitar.

THUS=así, de este medo, adv.

CROWD=tropel, turba.

GIVE WAY=dad camioo., plaza.

YE=vosotros.

SICKLY=eofermizo, enelenque.

BAND=banda, torba.

NOR=ni.

DARE (der), durst, dared=osar.

VIE=emular, luchar.

MÉRITS.

SÉRVICE.

MONARCH (mónark).

not I your parent? the author of your beings? Do ye not derive your power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who then so fit as myself for this important office?» The grisly monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her at his right hand, and she immediately became his prime favourite and principal minister.

DODSLEY.

IV. THE TWO BEES.

On a fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragant flowers, and the most delicious

PÁRENT=madre ó padre.
AÚTHOR=autor.
BÉINGS=existencia, ser, s.
DERÍVE.
PÓWER.
SHÓRTENING=acortar.
HÚMAN.
LIFE=vida.
ÁLMOST=casi, adv.
WHOLLY (hóli)=enteramente.
THEN=entonces.
FIT=á propósito, adecuado, adj.
MYSÉLF=yo mismo, etc., pron. reflex.
GRÍSLY=espantable, horrible.
GRINNED (to grin)=reir mostrando los dientes.
SMILE=sonrisa.
GRINNED A SMILE=puso un gesto risueño.
PLÁCED=colocar.
RIGHT=derecho, adj.
FAVOURITE (fávurit)=favorito.
BEES=abejas.
FINE=fino, hermoso.
MAY=mayo.
FÓRWARD=adelante, adv.
SET FORWARD=ponerse en marcha.
QUEST=busca.
HONEY (húni)=miel.
WISE=cuerdo.
TÉMPERATE=templado, sóbrio.
CARELESS (kérless)=negligente.
GÁRDEN=jardin.
AROMÁTIC.
HERBS=yerbas.
FRÁGANT.
FLÓWERS=flores.
DELÍCIOUS.

fruits. They regaled themselves for a time, on the various dainties that were spread before them; the one loading himself at intervals, with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, in spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with

FRUITS (frut[s]).

REGÁLED = darse buena vida, regalarse.

DAÍNTIES = delicadezas, manjares.

SPREAD (spred) = esparcir, colocar (v. irreg.).

LÓADING, v. reg. é irreg., lade, laden = cargar.

HIMSELF = el mismo, se.

PROVISIONS (provéjuns).

HIVE = colmena.

AGAÍNST = contra, para.

WÍNTER = invierno.

RÉVELLING = entregarse á la crápula.

SWEETS = dulzuras.

REGÁRD = consideracion.

ANY = alguno, ninguno.

THING = cosa.

GRÁTIFICATION = goce.

WIDE-MOUTHED = de ancha boca.

PHÍAL = frasquito, redoma ó pomo.

HUNG, v. irreg. (hang, hung, hung) = colgar, suspender.

BOUGH (bou) = ramo.

PEACH-TREE (pechtre) = melocotonero.

FILLED = llenar.

READY (rédi) = pronto.

TÉMPERED = templar, atemperar.

EXPÓSED = exponer.

TÁSTE = gusto.

ALLÚRING = atractivo, adj.

THOUGHTLESS (thótless) = inconsiderado.

SPITE = despacho.

REMÓNSTRANCES = reconvencion.

PLUNGED = zambullirse, precipitarse.

HEADLONG (hédlong) = cabeza abajo, adv.

VÉSSEL = vasija.

RESÓLVING = resolver.

INDÚLGE = solazarse.

PLEASURES (plé[j]urs).

SIPPED (to sip) = sorber.

caution; but, being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive, but he found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy, Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament, with his latest breath, that though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

DODSLEY.

CAUTION = precaucion.
SUSPICIOUS = sospechoso.
DÁNGER = peligro.
FLEW, pr. indic. (to fly, flew, flown) = volar. } huyó volando.
OFF = afuera, adv. . .
WHERE = donde.
MODERÁTION.
MEALS (mels) = comidas.
IMPROVED (imprúvd) = mejorar, acrecentar.
RÉLISH = gusto ó sabor.
TRÚE = verdadero.
ENJÓYMENT = goce.
ÉVENING = tarde, el anochecer.
HÓWÉVER = sin embargo.
CALLED = llamar. } ir á visitar.
ÚPÓN = sobre. }
INQUÍRE = pregontar.
WHETHER = si (dudando), conj.
SURFEITED (súrfited) = empachar.
UNÁBLE = incapaz.
LEAVE (lev) = dejar.
ENJÓY = gozar.
CLOGGED = impedir (v. to clog).
WINGS = alas.
ENFEÉBLED = debilitado.
FEET pl., foot sing. = pié.
FRAME = armazon, cuerpo.
ÉNÉRVATED = enervar.
JUST = justamente, solo.
ÁBLE = capaz.
BID, bade, bidden = mandar, decir.
ADIÉU.
LAMÉNT = lamentar.
LÁTEST = mas tardio, último.
BREATH = aliento, hálito.
QUICKEN = avivar.
UNRESTRÁINED = no contenido, sin freno ó complato.
INDÚLGENCE = licencia.

V. THE MISER.

A Miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demands his fare, and is surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river, and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All hell was in an uproar, and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequences to the infernal revenue. Shall he be chained to the rock along with

MÍSER = avaro.
DEAD (ded) (to die, died, died ó dead) = morir.
FÁIRLY = limpiamente, completamente.
INTÉRRED = enterrar.
CAME (come, came, come) = venir.
BANKS = orillas.
STYX = laguna Estigia.
DESÍRING = desear, solicitar.
FÉRRIED (ferry) = llevar en barca. } trasportado en barca.
OVER = sobre. }
ALÓNG = á lo largo. . . . } á la vez que
WITH. }
GHOSTS = manes.
CHARON = Caronte.
DEMANDS = pedir, exigir.
FARE = dinero de conduccion.
SURPRÍSED = sorprender.
SEE (saw, seen) = ver.
RÁTHER = mas bien.
PAY (paid, paid) = pagar.
THROW (threw, thrown) = tirar.
RÍVER = rio, lago.
SWIM (swam, swum) = nadar. } pasar á nado.
OVER. }
NOTWITHSTÁNDING = no obstante, preposicion.
ALL = todo.
CLÁMOUR = clamoreo.
HELL = infierno.
UPRÓAR = tumulto.
JUDGES = jueces.
SOME = alguno.
CRIME = crimen.
SUCH = tal, tan.
DÁNGEROUS = peligroso.
RÉVENUE = rentas.
CHAINED = encadenar.
ROCK = roca.

Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaids? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone? «No,» says Minos, «none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches.»

HUME.

DAVID HUME, 1711-1776, History, metaphysics, essays. — Scotland.

VI. THE CARAVANSARY.

A Dervise, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose

PROMÉTHEUS.
BELOW (belṓ) = debajo.
PRÉCIPICE.
CÓMPANY.
ASSÍST = asistir.
SÍSYPHUS = Sisifo.
RÓLLING = rodar.
STONE = piedra.
SEVÉRER = mas severo.
SENT (send, sent) = enviar. } devolver.
BACK = atrás. }
EARTH (erth) = tierra.
HEIRS (ers) = herederos.
RICHES = riquezas.
CARAVÁNSARY = caravanera.
DÉRVISE = dervis.
THROUGH (thru).
TOWN = ciudad.

BÁLK.
WENT (go, went, gone = ir. } entrar.
INTO = dentro. }
PÁLACE.
MISTÁKE = equivocacion.
THINK (thought, thought) = pensar, creer.
INN = posada.
LOOKED = mirar.
ABÓUT = al rededor de.
GÁLLERY = galeria.
LAID (lay, laid, lain) = echar. } tender.
DOWN = abajo, prep. . . . }
WÁLLET = alforjas.
SPREAD, spread, spread (*spred*) = extender.
CÁRPET = alfombra.
ÓRDER = órden.

himself upon it after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? Sir, says the dervise, give me leave to ask your Majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built? The king replied, his ancestors. And who says the dervise, was the last person that lodged here? The king replied, his father. And who is it, says the dervise, that lodges here at present? The king told him, that it was he himself. And who, says the dervise, will be here after you? The king answered, the young prince his son. «Ah, Sir,» said the dervise, «a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and

AFTER THE MANNER = á la manera de.
EASTERN (éstern) = oriental.
LONG = largo tiempo, adv.
BEFORE = antes, antes que, prep. y conj.
DISCOVERED (discúverd) = descubrir.
GUARDS (gards) = guardia.
LET = dejar (permitir).
LET HIM KNOW = le dieron á conocer.
ANGRY = colérico.
HOUSE (houa) = casa.
PASSED (past) = pasar.
DÚRING = durante.
SMÍLING = sonreirse.
ASKED = preguntar.
PÓSSIBLY = posiblemente.
DÚLL = oscuro y triste, torpe.
DISTÍNGUISH = distinguir.
YOUR (yúar) = vuestro, etc.
MÁJESTY = majestad.
QÜÉSTION = cuestion, pregunta.
LODGED = alojar, alojarse.
FIRST = primeramente.
ÁNCESTORS = antepasados.
LAST = último.
HERE = aquí.
FÁTHER = padre.
ANSWERED (ánserd) = contestar.
YOUNG (yung) = jóven, adj.
SON (sun) = hijo.
CHÁNGES = cambiar.
OFTEN (ófen) = á menudo.

receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace but a caravansary.»

ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672–1719. Elegant essays, tragedy, etc.

VII. THE DROP OF WATER.

A Drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflexion: «Alas! what an insignificant creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no concern to the universe, I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God.» It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of

RECEIVES (resévs)=recibir.
GUESTS=convidados, huéspedes.
DROP=gota.
WÁTER=agua.
FELL (fall, fell, fallen)=caer.
OUT=fuera, prep.
CLOUD=nube.
SEA (se)=mar.
ITSELF=él mismo, ella misma.
LOST, de lose (lus), lost, lost=perder.
BROKE, de break, broke, broken=romper. } prorumpir.
OUT. }
ALÁS=¡ay de mí!
CREATURE (crétynar)=criatura.
PRODIGIOUS (prodégins).
OCEAN (óshan).
CÓNCERN=negocio, interés.
ÚNIVERSE.
KIND=género, especie.
NÓTHING=nada.
LESS=menos, adv. comp.
LEAST (lest)=menor (sup.).
WORKS (wurks)=obras.
GOD=Dios.
OYSTER=ostra.
WHICH=que.
LAY (lie, lay, lain)=yacer, estar.
NEIGHBOURHOOD (néburhud)=vecindad.
CHANCED=acaecer.
GÁPE=abrir la boca.
SWÁLLOW=tragar. } tragárselo.
UP. }

this its humble soliloquy. The drop lay a great while hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the persian diadem.

ADDISON.

VIII. THE VULTURE'S LESSONS.

An old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by the last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

My children, said the old vulture, you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your

HUMBLE=humilde.
SOLÍLOQÜI=monólogo.
WHILE=rato.
HÁRDENING=endurecer.
SHELL=concha.
DEGREÉS=grados.
BY DEGREES=poco á poco.
RÍPENED=madurar.
PEARL (perl)=perla.
RIPENED INTO A PEARL=ya madura se cambió en perla.
DÍVER=buzo.
SERIES (sérees)=serie.
FAMOUS (fámus)=famoso.
FIXED=fijar, engastar.
TOP=cima.
DÍADEM.
VÚLTURE'S=del buitre.
LESSONS (lésuns)=lecciones.
ÓLD=viejo.
SITTING (sit, sst, sitten)=estar sentado.
NÁKED=desnudo.
YOUNG=hijuelos.
ABÓUT=al rededor.
WHOM (hum)=á quienes.
PRÉPÁRING.
LÉCTURE=discurso.
FÍNAL.
DISMÍSSION=despedida.
CHÍLDREN, pl.; child. sing.=niños, hijos ó hijas.
THE LESS=tanto menos.
BECÁUSE=porque, conj.
PRÁCTICE.

eyes; you have seen me snatch from the farm the household-fowls; you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food. I have often regaled you with the flesh of man. Tell us, said the young vultures, where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture: Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest? He is too bulky, said the mother; when we find a man we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his boues upon the ground. Siuce man is so big, said the young ones, how do you kill him? You are

EYES (is) = ojos.

SNATCH = arrebatar.

FARM = tierras de labranza arrendadas, granja ó cortijo.

HOUSEHOLD (hóushold) = casa (con respecto á su gobierno), doméstico.

FOWLS = aves.

SEIZE (soz) = apoderarse.

LEVERET = liebre (en su primer año).

BUSH = mata.

KID = cabrito.

PASTURE = pastos.

KNOW HOW = saber el modo.

TALONS = garras.

FLIGHT = vuelo.

LADEN (load, lade ó loaded, laden = cargar.

PREY = presa.

REMEMBER = acordarse.

TASTE = gusto.

FOOD = alimento.

REGALE = nutrir ó alimentar espléndidamente.

FLESH = carne.

NATURAL.

WHY = ¿por qué?

NEVER = nunca.

NEST = nido.

BULKY = abultado.

MOTHER (muther) = madre.

WHEN = cuando.

TEAR (ter) = arranear (despedazando)..... } arranear y llevarse.
AWAY = andando, adv. . . }

LEAVE (lev, left, left) = dejar.

BONES = huesos.

SINCE = ya que.

BIG = grandote.

YOUNG ONES = jóvenes.

KILL = matar.

afraid of the wolf and of the bear, by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenceless than a sheep? We have not the strength of man, returned the mother, and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtility; and the vultures would seldom feast upon his flesh, had not nature that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When your hear noise, and see fire, which flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vulture. But when men have killed their prey, said the pupil, why do

AFRÁID = temeroso.
WOLF (wulf) = lobo.
DEFÉNCELESS (defénsless) = indefenso.
SHEEP = oveja.
STRENGTH = fuerza.
SOMETIMES (súmtims) = algunas veces.
DOUBT (dout) = duda.
SUBTÍLITY ó sútilty = sutileza.
SÉLDOM = pocas veces, adv.
FEAST (feast) = festejar, regalarse.
DEVÓTED = dedicar.
INFÚSED = infundir.
STRANGE = extraño, adj.
FERÓCITY = ferocidad.
FEEDS (fed, fed) = pacer, comer.
HERDS = manadas.
MEET (met, met) = encontrar, encontrarse.
SHAKE (shook, shaken) = estremecer, conmover.
FIRE = fuego.
HEAR (hér), heard, heard, pronuno. herd = oir.
NOISE = ruido.
FLASHES = relampaguear.
HASTEN (hásen) = apresurarse.
PLACE = lugar.
SWIFTEST = mas veloz.
WING = ala.
DESTRÓYING = destruir.
SMÓKING = fumar, humear.
BLOOD (blud) = sangre.
COVERED (eúverd) = cubrir.
MANGLED = magullar, destrozar.
CONVÉNIENCE.
PÚPIL = discipulo.

they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he has satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf? Man, said the mother, is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species. If man kills our prey, and lays it in our way, said the young one, what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves? Because man will, sometimes, replied the mother, remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flight of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood. But still, said the young one, I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter? I could never kill what I could not eat. My child, said the mother, this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtil bird of

EAT (ēt) (ate, eaten)=comer.
SÚFFERS=sufrir, permitir.
TOUCH (tuch)=tocar.
SÁTISFIED=satisfacer.
BEAST (best)=bestia, animal.
DEVOUR (devór)=devorar.
SO MUCH=tanto.
BÉNEFÁCTOR=bienhechor.
SPÉCIES=especies.
LAYS (lay, laid, laid)=poner.
NEED=necesidad.
LABOURING (lábur-ing)=trabajar.
OURSELVES (oursélvs)=nosotros mismos.
REMÁIN=permanecer.
QUIET (*kuáiet*, español)=quieto.
DEN=antro, cueva.
WATCH=velar, vigilar.
MÓTIONS.
NÚMBERS=números.
MOVING (mūving)=mover, marchar.
CLOSE=cerradamente. } muy juntos, en
TOGÉTHER. } deosas filas.
FLIGHT=vuelo, bandada.
STORKS=cigüeñas.
CONCLÚDE=inferir.
HUNTING=cazar.
STILL=aun, con todo, conj.
GLADLY=alegremente.
SLAUGHTER (slater)=carniceria.
MY=mi, mia.
ANSWER (ánser).
RECKONED (récund)=calculado, tenido por.
SÚBTIL (á veces sútil)=astuto, inteligeote.
BIRD=pájaro.

the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the aviary of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knewthe places that afford-ed prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and the setting of the summer-sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the fallen acorns, so men are by some unaccountable power driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among

USED = usar, acostumbrar.

FRÉQUENTLY = frecuentemente.

VÍSIT = visitar.

AVIARY (ávyari) = pajarera.

DWELT (dwell, dwelt, dwelt) = morar, habitar.

CARPÁTHIAN = Cárpato.

AFFORDED = proporcionar.

AS FAR *AS* = *tan* lejos *como*.

STRONGEST = mas fuerte.

WING = ala.

FLY (flew, flown) = volar.

BETWÉEN = entre (dos).

RÍSING (rise, rose, risen) = levantarse, salida.

SETTING = poner, puesta.

SÚMMER = verano.
SÚN = sol. } sol do verano.

FED (feed, fed, fed) = alimentarse.

YEAR (iar) = año.

ENTRÁILS = entrañas.

OPÍNION.

APPEARANCE (appérans).

OAK (ók) = roble.

DASHED = (arrojar chocando). } se juntan con vio-
TOGÉTHER. } lencia.

STORM = temporal.

SWINE = cerdos.

FATTEN = engordar.

ÁCORNS = bellotas.

ÚNACCÓUNTABLE = inexplicable.

DRÍVEN (drive, drove, driven) = impulsar.

AGAÍNST = contra.

THINK (thought (thót), thought) = pensar.

SOMETHING (sumthing) = algo.

CONTRÍVANCE = plan.

PÓLICY = política, sistema.

these mischievous beings, and those that hover more closely round them pretend, that there is, in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that entitles him to such preeminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shews by his eagerness and diligence that he is, more than any of the others, a friend to the vultures.

JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1709–1784. Dictionary, essays, biography and tales.

MISCHIEVOUS (mischevus)=dañoso.
HOVER = cernerse, suspenderse (las aves en acecho).
CLOSELY (clósli)=cercanamente, cerca.
HERDS=manada.
SEEMS=parecer.
DELIGHTED=deleitar.
WIDE=ancho.
CARNAGE=carnicería.
ENTITLES=dar título ó derecho.
BIGGEST=mayor en estatura.
SHEWS (shó, shewed, shown)=mostrar.
EAGERNESS (éguerness)=vehemencia de deseo, ansiedad ó ardor.
FRIEND (frend)=amigo.

ALLEGORICAL PIECES.

I. LUXURY AND AVARICE.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness; he had likewise a privy counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy counsellor was

PIECES (péses) = trozos.
LUXURY (lúgzuri) = lujo ó fastuoso bosto.
ÁVARICE = avaricia.
PÓWERFUL = poderoso.
TYRANTS = tirsnos.
ENGÁGED = empeñados.
PERPÉTUAL.
NAME = nombra.
AIM = puntería ó blanco, objeto.
ÚNIVERSAL.
MONARCHY (mónarke).
HEARTS (harts) = corazones.
MANKÍND = género humano.
UNDER = bajo.
MIRTH = algazara.
FÁSHION = moda.
LIKEWISE (líkwis) = asimismo.
ÓFFICERS = oficiales.
FÁITHFULLY = fielmente.
SERVED = servido.
HUNGER (hánguer) = hambre.
ÍNDUSTRY.
CARE = cuidado.
WÁTCHFULNESS = vigilancia.
PRÍVY = privado.
CÓUNSELLOR = consejero.
ÁLWAYS = siempre.

Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed, the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon

POVERTY (pŏverty)=pobreza.
AS=así como.
CONDUCTED=conducir, gobernar.
CÓUNSELS=consejos.
ANTÁGONIST.
ENTIRELY (entirli)=enteramente.
GUÍDED=guiar.
DÍCTATES=dictámenes, opiniones.
ADVÍCE=aviso, consejo.
PLÉNTY=abundancia.
STATE=estado.
MEASURES (mĕjurs).
DEPARTED=marchar, salir ó separarse.
SIGHT=vista.
WHILE=mientras, conj.
RÍVALS.
CONTÉNDING=disputando.
ÉMPIRE.
GOT (get, got, gotten)=lograr.
FÁMILY.
RÁNGE=poner en fila.
BÁNNERS=banderas.
WIFE=esposa.
HŬSBAND=marido.
PÁRTIES=partidos.
SIDE WITH=ponerse de lado de.
YOUTH (yuth)=juventud.
REVÓLT=rebelarse.
ÓLD=viejo.
AGE=edad. } vejez.
STOOD (staod, stood, stood)=estar ó quedar.
PÓTENTATES.
WEARIED (wĕrid)=cansar.
WÁGING=hacer (la guerra).
WAR=guerra.

one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all

AGREED=convenir.
INTERVIEW=entrevista.
NEITHER (néther) = ni uno ni otro, pron. indef.
WERE TO BE=habian de estar.
BEGÁN (begin, began, begun)=empezar.
PÁRLEY=parlamento.
ÉNDLESS=interminable.
FRÁNKNESS=franqueza.
BELIEVED (beiévd)=creer.
ILL=mslo
EAR (er)=oido, confianza.
GRÓUNDLESS=inmotivado, infundado.
APPRÉHÉNSIONS=temores.
PRÉJÚDICES=preocupaciones.
LOOK=mirar. UPON.....=considerar á contemplar.
SUGGÉSTING (sudgésting)=sugerir.
WANT=necesidad.
UNDERMÍNING=minar.
PRÍNCIPLES=principios.
FOUNDED=fundar.
AT LAST=al último.
IN ORDER TO=á fin de.
ACCOMMODATION=avenencia.
PRELÍMINARY.
DISMÍSS=despedir.
THUS=asi.. FAR=lejos.=hasta aquí.
ADJUSTED=srreglar.
PEACE (pes)=paz.

other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them, whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

ADDISON.

II. THE VISION OF MIRZAH.

«On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another,

ÁCCOMMÓDATED=convenir.
INSOMÚCH=de suerte.
LIVE (liv)=vivir.
CONFÉDERATES.
EITHER (ether)=uno ú otro.
TAKE (took, taken)=tomar.
DIVÍDING=dividir.
ADD=añadir.
DISCÁRDING=destitucion, s.
ABOVE (abúv)=arriba.
SUPPLÍES=suple.
ROOM=cuarto, lugar.
PROMPTS=incitar.
VISION (víjun).
MOON=luna.
ACCORDING TO=segun, prep.
CÚSTOM=costumbre.
FÓREFATHERS (fórfathers)=antepasados,
HÓLY=santo.
WASHED=lavar.
MYSELF=yo mismo, -a, me. *Acaban en* self *todos los pron. reflex.*
ÓFFERED=ofrecer.
UP. } ofreeer.
HIGH (hi)=alto.
HILLS=montes, eerros.
PRAYER (préar)=oracion.
ÁIRING=tomar el fresco.
THOUGHT (thot)=pensamiento.

surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt

BUT = no mas que.

SHÁDOW = sombra.

DREAM (drem) = sueño.

WHÍLST = mientras que.

MÚSING = cavilar, pensar.

CAST (cast, cast) = echar, lanzar.

SÚMMIT = cima, cumbre.

HÁBIT = traje.

SHÉPHERD (shép-herd) = pastor (de ovejas).

LITTLE = pequeño.

APPLÍED = aplicar.

LIPS = labios.

PLAY = jugar, tocar. } tocar.
UPON. }

SOUND = sonido.

EXCEEDING = sobremanera, adv.

SWEET = dulce.

WROUGHT (rot), work, wrought = trabajar.

WROUGHT INTO = formando por su ejecucion.

TÚNES = aires (música).

PÚT (put, put) = poner.

MIND = mente. *Put in mind* = recordar.

HEAVENLY (hévenli) = celestial.

DEPARTED = finado.

SOULS (sols) = almas.

PÁRADISE = paraiso.

WEAR, wore, worn (wer) = usar, llevar. } gastar, borrar.
OUT. }

QÚALIFY = poner en el caso, preparar.

HAPPY = dichoso.

MELTED = fundir. } enternecérse.
AWAY. }

SÉCRET.

RAPTURES = éxtasis.

HAUNT = punto visitado.

of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, cast thy eyes eastward, said he,

GÉNIUS = genio.
SÉVERAL = varios.
ENTERTAÍNED = distraer.
MUSICIAN (músishan) = músico.
RAISED = elevar.
TRANSPÓRTING = arrobador, estático.
TÁSTE = probar, gustar de.
ASTÓNISHED = atónito.
BECKONED (bécund) = llamar con señas.
DIRÉCTED = encargar.
APPROACH (apróch) = acercarse.
DREW, draw, drawn = tirar. } acercarse.
NEAR (ner) = cerca. . . . }
THAT = ese ó aquel, etc.
DÚE = debido.
SUBDÚED = vencer, rendir.
CÁPTIVATING = cautivador, encantador.
STRAINS = sones, música.
DOWN = abajo.
FEET, pl. (foot, sing.) = piés.
WEPT (weep, wept) = llorar.
SMILED = sonreir.
LOOK = mirada.
FÁMILIARÍZED.
AT ONCE (uons) = á una vez, desde luego.
DISPÉLLED = desvanecer.
LIFTED = alzar, levantar.
FÓLLOW = seguir.
LED (lead, led) = conducir.
PINNACLE (pinakel) = pináculo.
EASTWARD = hácia el oriente.

and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other. What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. That bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that that bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he,

HUGE=enorme, vasto.
TIDE=mares, marejada.
RÓLLING=rodar.
RISES (rise, rose, risen)=levantarse.
THICK=espeso.
MIST=niebla.
END=extremo, fin, s.
AGÁIN=otra vez.
MEASURED=(méjurd)=medir. / OUT. } distribuir.
SUN=sol.
REACHING (rech)=alcanzar.
SEA (se)=mar.
BOUNDED=limitar.
DARKNESS=oscuridad.
BRIDGE=puente.
LÉISURELY (léjurli)=detenido.
SÚRVEY=investigacion.
SCORE=señal ó marca, veintena.
ARCHES=arcos.
MADE UP=componian.
COUNTING=contar.
FLOOD (flud)=diluvio.
SWEPT (sweep; swept)=barrer. / AWAY. } arrebatar.
BEHELD (behold, beheld)=mirar.
FÚRTHER=mas lejos, además.

what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

PEOPLE (pépel,=gentes.
BLACK=negro.
HANGING (hung, hung ó reg.)=suspender, suspenderse.
EACH (ech)=cada.
PÁSSENGERS=pasajeros.
DROPPING (drop)=caer como gotas, desplomarse.
THROUGH (thru)=á través, por.
FLOWED (flod)=fluir, correr.
UNDERNEATH (undernéth)=debajo.
FARTHER (comp.de *far*. sup. *farthest*)=mas lejos, mayor.
PERCEIVED (persévd)=percibir.
TRAP-DOORS (trapdors)=trampas.
CONCEALED (conséld)=oculto.
TROD (tread, trod, trodden)=pisar.
HIDDEN (hide, hid, hidden)=esconder.
PITFALLS=hoyos, despeñaderos.
THICK=espeso, en gran número.
ENTRANCE=entrada, principio.
THRONGS=multitudes.
BROKE THROUGH=rompieron á través, salieron de.
GREW (grow, grew, grown)=crecer, llegar á ser.
THINNER (thin)=delgado, escaso.
MIDDLE=medio.
MÚLTIPLIED=multiplicar.
AFTER=tras.
QUITE=completamente.
TIRED=cansar.
SPENT (spend, spent)=gastar, rendir.
WALK (wok)=paseo.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering

WONDERFUL (wŭndorful) = maravilloso.

DEEP = profundo.

UNEXPÉCTEDLY = inesperadamente.

JÓLLITY = jovialidad, regocijos.

CATCHING (catch, caught) = coger, acogerse.

BY = por, cerca de, prep.

THOUGHTFUL (thótful) = pensativo.

STUMBLED = tropezar.

BUSY (bisi) = ocupado.

PURSÚIT = persecucion.

BUBBLES = burbujas, pompas.

GLÍTTERED = brillar, resplandecer.

REACH (rech) = alcance.

FOOTÍNG = pié, piso.

FAILED = faltar.

SUNK (sink, sank, sunk) = hundirse.

ÚRINALS = orinales.

TO AND FRO = acá por allá.

THRÚSTING = empujar.

ESCÁPED = escapar.

FORCED UPON THEM = forzados sobre ellas, obligados á ello.

INDÚLGE = satisfacer, entregarse.

LONG ENOUGH (eoúf) = bastante tiempo.

THINE = tuyo.

OFF = fuera. *Take off* = quitar.

MEAN (moo) = querer decir.

about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh; Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight, as I was ordered, and whether or no the good genius strengthened it with a supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense

SETTLING = fijar, posar.

RÁVENS = cuervos.

CÓRMORANTS = cuervos marinos.

FEATHERED (fétherd) = emplumar ó cubrir de plumas.

WÍNGED = con alas ó aladas.

BOYS = muchachos.

PERCH = emperchárse, posar.

MIDDLE = medio, central.

ENVY = envidia.

DESPÁIR = desesperacion.

LOVE (luv) = amor.

LIKE = iguales.

CARES = cuidados.

FETCHED = traer, arrancar.

SIGH (si) = suspiro.

GIVEN AWAY = entregar, abandonar.

SWÁLLOWED UP = tragar.

QUIT = dejar.

UNCÓMFORTABLE = desconsolador.

STAGE = parada, período.

SETTING OUT = ponerse fuera, partir.

BEARS (bear, bore, borne) (bers) = conducir, llevar.

ÓRDERED = mandar.

STRÉNGTHENED = fortificar.

OPENING (ópning) = abrir.

FÚRTHER = mas lejano.

SPREADING FORTH = extenderse.

ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me that there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those wich thou here dis-

ADAMANT.

RUNNING THROUGH=correr á través, atravesar.

STILL=aun.

HALF (haf)=mitad.

INTERWOVEN (interweave–wove–woven)=entretejer, salpicar.

SHINING (shine–shone)=brillar, brillante.

DRESSED=vestir.

GARLANDS=guirnaldas.

HEADS (heds)=cabezas.

BEDS=camas, lechos.

SINGING (sing, sang, sung)=cantar, que cantan.

GLADNESS=alegria.

DELIGHTFUL=delicioso.

SCENE (sen)=escena, perspectiva.

WISHED=desear.

EAGLE (éguel)=águila.

THAT=para que, conj.

SEATS (sets)=asientos, sitios.

GATES=puertas (no de casa).

FRESH=fresco.

GREEN=verde.

BEFORE=ante, delante.

SPOTTED (spot)=manchar, lachonar.

SANDS=arena.

SEA-SHORE=playa.

BEHIND=detrás.

coverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence. Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep and camels grazing upon the sides of it.»

ADDISON.

EVEN (ēvn)=aun.
EXCÉLLED (excel)=sobresalir.
ABOÚND=abundar.
RÉLISHES=gusto ó sabor, paladar.
SETTLED=establecidos.
WORTH (wurth)=merecedor.
EARNING (érning)=ganar.
SUCH=tal.
REWÁRD=premio.
CONVÉY=trasportar, llevar.
VAIN=vano.
GAZED=mirar con la vista clavada, contemplar.
BESEECH (besought, irreg.)=rogar encarecidamente.
INSTEAD OF (instéd)=en lugar de.
HóLLOW=hueco.
OXEN pl., *ox* sing.=bueyes.
CÁMELS=camellos.
GRAZING=pacer.

III. THE TWELVE MONTHS.

There is hardly any thing gives me a more sensible delight, than the enjoyment of a cool still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the hour was come for the sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four and twenty. I immediately rose from my couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve stone steps into a large square divided into four grass-plots, in each of which is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large parterre by a low wall, and from thence through a pair of iron gates, you are led into a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on either hand bordered

MONTHS (munths) = meses.
HARDLY = apenas.
SÉNSIBLE = sensato.
COOL = fresco.
STILL = bonancible.
UNÉASINESS (unésiness) = incomodidad.
HOT = caluroso.
SÓLTRY = bochornoso.
ENJÓY = gozar.
FRESHNESS = frescura.
EVENING (évning) = el anochecer, la tardecita.
PLEASANTEST (plésantest) = mas grato.
COUCH = lecho ó reclinatorio.
WENT (go, went, gone, = ir.
DOWN. } bajar.
YOU = vos ó V., se.
STEPS = pasos, gradas.
SQUARE = plaza cuadrada, cuadro.
GRASS-PLOTS = parterres verdes.
WHITE = blanco.
LOW (lo) = bajo.
WALL = muro, tapia.
THENCE = alli.
PAIR = par.
IRON (irn) = hierro.
BROAD (brod) = ancho.
WALK (wok) = paseo, callejuela.
TURF = cesped.
SET = plantado.
TALL = alto (de estatura).
YEWS (us) = tejo.
BÓRDERED = ribetear, terminar.

by a canal, which on the right divides the walk from a wilderness parted into a variety of alleys and arbours, and on the left from a kind of amphitheatre, which is the receptacle of a great number of oranges and myrtles. The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, obliging me with as much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same time divested of all power of heat. The reflexion of it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity of mind, as is, I believe, the next happiness to that of hereafter.

I reflected then upon the sweet vicissitudes of night and day, on the charming disposition of the seasons, and their return again in a perpetual circle: and oh! said I, that I could from

CÁNAL.

RIGHT = derecho, -a.

WÍLDERNESS = selva.

ÁLLEYS = avenidas ó callejuelas.

ARBOURS (árburs) = glorietas ó enramadas.

LEFT = izquierdo, -a.

AMPHITHEATRE (ámfithéater).

RECÉPTACLE.

MYRTLES = mirtos.

BRIGHT = brillante, hermosamente.

OBLÍGING = favorecer ú obsequiar.

AS MUCH = tanto.

LIGHT = luz.

DIVÉSTED = despojado.

HEAT (het = calor.

FANNING (fan) = abaniqueo.

WÍND = viento.

RUSTLÍNG (rúsling) = crugir (de las hojas, seda, etc.).

LEAVES (levs) pl., leaf sing. = hoja.

THRUSH = mirlo.

NÍGHTINGALE = ruiseñor.

ASÍDE = á lado, aparte.

DISPLEÁSING (displésing) = desagradable.

NEXT = próximo, mas parecido.

THAT OF = la de.

HEREAFTER (heráfter) = despues de aquí, la otra vida.

NIGHT = noche.

DAY = dia.

CHARMING = encantador.

SEASONS (sésuns) = estaciones.

RETÚRN = vuelta.

OH! = ójalá!

these my declining years return again to my first spring of youth and vigour; but that, alas! is impossible: all that remains within my power is, to soften the inconveniencies I feel, with an easy contented mind, and the enjoyment of such delights as this solitude affords me. In this thought I sat me down on a bank of flowers, and dropt into a slumber, which, whether it were the effect of fumes and vapours, or of my present thoughts, I know not; but methought the genius of the garden stood before me, and introduced into the walk, where I lay, this drama, and different scenes of the revolution of the year, which, whilst I then saw, even in my dream, I resolved to write down.

«The first person whom I saw advancing towards me, was a youth of a most beautiful air and shape, though he seemed not yet arrived at that exact proportion and symmetry of parts which a little more time would have given him; but, however, there was such a bloom in his countenance, such satisfaction and joy, that I thought it the most desirable form that I had ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flowers: he had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a narcissus in his hand; primroses and violets sprang up

DECLINING = declinante, decadente.
SPRING = primavera.
VIGOUR (vígur) = vigor.
SOFTEN (sófen) = ablandar, endulzar.
FEEL (felt, felt) sentir.
EASY (ési) = fácil.
DELIGHTS = delicias.
SLUMBER = sueño
FUMES = emanaciones.
VAPOURS = evaporaciones.
DREAM (drem) = sueño (ilusion).
BEAUTIFUL (bútiful) = bello.
SHAPE = forma, figura.
BLOOM = flor, frescura.
JOY = júbilo.
FORM = forma, figura.
CLOTHED, reg. (clad, clad, irreg.) = vestir.
FLOWING = correr, caido ó talar.
MANTLE = manto.
SILK = seda.
CHAPLET = corona.
ROSES = rosa.
PRIMROSES = primaveras (flor).
VIOLETS = violetas.
SPRANG (spring, sprang, spring) = brotar.

under his feet, and all nature was cheared at his approach. Flora was on one hand, and Vertumnus on the other in a robe of changeable silk. After this I was surprised to see the moon-beams reflected with a sudden glare from armour, and to see a man compleatly armed advancing with his sword drawn. I was soon informed by the genius it was Mars, who had long usurped a place among the attendants of the spring. He made way for a softer appearance; it was Venus, without any ornament but her own beauties, not so much as her own *cestus*, with which she had encompassed a globe, which she held in her right hand, and in her left she had a sceptre of gold. After her followed the Graces, with their arms entwined within one another; their girdles were loosed, and they moved to the sound of soft music, striking the ground alternately with their feet: then came up the three months which belong to this season. As March advanced towards me, there was, methought, in his look, a lowering roughness, which ill befitted a month which was ranked in so soft a season; but as he came forwards his features became insensibly more mild and gentle: he smoothed his brow, and looked with so sweet a countenance, that I could not but lament his departure, though he made way for

CHEARED ó CHEERED = alegrar.
APPROACH (appróch) = aproximacion.
ROBE = traje ó vestido régio.
MOON-BEAMS = rayos lunares.
SÚDDEN = repentino.
GLARE = rélumbrar, s.
ARMOUR (ármur) = armadura.
SWORD (sord) = espada.
NOT SO MUCH AS = ni siquiera.
ENCÓMPASSED = rodear.
HELD (hold, held) = asir.
ENTWÍNED = entrelazar.
GIRDLES = cinturones.
LOOSED = soltar.
STRÍKING (strike, struck, struck) = herir, dar en.
BELONG = pertenecer.
LÓWERING = encapotado, amenazante.
ROUGHNESS (rúfness) aspereza.
ILL = mal.
BEFITTED (befit) = sentar mal.
RANKED = poner en fila.
FORWARDS = adelante.
MILD = apacible.
SMOOTHED = alisar, desarrugar.
BROW = frente.
NOT BUT = no menos de.

April: he appeared in the greatest gaiety imaginable, and had a thousand pleasures to attend him: his look was frequently clouded, but immediately returned to its first composure and remained fixed in a smile. Then came May attended by Cupid, with his bow strung, and in a posture to let fly an arrow: as he passed by, I saw a man advance in the full prime and vigour of his age: his complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets beneath his shoulders; a mantle of fair-coloured silk hung loosely upon him: he advanced with a hasty step after the spring, and sought out the shade and cool fountains which played in the garden. He was particularly well pleased when a troop of Zephyrs fanned him with their wings: he had two companions who walked on each side, that made him appear the most agreeable: the one was Aurora, with fingers of roses, and her feet dewy, attired in grey; the other was Vesper in a robe of azure beset with drops of gold, whose breath he caught whilst it passed over a bundle of honey-suckles and tuberoses which he held in his hand. Pan

GAIETY (gáiti) = alegria.
CLOUDED = nublar.
BOW (bo) = arco.
STRUNG (string, strang, strung) = encordar.
PRIME = lo mejor, la flor.
RÚDDY = fresco y colorado.
HAIR = pelo.
RINGLETS = sortijas (de pelo).
BENEATH (beneth) = debajo.
SHOULDERS (shólders) = hombros.
FAIR-COLOURED (lereúlurd) = de color claro.
LOOSELY = sueltamente.
HÁSTY = apresurado
SOUGHT, seek, sought (sot). } buscar.
OUT. }
SHADE = sombra.
COOL = fresco.
PLAYED = jugar, correr.
FINGERS (finguers) = dedos.
DEWY (duy) = de rocio, adj.
ATTÍRED = ataviar.
GREY = pardo, gris.
ÁZURE = azul.
BESÉT (beset, beset) = tachonar en torno.
BREATH (breth) = aliento.
CAUGHT (cateh) = coger.
BUNDLE = lio, haz.
HONEY-SUCKLES (húnisukels) = madreselvas.

and Ceres followed them with four reapers, who danced a morris to the sound of oaten pipes and cymbals. Then came the attendant months. June retained still some small likeness of the spring; but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, specially August, who seemed almost to faint, whilst for half the steps he took, the dogstar levelled its rays full at his head: they passed on and made way for a person that seemed to bend a little under the weight of years: his beard and hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal number of black and grey; he wore a robe which he had girt round him of a yellowish cast, not unlike the colour of fallen leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he hardly made amends for expelling the foregoing scene by the large quantity of fruits which he bore in his hands. Plenty walked by his side, with a healthy fresh countenance, pouring out from a horn all the various

REAPERS (rēpurs)=segadores.

MÓRRIS=baile morisco.

SOUND=son.

OATEN (óten)=de avena, adj.

PIPES=pífano ó silbato.

RETAÍNED=conservar.

SMALL=pequeño.

LÍKENESS=semejanza.

STEP=dar pasos, andar.

TREAD (tred)=pisar, paso.

ÁLMOST=casi.

FAINT=desfallecer.

HALF (haf)=medio, etc.

DOG-STAR=canicula (estrella de perro).

LEVELLED (level)=nivelar, dirigir.

RAYS=rayos.

FULL=lleno, en linea recta, adv.

PASSED ON=pasaron adelante.

BEND=encorvarse (bent p. p.).

LITTLE=pequeño, poco.

WEIGHT (wát)=peso.

BEARD (bērd)=barba.

GREY=gris, canas.

WORE (wear, wore, worn =llevar como ropa.

GIRT (de *gird*, *girt*, irreg.)=ceñir.

YÉLLOWISH=amarillento.

CAST=tinte, colorido.

UNLÍKE=desemejante.

COLOUR (cúlur)=color.

AMENDS=desquite, compensacion.

FOREGOING=precedente.

FRUITS (fruts).

BORE (de *bear*)=llevar.

HEALTHY (hélthy)=sano.

POURING (póring)=verter.

HORN=cuerno.

products of the year. Pomona followed with a glass of cider in her hand, with Bacchus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a whole troop of satyrs, fauns, and sylvans. September, who came next, seemed in his looks to promise a new spring, and wore the livery of those months. The succeeding month was all soiled with the juice of grapes, as if he had just come from the wine-press. November, though he was in this division, yet, by the many stops he made, seemed rather inclined to the winter, which followed close at his heels. He advanced in the shape of an old man in the extremity of age: the hair he had was so very white it seemed real snow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his beard hung with a great quantity of icicles: he was wrapt up in furs, but yet so pinched with excess of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, and his body bent to the ground, so that he could not have supported himself, had it not been for Comus the god of revels, and Necessity the mother of fate, who sustained him on each side. The shape and mantle of Comus was one of the things that most surprised me: as he advanced towards me, his countenance seemed the most desirable I had ever seen, on the fore part of his mantle was pictured joy, delight, and satisfaction, with a thousand emblems

GLASS = vaso.

CIDER = sidra.

CHARIOT = carro.

TIGERS (tíguers) = tigres.

NEW = nuevo.

SPRING = primavera.

LIVERY = librea.

SOILED = manchar.

JUICE (jus) = jugo.

GRAPES = uvas.

JUST COME = justamente venido, acabado de venir.

WINE-PRESS = lagar (prensa de vino).

STOPS = paradas.

HEELS = talones.

SNOW = nieve.

PIERCING (pérsing) = penetrante.

ICICLES (ísikels) = carámbanos.

WRAPT UP (*wrap* envolver) = embozado.

FURS = pieles.

PINCHED = pellizcar, contraer ó encoger.

LIMBS = miembros, remos.

FATE = destino, hado.

FORE = delantero.

of merriment and jests, with faces looking two ways at once; but as he passed from me, I was amazed at a shape so little correspondent to his face: his head was bald, and all the rest of his limbs appeared old and deformed. On the hinder part of his mantle was represented murder, with dishevelled hair and a dagger all bloody; anger in a robe of scarlet, and suspicion squinting with both eyes; but, above all, the most conspicuous was the battle of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I detested so hideous a shape, and turned my eyes upon Saturn, who was stealing away behind him, with a scythe in one hand, and an hour-glass in the other, unobserved. Behind Necessity was Vesta the goddess of fire, with a lamp which was perpetually supplied with oil, and whose flame was eternal: she cheered the rugged brow of Necessity, and warmed her so far as almost to make her assume the features and likeness of Choice. December, January, and February, passed on after the rest all in furs: there was little distinction to be made amongst them, and they

MERRIMENT = algazara.
JEST = chanzas, bromas.
AMAZED = quedar atónito.
BALD = calvo.
HINDER = posterior.
MURDER = asesinato.
DISHEVELLED = desgreñado.
DAGGER = daga, puñal.
SUSPICION = sospecha.
SQUINTING = ser vizco, vizcar.
BOTH = ambos.
LAPITHÆ.
HIDEOUS (hédyus) = horroroso.
STEALING (steal–stole–stolen) = robar. } escabullirse.
AWAY.
SCYTHE (sith) = guadaña.
HOUR-GLASS (cristal de horas) = reloj de arena.
GODDESS = diosa.
FIRE = fuego.
LAMP = lámpara.
OIL = aceite.
RUGGED = áspero.
BROW = frente.
WARMED = calentar.
SO FAR AS = tan lejos como, hasta tal punto.
ASSUME = tomar.
FEATURES (lètiurs) = rasgos.
LIKENESS = semejanza.
AMONGST = entre.

were more or less displeasing, as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of spring.

ADDISON.

IV. THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those, who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal farther, thinking, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us, than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden, methought, there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species

DISPLEÁSING = desagradable.
HÁSTE = prisa.
GRATEFUL (grátful) = grato.
MISFÓRTUNES = desgracias.
STOCK = fondo.
POSSESSED OF = que ya poseen.
DEAL (del) = cantidad.
HARDSHIPS = penas duras, trabajos.
WE LIE UNDER = nosotros yacemos debajo, á que estamos sujetos.
RÚMINATING = rumiar, reflexionar.
REMÁRKS = observaciones.
SEATED = sentado.
ÉLBOW-CHÁIR = silla de codo, sillon.
ASLEÉP = dormido.
SÚDDEN = de repente, adv.
GRIEFS (greefs) = penas, agravios.
HEAP (hep) = monton.
APPOINTED = señalar.
PÚRPOSE = objeto.
STAND = puesto.

marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying-glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens; and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

LOADS (lōdz) = cargas.
THIN = sutil.
AIRY = aéreo.
MÁGNIFYING-GLASS = cristal de aumento.
LOOSE = suelto.
EMBROÍDERED = bordar.
FIENDS (fendz) = demonios.
CHIMÉRICAL.
GÁRMENT = vestido.
WIND = viento.
LED (lead, led) = conducir.
MAKING UP. . . . } formar, componer.
PACK = paquetillo, lio.
GROANING (grōning) = gemir.
BÚRDENS = cargamentos.
BULK = bulto.
FÁRDEL = fardo.
CAREFULLY (carfuli) = cuidadosamente.
CONCEALED (conséld) = ocultar.
CLOAD (clōk) = capa.
PUFFING = resollar, resoplidos.
LÚGGAGE = equipaje.

I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles; and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who,

WRINKLES (rinkels)=arrugas.
STRIPPED (strip)=despojar.
TAWNY=aleonado, cobrizo.
SKIN=piel, cútis.
NÓSES=narices.
LIPS=labios.
RUSTY=enmohecido, ennegrecido.
TEETH=dientes (tooth).
TRÚTH=verdad.
BÓDILY=corporal.
BACK=espalda.
HUMP=jiba.
DISTÉMPERS=males (desarreglo de humores).
SORTS=géneros.
THOUGH (thó)=aunque.
COULD NOT BUT=no podia menos.
TAKE NOTICE OF=hacerse cargo de.
DISEASES (diséses)=enfermedades.
FOLLY=locura.
ASTÓNISHED=asombrar.
GETTING (got, gotten)=lograr. } desembarazar.
RID=libre. }
FRAILTIES=flaquezas.
PRÓFLIGATE=disipado.
FELLOW=sugeto (*prójimo*).

I did not question, came laden with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, on a sudden, she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length: I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows: though, at the same time, as we

SEARCHING = registrar.
GUILT = culpaa.
WÓRTHLESS = que nada vale, perdido.
ROGUE = bribon.
FLUNG (fling, flang, flung) = tirar.
IDLE = ocioso.
UNEASY (unési) = desasosegado.
STARTLED = sobrecoger.
SHORTNEES = cortedad.
ÚTMOST = mayor.
BREADTH (bredth) = anchura.
MADE..... OUT OF HÚMOUR = poner de mal humor.
MASK = careta.
LÚCKILY = afortunadamente.
BY ME = á mi lado.
SHAMEFUL (shámful) = vergonzoso.
CHIN = barba (no el pelo).
MENDING = componer.
DELÍVERED = libertar.
SORROWS = penas.

stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in the vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observation which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the colick, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him

SCARCE = apenas.

BLESSINGS (bless) = bendiciones, ventura.

WONDERED (wúnderd) = extrañar.

OWNERS (ónurs) = dueños.

REGARDING = mirar, contemplar.

CHAOS (káos).

ISSUED (isbud) = publicar, dar.

BESTÍR = menear.

PÁRCELLING OUT = repartiendo.

HÚRRY = precipitacion.

WANTED = hacer falta, buscar.

HEIR (air) = heredero.

SNATCHED UP = levantar ó recoger de pronto.

UNDÚTIFUL = que no hace sus deberes, desobediente.

GRÁCELESS = sin gracia, perdido.

PULLED = tirar.

BEARD (berd) = barba (pelo).

HAD LIKE TO = poco le faltó.

KNOCKED } = dar un golpe (aldabonazo).
BRAINS. . } OUT = saltarle los sesos.

FIT = acceso.

GRIPES = retortijones.

BEGGED = suplicar (beg).

to take his son again, and give back his colick; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry-faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us, are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-

CHOICE = eleccion.

GÁLLEY = galeote, galera.

CHAINS = cadenas.

STEAD (sted) = lugar.

WRY-FACES (rifaces) = muecas, gestos.

GAINER = ganancioso.

BARGAIN = ajuste, cambio.

SICKNESS = enfermedad.

HUNGER (húngner) = hambre.

BARTERING = trocar géneros, ajustar.

TRUCKING = cambiar.

LOCK = cerradura, guedeja ó rizo.

GREY HAIRS = canas.

MAKING OVER = traspasar, ceder.

WAIST = cintura.

BLEMISH = falta.

IN LIEU OF = en lugar de.

EVILS = males (filosóficamente).

BEFALL (befell, befallen) = acaecer.

FOR MY HEART = por mi corazon, por mas que hiciera.

FORBEAR (forbér), forbore, forborne = contenerse, detenerse.

PITYING = compadecer.

backed gentleman mentioned before, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage, had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that, as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandylegs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calfs to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts,

WENT (go, went, gone) = ir } marcharse.
OFF }

BLADDER = vejiga.

STRUCK (strike, struck) = dar golpe } conseguir.
UP }

LIMPED = ir cojeando.

PEEPING = asomarse.

LAUGHING (láfing) = reirse.

PUT = poner (put, put).

OUT OF COUNTENANCE = demudar, enojar.

ASHAMED (ashámd) = avergonzado.

MISSED = no acertar, no dar.

CLAPPED (clap) = plantar de pronto.

UPPER (up) = superior.

BESIDES = además.

KNOCKS = golpes.

AIMING = apuntar.

FOOLISH = tonto.

SWOP = cambio.

BANDY-LEGS = piernas estevadas.

TRAP-STICKS = palo de bilorto, canillas raquíticas.

CALFS (cafs) = pantorrillas.

STILTS = zancos.

and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him, I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it in a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion of the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure. Her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched

HEIGHT (hit)=altura.

AWKWARD (akward)=raro.

STUCK..... INTO=meter con fuerza.

CANE=baston.

LAY HIM=apostarle.

PITEOUS (pityus)=lastimoso.

SIGHT=vista.

WANDERED=errar, marchar.

GROANS=quejidos.

STEADY (stédy)=firme.

MOUNT=monte.

BIG=grueso, abultado.

TEACHING (teching), taught=enseñar por principios.

off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

ADDISON.

V. THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

«Life,» says Seneca, «is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age.» — The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and

AS TO = en cuanto á.
TO BE DRAWN OUT = que pueden sacarse.
REPÍNE = murmurar.
SINCE = ya que.
RIGHT = recto.
NEIGHBOURS (néburs) = de vecino ó prójimo.
LIGHTLY = ligeramente.
COMPLAÍNTS = quejas.
FELLOW-CREATURES (félocretyurs) = semejantes.
VÓYAGE = viaje (marítimo).
CHILDHOOD = infancia.
RÍPENED = maduro.
MANHOOD = edad ó estado viril.
BETTER (good, better, best, adj.) = mejor.
PERÚSAL = lectura.
WISHES = deseos.

the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose, among the great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was irresistible, bore him away.

THOUGHTLESSNESS=inconsideracion, el ningun reparo.

STREAM (strem)=arroyo.

SLUMBER=sueño ligero.

EARS (ers)=orejas, oidos.

SHOUTS=gritos.

ALÁCRITY=prontitud alegre.

SHRIEKS (shreks)=chillidos.

WHISTLE (whisel)=silbido.

DASH=impulso estruendoso.

WHITHER=adonde.

CLAMOUR (elémur)=clamor.

LAUNCHING=botar, echarse.

STREIGHTS ó STRAITS (strats)=estrechos.

PERISHED=perecer.

WEAKNESS (wekness)=debilidad.

UNDERTOOK (undertake, undertaken) =encargarse.

STEER=gobernar (el barco).

MAIN=principal, ancho.

BILLOWS=olas.

CHOOSE (chose, chosen)=escoger.

EAGERNESS (éguerness).

SAILED=navegar.

Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly when they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence, pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though, it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage; since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was however not very common to steer with much care or prudence, for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten: the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness

BEYÓND = mas allá.
DARKNESS = oscuridad.
NOR = ni.
SHORE = playa.
EITHER = uno y otro.
WHIRLPOOLS = remolino, vértice.
COURTING (córting) = cortejar, obsequiar, buscar.
GALE = brisa.
SAIL = velas.
BETRAYED = vender por traicion.
PUSHED = empujar.
ALLÓW = permitir.
NÓNE = nadie.
SAFE = salvo.
WAVES = olas.
CLOSED = cerrar.
FORGOTTEN (forget; forgot) = olvidar.
SOUNDNESS = lo sano, firmeza.

of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly, by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulency of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to

STEM = hacer frente.
GLIDE = deslizar.
WRECK (reck) = naufragio.
RUDDER = timon.
WEARINESS (wériness) = cansancio.
RUSHED = lanzar.
FAILED = dejar de.
LOUDLY = en voz alta, adv.
COURSE (cors) = curso.
PRAISED = alabar.
IMPAIRED = deteriorar.
HOW LONG SOEVER = por mas tiempo que.
SADDEN = entristecer.
DARING = osar, osados.
HINDER = impedir.

whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and they who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope indeed apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape, but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder in her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they

DREADFUL (dredful)=espantoso.
FORWARD=adelante.
HOPE=esperanza.
MOCKED=burlarse.
LEAKY (léki)=que hace agua, agujereado.
CRAGS=risco.
EASE (és)=comodidad.
WARBLED=gorjear.
SONG=cantar, s.
OUTLET=salida.

always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome, and the passenger having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water till they sunk by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long, which had been much repaired, nor

PREVÁILED UPON=persuadir.
CHARGE=cargamento.
EDDY=remolino.
DRAUGHT (draft)=trago, rechupar ó arrastre.
OVERCÓME=vencer.
GIDDY=vertiginoso.
OVERWHÉLMED=abrumar, arrollar ó sepultar.
LOST (lose, lost)=perder.
SHOCKS=sacudidas ó choques.
SHOT (shoot, shot)=lanzar.
SHÁTTERED=hacer trizas, despedazar.
RUFFLE=vuelo, rizo ó encrespamiento.
SLOW=lento.
WARNING=advertir.
BREACHES (bréches)=brechas.
LEAKS (leks)=abertura (en los barcos).

was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than they who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success. As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power. «Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thonghtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?» I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

JOHNSON.

VI. THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindoostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising

OVERSÉT = volcar, zozobrar.
CROSS = atravesado.
ANGUISH = angustia.
SUBSIDED = posar, ir á fondo.
ENCRÓACHING = adelantar, ganar.
HARASSED = hostigar.
GAZE = fijar la vista.
STARTED = sobrecogerse.
AWAKED (reg. ó irreg.; awoke, awoke) = despertar ó despertarse.
JOURNEY (jurni) = viaje.
EARLY (érli) = temprano.
SWIFTLY = velozmente.

before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road; and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the great path began to decline from its

MORNIRG SONG=canto matinal.
FLUTTERS=revoloteo.
SPRINKLED=salpicar, humedecer.
DEW=rocio.
GROVES=bosquecillo.
OAK=roble.
TOWERING (toûering)=elevado como una torre.
HEAT (hêt)=calor.
PREYED (préid)=hacer presa, consumir.
SHADES=sombra.
COOLNESS=frescura.
BUSINESS (bisness) = negocios, trabajo.
PLUCKING=arrancar.
BRANCHES=ramas.
PATH=senda.

first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now at its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his dangers to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he

TO WIND (wound)=serpentear.
THICKETS=espesura.
WATERFALLS=cascadas.
FORSAKE (forsook, forsaken)=abandonar.
TRACK=via, ruta, vereda.
DUSTY=empolvado.
UNEVEN=desigual.
SOOTH=halagar, endulzar.
AFRAID=temeroso.
WRONG (rong)=equivocado.
CONSCIOUS=conosciente, sabedor.
LOITERING=haraganear.
VANISHED=desvanecer.
GATHERED=reunir.
ROUSED=despertar (de la inaccion).
QUICK=vivo.
PAINFUL=penoso.

now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on, with his sabre in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and destruction; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light; and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

SEEK (sought)=buscar.

SHELTER=abrigo.

PETTY=mezquino.

CLAP=estallido. } un trueno.
THUNDER=trueno. . . . }

BROKE (break, broke, broken)=romper.

OPEN=abrir.

HOWLS=ahullidos.

ROARED=rugir.

FORLÓRN=abandonado.

BREATH (breth)=aliento.

KNEES (nes)=rodillas.

BRAMBLES=zarza.

GLIMMER=vislumbre.

TÁPER=cerilla, luceeilla.

CÓTTAGE=cabaña.

DOOR (dor)=puerta.

When the repast was over, «Tell me,» said the hermit, «by what chance thou hast been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw man before.» Obidah then related the ocurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

«Son,» said the hermit, «let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides: we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at least turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for awhile keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another: we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle

REPÁST = comida.
WAS OVER = se habia concluido.
CHANCE = casualidad.
AWHILE ó A WHILE = un rato.
STRAIGHT = derecho.
ENDEAVOUR (endévur) = tratar de.
RELY = confiar.
COMPLIANCE = condescendencia.
DISQUIET (diskúiet) = inquietud.
ENTANGLE = enredar.

ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair; but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above; shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls thee again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.»

JOHNSON.

VII. THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

In that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss; where

IMMÉRGE=zambullir.
LUXURY (lŭgzŭri)=lujo.
ROVE=andar vagando.
LEARN (lern)=aprender.
DESPÁIR=desesperar.
WÁSTED=gastar.
EFFORT=esfuerzo.
ENDÉAVOURS=esfuerzos.
FROM ABOVE (abŭv)=desde arriba, del cielo.
FÁDING=decaer, marchitar.
OVERGROWN=crecido sobre, cubierto.
MOSS=musgo.

the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast, extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenauce, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had bnt just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top: but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view; and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructor suddenly appeared: «The mountain before thee,» said he, «is the hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.»

After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent; and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain; and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but

HUM = murmullo.
REVERIES = ensueños, cavilaciones.
AROSE (arise, arose, arisen) = levantarse.
PRESSED = instar.
FORWARDS = avivar el paso; marchar con vehemencia.
LIVELIEST = mas vivo.
STEEP = escarpado.
CLIMB (clim) = trepar.
VEIL = velo.
LIGHT = luz.
FIERY = fogoso.
GENIUS = ingenio.

his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him, who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness: for, beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside, by a numerous crowd of appetites, passions, and pleasures, whose importunity, when once complied with, they became less and less able to resist: and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt; the hill appeared more steep and rugged; the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill-tasted; their sight grew dim; and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

BÉCKONED = hacer seña.

TÓTTERING = vacilar, bambolear.

EDGE = borde.

DEVIOUS (dévyus) = desviado.

UNTRIED = no probado, nuevo.

FEEBLER = mas débiles.

OUTSTRIPPED (outstrip) = adelantar.

FROWNED = ponerse ceñudo.

CREPT (creep, crept) = arrastrar.

UNREMITTING = que no afloja, constante.

DERIDED = burlarse de.

TOILSOME = fatigoso.

STEADINESS (stédiness) = firmeza.

WHEN ONCE COMPLIED WITH = cuando se habia una vez accedido á ella.

WHOLESOME = sano.

HARSH = desabrido.

ILL-TASTED = de mal gusto.

DIM = oscuro.

TRIPT ó TRIPPED (de *trip.*) = tropezar.

I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way; and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives; and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, (for so she was called), far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls

TOILING UP = subir con fatiga.
ENTICED = atraer, seducir.
DELAY = retardar.
WITHERED = marchitar, consumir.
SLIDE (slid, slidden) = deslizar, resbalar.
BOTTOM (bótum) = fondo, pié ó falda.
TINGED = teñir (con diversos rasgos).
GLOOM = tristura.
SLUGGISH = perezoso, indolente.
CURLED = rizar.

into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulf of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted; and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of Science seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain! — But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw, standing besides me, a form of diviner features, and a more benign radiance. «Happier,» said she, «are they whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content!» «What,» said I, «does Virtue then reside in the vale?» «I am found,» said she, «in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain, I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence, but I alone can guide thee to felicity!» — While Virtue was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms toward her, with a vehemence which broke my slumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of

BURIED (bérid)=enterrar.
SEIZE (sez)=aprovechar.
SÉLDOM=pocas veces.
EXHILARATING=que alegra, grato.
EVER-GREENS=siemprevivas.
BEAMED (bemd)=radiar.
SHED (shed, etc.)=derramar.
CITIES=ciudades.
BLESS=bendecir.
CELL=celda.
STRETCHED=extender.
CHILL=frio (de relente).

evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward; and resigned the night to silence and meditations.

AIKIN.

John Aikin, M. D. 1747–1822.—Editor, Monthly Magazine, etc.

VIII. ASEM THE MANHATER.

Where Tauris lifts his head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rock, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the manhater.

Asem had spent his youth with men: had shared in their amusements: and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain: the weary traveller never passed his door: he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a

LANDSCAPE = paisaje.
MANHÁTER = misántropo.
STORM = borrasca.
NODDING (nod) = cabecear.
BLEAK (blek) = de color de frio, lívido, negro, desconsolado.
BOSOM (búsum) = pecho, seno.
FRIGHTFUL = espantoso.
SECLÚDED = apartado.
TÉNDERNESS = ternura.
EXHÁUSTED = agotar.
RELIEVING (reléving) = aliviar.
SÚED = pedir ó pretender.
WEARY (wéri) = cansado.
GRATEFUL (grátful) = agradecido.
REDRÉSS = desagravio, alivio.

short-lived passion. He soon, therefore began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulations, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits, gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. «How beautiful,» he often cried, «is nature! How lovely, even in her

SHORT-LIVED=de corta vida.
VIEW=contemplar.
TREACHERY (trécheri)=traicion.
NO LONGER=no mas largo, ya no ó no mas.
HATED=odiar.
REPAÍD (repay, repaid)=recompensar.
CONTEMPT=desprecio.
TO BROOD OVER=incubar, ponerse á meditar mucho.
CAVE=cueva.
WEATHER (wéther)=tiempo (atmósfera).
FETCHED=traer.
HEADLONG=precipitado.
EXÚLTING=regocijarse.
LAKE=lago.
DISPLÁYED=desplegar.
GLASSY=cristalino.
BROAD=ancho.
LOVELY (lúvli)=digno de amor, encantador.

wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence a hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in nature, the only monster in the creation. Tempest and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the Divine Creator? Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why, then O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety, when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

«Son of Adam,» cried the genius, «stop thy rash purpose: the Father of the faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries: and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever

LÉVEL=nivelado, liso, igual.
YON=aquel (allá).
AWFUL=espantoso (y reverencial).
PILE=masa (de rocas, etc.).
HEALTH (helth)=salud.
WHÍRLWÍNDS=torbellinos.
WAS I BORN (to be born)=nacer.
WISDOM=cordura, sabiduría.
FREE=libre.
DOUBT (dout)=duda.
ÚTTERED=proferir.
PLUNGE=zambullirse, hundirse.
CHECKED=contener.
RÁSH=temerario.
FAITHFUL=fieles.

I shall lead; in me behold the genius of conviction, kept by the great prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray; not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise.»

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

«I plainly perceive your amazement,» said the genius; «but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great prophet; who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth; but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me, for some time, to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation.»

ASTRÁY = fuera del camino, extraviado.

FÁTHOMS = brazas.

SUN = sol.

BLOOMING = floreciente.

AMÁZEMENT = asombro.

REQUEST = peticion.

SO LÁTELY = hace tan poco.

RÉSCUED = librado.

WORLD (würld) = mundo.

EARTH (erth) = tierra.

SPEND (spent) = gastar, pasar.

ACQUAINTED WITH = relacionado con, enterado ó conocedor de.

«A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!» cried Asem, in a rapture; «I thank thee, O Alla, who hast at length heard my petitions: this, this, indeed will produce happiness, ecstacy, and ease. O for an immortality, to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable!»

«Cease thine acclamations,» replied the genius. «Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor.» Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primæval wildness.»

«Here,» cried Asem, «I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation.» — «Your tenderness for inferior animals, is, I find, remarkable,» said the genius, smiling. «But with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons: for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on her vegetable productions.

EASE (ēs) = comodidad, deseanso.

O FOR = ¡Oh por! ójalá tuviera.

WHEREVER = donde quiera que.

FORMER = anterior, aquel.

LOST = perdido, absorto.

HELP = remediar.

NEAR (nēr) = cerca, cercano ó próximo.

PRIMÆVAL (primēval) = primitivo.

WILDNESS = estado salvaje ó inculto.

MEANER (mēner) = mas bajo.

BY THEIR THUS BECOMING = por ser así, llegando á ser, llegando á ser así.

LIVED..... ON = mantenido de.

So that animals of different natures, thus formed, instead of lessening their multitudes, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction.»

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice: and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. — «Heavens!» cried Asem, «why does he fly! What can he fear from animals so contemptible?» He had scarce spoken, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. «This,» cried Asem to his guide, «is truly surprising, nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action.» — «Every species of animals,» replied the genius, «has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants at first thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased; and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers.» — «But they should have been destroyed,» cried Asem; «you see the consequence of such neglect.» — «Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?» replied the genius, smiling: «you seem to have forgot that branch of justice.» — «I must acknowledge my mistake,» returned Asem; «I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty

LESSENING = aminorar.

UTMOST = mas afuera.

VERGE = márgen.

HASTY = apresurado.

SQUIRRELS = ardillas.

DOGS = perros.

AVOID = evitar.

OF LATE = poco há.

RAVAGE = asolar.

ACKNOWLEDGE (aknóledj) = confesar.

MISTAKE = equivocacion.

of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connexions with one another.»

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had a house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. «At least, then,» said Asem, «they have neither architects, painters, nor statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so much enamoured as wisdom.» — «Wisdom!» replied his instructor: «how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them.» — «All this may be right,» says Asem; «but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their

SURVÉY = inspeccionar.

HOMELY (hómli) = de casa, rudo, basto.

LODGE = alojar.

PRIDE = orgullo.

SHOW = ostentacion.

SPARED = perdonar, excusar.

ENAMOURED (enámurd).

HAVE NO OCCASION FOR IT = no nos hace falta.

PERFORMS = ejecuta.

RIGHT = recto, justo.

MEAN = querer decir.

EMPTY = vacio.

SPECULATION = teorías.

own precincts, without society, or without intercourse.» — «That, indeed, is true,» replied the other; «here is no established society, nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship: the people we are among are too good for each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious.» — «Well, then,» said the sceptic, «as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine.» — «And to what purpose should either do this?» says the genius: «flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question.»

«Still, however,» said Asem, «the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence: each has therefore leisure for pitying those who stand in need of his compassion.» He had scarce spoken when his ears were assailed with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the wayside, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. «Strange,» cried the son of Adam, «that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!» — «Be not surprised,» said the wretch, who was dying; «would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is

PRÉCINCTS = recintos.
INTERCOURSE (intercors) = trato.
WE ARE AMONG. se sobreentiende *whom*.
SCEPTIC (sképtic).
OUT OF THE QUESTION = fuera de la cuestion, no hay que pensar en ella.
HEAP UP = amontonar.
WRETCH (retch) = desgraciado.
DISTRÉSS = miseria, desconsuelo.
STAGE = parada, grado.
DYING (die) = morir.
BARE = desnudo, escaso.
MEAL (mél) = comida (en general).

necessary; and what is barely necessary, cannot be dispensed with.» — «They should have been supplied with more than is necessary,» cried Asem; and yet I contradicted my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues.» — «Peace, Asem,» replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, «nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferable to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here.» — «Strange!» cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; «what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, are all virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems, that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth, let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others.»

DARLING = querido, favorito.

PEACE (pés) = paz.

GUARDIAN (gárdian) = guardian.

FORFEIT (fórfit) = perder (por via de castigo).

SELFISH = egoista, adjet.

PILGRIM = peregrino.

PRÁCTISE = practicar.

FRIENDSHIP (fréndship) = amistad.

DESPÍSED = despreciar.

CONTRÍVER = proyectista, inventor.

ARRAÍGNED = acusar, poner en tela de juicio.

HENCEFORTH = de aqui en adelante.

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity, and leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city, nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith (Ireland), 1731–1774.—Poetry, history, essays.

ENDED=concluir.
ASSÚMING=tomar.
THUNDERS=truenos.
REPINE=murmurar.
IMPRINTED=imprimir.
DEPARTED=marchar.
DISDÁIN=desden.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

I. EXECUTION OF MARY STEWART.

On Tuesday the 7th of February 1586, the two earls arrived at Fotheringay, and demanded access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and making the sign of the cross, «That soul,» said she, «is not worthy the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot.» And laying her hand on a bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the request contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated with particular earnestness, that now

MÁRY = Maria.
TUESDAY (tú·sday) = martes.
EARLS (erls) = condes (ingleses).
ACCÉSS = entrada.
QUEEN = reina.
READ (red), infin. read (réd) = leer.
CROSS = cruz.
BÓDY = cuerpo.
ENDURE = sufrir.
STROKE = golpe.
EXECÚTIONER = verdugo.
SET = poner, dar.
DECRÉED = decretar.
ENTREATED (entréted) = suplicar.
EARNESTNESS (érnestness) = veras, sinceridad.

in her last moment, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and though over-awed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief. And falling on her knees, with all her domestics round her, she thanked heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the king of France, and another to the duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper, she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she

ÁLMONER=limosnero, confesor.
ATTEND=asistir.
PIOUS (pius)=piadoso.
ÉVEN=aun.
GRANTED=conceder.
DENIED (denid)=negar.
ATTENDANTS=servidumbre.
BATHED=bañarse.
TEARS (ters)=lágrimas.
OVER-ÁWED=amedrentados.
BURST (burst, etc.)=reventar, prorumpir.
KNEES (nes)=rodillas.
THANKED=dar gracias.
WROTE (rote) (write, wrote, written) escribir.
CLOTHES (cloz)=ropa.
SÚPPER=cena.
ATE, pasado de *eat*=comer.

drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o' clock, the high Sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded, for some weeks, from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly

DRANK, pasado de *drink*, *drunk*=beber, brindar.

ASKED=preguntar, pedir.

FORGIVENESS (forguivness)=perdon.

FAILED=faltar.

WONTED (wonted)=acostumbrado.

SLEPT, pasado de *sleep*, *slept*=dormir.

CLÓSET=gabinete partienlar.

O' CLOCK, por *on clock*=de reloj. *Eight o' clock*=las ocho.

CHÁMBER=cuarto.

KNEELING, kneel, knelt=arrodillarse.

STARTED UP=se levantó de pronto.

MIEN (men)=continente.

DRESSED=vestir.

LEANING, *de* lean (len), lent=apoyarse.

MOURNING (mórning)=luto.

FEW=pocos, -as.

POMÁNDER (*pomme d'ambre*)=bolita olorosa.

NECK=cuello.

BEADS (beds)=rosario.

GIRDLE=cinturon.

IVORY=marfil.

STAIRS=escalera.

HOUSEHOLD (bóushold)=menaje, casa ó palacio (respecto de su gobierno.

SECLÚDED=retirado ó apartado.

FAREWELL (farwel)=despedida, á Dios.

MISTRESS=ama, señora.

loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears: and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied: «Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present greater cause for rejoicing: thou shalt this day see Mary Stewart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his right; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood.»

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants, and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution

LOVED (lŭvd)=amar.

BEWÁILING=lamentar.

MOURNFUL (mórnful)=lúgubre, triste.

WEEP (wept)=llorar.

DELIVERED (delíverd)=libertar.

WÍTNESS=testimonio.

COMMÉND=encomendar.

INJÚRIOUS=perjudicial.

FORGÍVE (forgave, forgiven)=perdonar.

THIRSTED=estar sediento.

BLOOD (blŭd)=sangre.

MAIDS=doncellas.

SCÁFFOLD=cadalso.

HÁLL=salon.

TRIED (try)=enjuiciar, formarle causa.

FLOOR (flor)=piso.

CHAIR=silla.

CUSHION (cúshun)=cogincte.

BLOCK=tajo.

CLOTH=paño.

UNALTERED (unáiterd)=sin cambiar.

SIGNING HERSELF WITH THE CROSS=persignándose.

with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the Church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up, and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: «As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins.»

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite gray with cares and

LOUD=alto (aire, voz).
LISTENED (lisend)[2]=escuchar.
PETERBOROUGH (Péterboro)[1].
HER BEHALF (behálf)[1]=en pro de, por.
HEARKEN (hárken)=escuchar.
JOIN=unirse.
ÚNTO=á.
KISSING=besar.
ARMS=brazos.
OUTSTRÉTCHED=extendidos.
SINS=pecados.
GARMENTS=vestidos.
RUDELY (rûdli)[3]=rudamente.
UNDRÉSS=desnudarse.
VÁLETS[2]=criados (ayudas de cámara).
CALM (cam)[3]=tranquilo.
UNDÁUNTED=denodado.
ATTÍRE=atavio.

sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the dean crying out: «So perish all queen Elizabeth's enemies!» the earl of Kent alone answered: «Amen.» The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears, being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

ROBERTSON.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D. D. (Scotland), 1721–1793. — Distinguished historian.

II. ABDICATION OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. Having assembled the states of the Low-Countries at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself for the last time in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the Empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained in a few words, his intentions in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip, all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low-Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of

STREAMING (stréming)=corriendo de.
ALÓNE=solo.
DROWNED=ahogar, anegar.
LOW-COUNTRIES=Paises Bajos.
NETHERLANDS=Neerlandia.
RÉTINUE=séquito.
SPAIN=España.
MEETING=junta, reunion.
SURRÉNDERED=entregar.
OATH (oth)=juramento.

allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested during so long a course of years, in snpport of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and, leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience: and from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure; that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low-Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea; that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue; that, now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire, nor was he so fond of reigning as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy; that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vi-

ALLÉGIANCE=homenaje.
LÁWFUL=legítimo.
LOYÁLTY=lealtad.
ZEAL (zél)=celo.
SHOULDER (shólder)=hombro.
INDÚLGENCE=solaz, entretenimiento.
TWIGE=dos veces.
SHUNNED (shun)=huir de.
ALÍVE=vivo.
PRIME=flor ó vigor.

gour of his youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years; that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government, or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness; that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and in his last prayers to almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, «If, says he, I had left you, by my »death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large »additions, some regard would have been justly due to my me»mory on that account; but now, when I voluntarily resign to »you what I might have still retained, I may well expect the »warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, how»ever, I dispense, and shall consider your concern for the »welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best »and the most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It »is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to »justify the extraordinary proof which I, this day, give of my »paternal affection; and to demonstrate that you are worthy of »the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable »regard for religion; maintain the Catholic Faith in its purity;

ATTÁCHMENT=afecto.

RETREAT (retrét)=retiro.

ALMIGHTY (almíty)=todopoderoso.

POUR (pór) FORTH=verter fuera, derramar ú ofrecer.

WISHES=deseos, votos.

WELFARE (well fare)=bienestar.

REGÁRD=consideracion.

DÚE=debido.

ACCÓUNT=cuenta, razon.

WARMEST=caloroso.

BEST (good, better, best, adj.)=mejor.

PROOF=prueba.

»let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach »not on the rights and privileges of your people, and, if the »time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tran»quillity of private life, may you have a son, endowed with »such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with »as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you.»

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During this discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, softened by the expression of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the old and the new world. Of all these vast possessions, he reserved nothing for himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum, for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Extremadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate,

LAWS = leyes.
ENCRÓACH = usurpar poco á poco.
SUNK (sink, sank) = sumirse, dejarse caer.
FAINT = desmayarse.
LESS (little, less, least) = menor, menos.
DEFRÁY = sufragar.
CHARGES = gastos.
AFFORD = proporcionar.
BROOK = arroyo.
LOFTY = encumbrado, alto.
SOIL = suelo.

it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friar-cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground, with a door, on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly suitable to the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

ROBERTSON.

DEATH OF CHARLES V.

For the first ten months after his arrival at Yuste, the emperor's health, under the influence of a temperate climate, the quiet of monastic life, and more than all probably, his exemp-

THITHER = allí.
FRIAR-CELLS = celdas de fraile.
BROWN = moreno, castaño oscuro.
CHAPEL = capilla.
HARDLY = apenas.
BURIED (bérid) = enterrar.
DREAD (dred) = espanto.
QUIET (cúiet) = quietud.

tion from the cares of state, had generally improved. His attacks of gout had been less frequent and less severe than before. But in the spring of 1558, the old malady returned with renewed violence. «I was not in a condition,» he writes to Philip, «to listen to a single sermon during Lent.» For months he was scarcely able to write a line with his own hand. His spirits felt the pressure of bodily suffering, and were still further depressed by the death of his sister Eleanor, the queen dowager of France and Portugal, which took place in February 1558.

A strong attachment seems to have subsisted between the emperor and his two sisters. Queen Eleanor's sweetness of disposition had particularly endeared her to her brother, who now felt her loss almost as keenly as that of one of his own children. «She was a good Christian,» he said to his secretary, Gaztelu; and, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, he added, «we have always loved each other. She was my elder by fifteen months; and before that period has passed I shall probably be with her.» Before half that period, the sad augury was fulfilled.

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On the nineteenth of September, Charles's strength had declined so much that it was thought proper to administer extreme unction, to him. He preferred to receive it in the form adopted by the friars, which, comprehending a litany, the seven penetential psalms, and sundry other passages of scripture, was much longer and more exhausting than the rite used

IMPROVED (imprúvd)=mejorar.
MÁLADY=enfermedad.
LENT=cuaresma.
SCARCELY=apenas.
SPÍRITS=brios, ánimo.
DÓWAGER=viuda (de categoría).
SWEETNESS=dulaura.
ENDEARED=hacer caro, querido.
KEENLY = penetrantemente, fuertemente.
SISTER=hermana.
BROTHER=hermano.
CHEEKS=mejillas.
ELDER=mayor de edad.
FULFILLED=llenar, cumplir.
FRÍARS=frailes, regulares.
PSALMS (sams)=salmo.
SUNDRY=varios.
EXHAUSTING=que rinde.

by the laity. His strength did not fail under it, however; and the following day he desired to take the communion, as he had frequently done during his illness. On his confessor's representing that, after the sacrament of extreme unction, this was unnecessary, he answered. «Perhaps so, but it is good provision for the long journey I am to set out upon.» Exhausted as he was, he knelt a full quarter of an hour in his bed during the ceremony, offering thanks to God for his mercies, and expressing the deepest contrition for his sins, with an earnestness of manner that touched the hearts of all present.

Throughout his illness he had found consolation in having passages of Scripture, especially the Psalms, read to him. Quijada, careful that his master should not be disquieted in his last moments, would allow very few persons to be present in his chamber.

On the twenty-first of September, St. Mathew's day, about two hours after midnight, the emperor, who had remained long without speaking, feeling that his hour had come, exclaimed: «Now it is time!» The holy taper was placed lighted in his right hand, as he sat up leaning on the shoulder of the faithful Quijada. With his left he endeavoured to clasp a silver crucifix. It had comforted the empress, his wife, in her dying-hour; and Charles had ordered Quijada to hold it in readiness for him on the like occasion. It had lain for some time on his breast; and as it was now held up before his glazing eye by the archbishop of Toledo, Charles fixed his gaze long and earnestly

STRENGTH = fuerzas.

FAIL = fallar, abandonar.

ILLNESS = mal, enfermedad.

KNELT (kneel, knelt) = arrodillarse.

BED = lecho, cama.

EARNESTNESS = sincera vehemencia.

ALLOW = permitir.

SAT UP = estar incorporado.

LIGHTED ó LIT = encender.

LEANING = apoyar.

SHOULDER (shólder) = hombro.

CLASP = agarrar como abrochando ó cruzando las manos.

BREAST = pecho.

GLAZING = vidrioso.

BISHOP = obispo.

on the sacred symbol — to him the memento of earthly love as well as heavenly. The archbishop was repeating the Psalm *De Profundis*, — « Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord, » — when the dying man, making a feeble effort to embrace the crucifix, exclaimed in tones so audible as to be heard in the adjoining room, « *Ay Jesus!* » and sinking back on the pillow, expired without a struggle. He had always prayed — that he might die in possession of his faculties. His prayer was granted.

PRESCOTT.

WM. PRESCOTT (North America). — Distinguished historian—still living.

III. CAPTURE OF THE CASTLE OF DUMBARTON (SCOTLAND).

Captain Crawford, a gallant aud enterprising officer, performed a service of great importance to the regent, by surprising the castle of Dumbarton. This was the only fortified place in the kingdom, of which the queen had kept possession, ever since the commencement of the civil wars. Its situation on the top of a high and almost innaccesible rock, which rises in the middle of a plain, rendered it extremely strong, and, in the opinion of that age, impregnable; as it commanded the river Clyde, it was of great consequence, and esteemed the most proper place in the kingdom for landing any foreign troops that might come to Mary's aid. The strength of the place rendered lord Fleming, the governor, more secure than he ought to have been, considering its importance. A soldier, who had served in the garrison, and had been disgusted by some ill usage, proposed the scheme to the regent, endeavoured to demonstrate

SACRED.
SINKING BACK = cayéndose atrás.
PILLOW = almohada.
GALLANT = bizarro.
SOLDIER (sóljer) = soldado.
DISGUSTED = disgustado, ofendido.
SCHEME (skem) = plan.

that it was practicable, and offered himself to go the foremost man on the enterprise. It was thought prudent to risk any danger for so great a prize. Scaling-ladders, and whatever else was necessary, were prepared with the utmost secrecy and dispatch. All the avenues to the castle were seized, that no intelligence of the design might reach the governor. Towards evening, Crawford marched from Glasgow, with a small but determined band. By midnight they arrived at the bottom of the rock. The moon was set, and the sky, which hitherto had been extremely clear, was covered with a thick fog. It was where the rock was highest, that the assailants made their attempt, because in that place there were few sentinels, and they hoped to find them least alert. The first ladder was scarce fixed, when the weight and eagerness of those who mounted brought it to the ground. None of the assailants were hurt by the fall, and none of the garrison alarmed at the noise. Their guide and Crawford scrambled up the rock, and fastened the ladder to the roots of a tree, which grew in a cleft. This place they all reached with the utmost difficulty, but were still at a great distance from the foot of the wall. Their ladder was made fast a second time; but in the middle of the ascent, they met with an unforeseen difficulty. One of their companions was seized with some sudden fit, and clang, seemingly without life, to the ladder. All were at a stand. It was impossible to pass him. To tumble him headlong was cruel, and might occasion a

FÓREMOST = primero.

SCÁLING-LÁDDERS = escalas.

ELSE = otro.

MIDNIGHT = media noche.

HITHERTO = hasta aquí.

FOG = niebla.

ASSÁILANTS = asaltadores.

ATTÉMPT = tentativa.

BECÁUSE = porqué.

WEIGHT (wat) = peso.

HURT = lastimar.

SCRAMBLED = trepar con dificultad.

FASTENED (fásend) = afianzar.

ROOTS = raices.

CLEFT = hendidura.

FAST = firme.

UNFORESEEN = imprevisto.

FIT = acceso, accidente.

CLANG (cling, clang, clung) = adherirse.

AT A STAND = paralizados.

TUMBLE = dar tumbos, tirar.

discovery. But Crawford's presence of mind did not forsake him: he ordered the soldier to be bound fast to the ladder, that he might not fall when the fit was over; and turning the other side of the ladder, they mounted with ease over his belly. Day now began to break; and there still remained a high wall to scale; but after surmounting so many great difficulties, this was soon accomplished. A sentry observed the first man, who appeared on the parapet, and had just time to give the alarm, before he was knocked on the head. The officers and soldiers of the garrison ran out naked, unarmed, and more solicitous about their own safety, than capable of making resistance. The assailants rushed forwards, with repeated shouts, and with the utmost fury; took possession of the magazine, seized the cannons, and turned them against their enemies. Lord Fleming got into a small boat, and fled alone into Argyleshire. Crawford, in reward of his valour and good conduct, remained master of the castle; and as he did not lose a single man in the enterprise, he enjoyed his success with unmixed pleasure.

ROBERTSON.

IV. BATTLE OF HASTINGS (ENGLAND, A. D. 1066).

The English and Normans now prepared themselves to fight; but the aspect of things, on the night before the battle, was very different in the two camps: the English spent the time in riot, and jollity, and disorder; the Normans in silence, in

WAS OVER = había pasado.

BELLY = vientre.

ACCÓMPLISHED = acabar.

KNOCKED ON THE HEAD = derribar con un golpo en la cabeza.

MÁGAZINE = polvorin.

SHOUTS = gritos.

FLED (flée, fled) = huir.

ARGYLESHIRE (argúilsbor) = condado de Argylo.

SUCCÉSS = buen éxito.

TO FIGHT (fought, fought) = combatir, pelear.

ÁSPECT = aspecto.

RÍOT = comidas alborotadas.

JÓLLITY = gresca de comer y beber bien.

prayer, and in the other functions of their religion. On the morning, the duke called together the most considerable of his commanders, and made them a speech suitable to the occasion. He represented to them, that the event, which they and he had long wished for, was approaching; the whole fortune of the war now depended on their swords, and would be decided in a single action: that never army had greater motives for exerting a vigorous courage, whether they considered the prize which would attend their victory, or the inevitable destruction which must ensue upon their discomfiture: that if their martial and veteran bands could once break those raw soldiers, who had rashly dared to aproach them, they conquered a kingdom at one blow, and were justly entitled to all its possessions as the reward of their prosperous valour: that, on the contrary, if they remitted in the least their wonted prowess, an enraged enemy hung upon their rear, the sea met them in their retreat, and an ignominious death was the certain punishment of their imprudent cowardice; that by collecting so numerous and brave a host, he had ensured every human means of conquest: and the commander of the enemy, by his criminal conduct, had given him just cause to hope for the favour of the Almighty, in whose hands alone lay the event of wars and battles; and that a perjured usurper, anathematized by the sovereign Pontiff, and conscious of his own breach of faith, would be struck with terror on their appearance, and would prognosticate to himself that fate which his multiplied crimes had

SWORDS (sords)=espadas.
EXERTING=poner en ejercicio.
ENSÚE=seguir (como consecuencia).
DISCÓMFITURE=dispersion, derrota.
RAW=crudo, bisoño.
RASHLY=temerariamente.
BLOW=golpe.
ENTITLED=estar en el derecho ó tener el derecho.
PRÓWESS=proeza.
HUNG UPON=colgar sobre, amenazar.
RÉAR=retaguardia.
CÓWARDICE=cobardia.
HOST=hueste.
WARS=guerras.
BREACH (brech)=falta ó rompimiento.
FAITH=fé.
MULTIPLIED (múltiplid)=multiplicado, numeroso.
CRIMES=crímenes.

so justly merited. The duke next divided his army into three lines: the first, headed by Montgomery, consisted of archers and light armed infantry; the second, commanded by Martel, was composed of his bravest battalions, heavy armed, and ranged in close order: his cavalry, at whose head he placed himself, formed the third line; and were so disposed, that they stretched beyond the infantry, and flanked each wing of the army. He ordered the signal of battle to be given; and the whole army, moving at once, and singing the hymn or song of Roland, the famous peer of Charlemagne, advanced, in order and with alacrity, towards the enemy.

Harold had seized the advantage of a rising ground, and having likewise drawn some trenches to secure his flanks, he resolved to stand upon the defensive, and to avoid all action with the cavalry, in which he was inferior. The Kentish men were placed in the van, a post which they had always claimed as their due; the Londoners guarded the standard; and the king himself, accompanied by his two valiant brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, dismounting, placed himself at the head of his infantry, and expressed his resolution to conquer or to perish in the action. The first attack of the Normans was desperate, but was received with equal valour by the English, and after a furious combat, which remained long undecided, the former, overcome by the difficulty of the ground, and hard pressed by the enemy, began first to relax their vigour; then to retreat; and confusion was spreading among the ranks, when William, who found himself on the brink of destruction, hastened with a select band to the relief of his dismayed forces. His presence

HEADED (hé^{2}ded) = capitanear.
ARCHERS = arqueros.
HEAVY (hé^{2}vi) = pesado.
RANGED = formar.
STRETCHED = extender.
SINGING (sing, sang, sung) = cantar.
PEER = par.
TRENCHES = trincheras.
VAN = vanguardia.
HARD = duro, duramente.
RELAX = aflojar.
BRINK = borde.
SELECT = escogido.

restored the action; the English were obliged to retire with loss, and the duke ordering his second line to advance, renewed the attack with fresh forces, and redoubled courage. Finding that the enemy, aided by the advantage of the ground, and animated by the example of their prince, still made a vigorous resistance, he tried a stratagem, which was very delicate in its management, but which seemed adviseable in his desperate situation, where, if he gained not a decisive victory, he was totally undone. He commanded his troops to make a hasty retreat, and to allure the enemy from their ground by the appearance of flight. The artifice succeeded against these unexperienced soldiers, who, heated by the action, and sanguine in their hopes, precipitately followed the Normans into the plain. William gave orders that at once the infantry should face about upon their pursuers, and the cavalry make an assault upon their wings, and both of them pursue the advantage, which the surprise and terror of the enemy must give them in that critical and decisive moment. The English were repulsed with great slaughter, and driven back to the hill; where, being rallied again by the bravery of Harold, they were able, notwithstanding their loss, to maintain the post and continue the combat. The duke tried the same stratagem a second time with the same success; but even after this double advantage, he still found a great body of the English, who, maintaining themselves in firm array, seemed determined to dispute the victory to the last extremity. He ordered his heavy-armed infantry to make an assault upon them; while his archers, placed behind, should gall the enemy, who were exposed by the situation of the ground, and who were intent in de-

LOSS = pérdida.

UNDÓNE (undo) = deshecho, perdido.

ALLÚRE = atraer.

HEATED (hèted) = acalorado.

FACE ABOUT = volver la cara, dar la vuelta.

PURSÚERS = perseguidores.

SLAUGHTER (sláuter) = carniceria.

RÁLLIED = rehacer.

ARRÁY = órden de batalla.

GALL = mortificar, hostigar.

INTÉNT = absorto, ocupado.

fending themselves against the swords and spears of the assailants. By this disposition he at last prevailed: Harold was slain by an arrow, while he was combating with great bravery at the head of his men. His two brothers shared the same fate; and the English, discouraged by the fall of those princes, gave ground on all sides, and were pursued with great slaughter by the victorious Normans. A few troops, however, of the vanquished had still the courage to turn upon their pursuers; and attacking them in deep and miry ground, obtained some revenge for the slaughter and dishonour of the day. But the appearance of the duke obliged them to seek their safety by flight; and darkness saved them from any farther pursuit by the enemy.

Thus was gained by William, duke of Normandy, the great and decisive victory of Hastings; after a battle which was fought from morning till sunset, and which seemed worthy, by the heroic feats of valour displayed by both armies and by both commanders, to decide the fate of a mighty kingdom. William had three horses killed under him, and there fell near fifteen thousand men on the side of the Normans. The loss was still more considerable on that of the vanquished, besides the death of the king and his two brothers. The dead body of Harold was brought to William, and was generously restored without ransom to his mother. The Norman army left not the field of battle without giving thanks to Heaven, in the most solemn manner, for this victory: and the prince, having refreshed his troops, prepared to push to the utmost his advantages against the divided, dismayed, and discomfited English.

HUME.

SPEARS (spers) = lanzas.
PREVAILED = vencer.
SLAIN (slay, slew, slain) = matar.
ARROW = flecha.
BRÓTHERS = hermanos.
MIRY = fangoso.
FEATS (fets) = hechos.
MIGHTY = poderoso.
RANSOM = rescate.
PUSH = empujar, llevar.

V. BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

The war continued to rage; and in 1388 the Scots thought they had a proper opportunity to retort upon the English the invasion of Richard II. A large army was assembled at Jedburgh for this purpose. The earl of Fife, second son of the reigning monarch, was commander in chief; but the hopes of the army rested upon James earl of Douglas, a man as much redoubted as any who ever bore that formidable title. The assembled leaders hearing that the Northumbrians were collecting a considerable force for an invasion of Scotland, resolved that their main body should not advance into England, as had been originally intended, but that a select detachment under Douglas of three hundred men at arms, who, with their followers, made up from a thousand to fifteen hundred men with two thousand chosen infantry, should invade England.

By a swift and secret march, Douglas entered Northumberland, crossed the Tine, and threw himself on the bishopric of Durham, where he wasted and destroyed the country with fire and sword as far as the gates of York. In his return from an expedition which had been eminently successful, he passed as if in triumph before the gates of Newcastle. In this town lay the two sons of the earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry Percy, renowned by his nickname of Hotspur, with his brother Sir

RETÓRT=devolver (como un golpe por otro).

JEDBURGH (Jédboro).

CHIEF (chef)=gefe.

DOUGLAS (dûglas).

REDOUBTED (redoúted)=temido ó respetado por valor.

LEADERS (léders)=gefes.

SWIFT=rápido.

CHOSEN (choose, chose, chosen)=escoger.

CROSSED=atravesar.

BISHOPRIC=obispado.

WASTED=asolar.

RENÓWNED=renombrado.

NICKNAME=apodo.

HÓTSPUR=espuela caliente.

Ralph. They did not tamely endure the presence of their hereditary enemy; but although they had not sufficient forces to give Douglas battle, came forth to skirmish with the Scottish knights, who willingly met them, and broke many spears. A personal encountre took place between the earl of Douglas himself and sir Henry Percy, in which Hotspur's lance, bearing a tuft of silk at the extremity, embroidered with his arms, remained in the possession of the Scottish earl. «This trophy,» said the Scot, «I will carry to Scotland, and place it on the highest tower of my castle of Dalkeith.» «That,» said Percy, «shalt thou never do.» «Then,» replied Douglas, «thou must come this night and take it from before my tent.» He then resumed his march up the river Tyne, and encamped at night, expecting that Percy would come to challenge his pennon. Hotspur was only with-held from doing so by the report that Douglas was retreating on the main army of Scotland, and that he might find him united with the earl of March. But when, on the second day, he heard that the Scottish armies were yet far apart, and that Douglas moved slowly, as if inviting a pursuit, he hastily assembled about six hundred lances, who, with their squires and followers, and several thousand archers, made about eight or ten thousand men in all, and marched westward in pursuit of Douglas.

The Scottish earl had pitched his camp at Otterbourne, a hamlet in Reedsdale, and its lines extended east and west along the banks of the river. The English crossed the Reed, and at-

SIR=señor, caballero (de una órden).

RALPH (Ráf)=Rodolfo.

TÁMELY=mansamente.

SKÍRMISH=escaramuecar.

KNIGHTS (nits) = caballeros (de una órden).

WILLINGLY=de buen grado.

TUFT=tupé, moño ó borla.

SILK=seda.

TOWER=torre.

TENT=tienda de campaña.

CHALLENGE=retar.

PÉNNON=pendon, banderola.

WITH-HELD (with-hold, with-held)=contener ó detener.

REPORT=rumor.

SQUIRES=escuderos.

WESTWARD=hácia el occidente.

PITCHED=colocar ó sentar (los reales).

tacked the right flank of the enemy's position, which they found rudely but strongly fortified, and well defended. Douglas, whose plan of battle had been previously adjusted, continued the defence of the barricade till he had led his men out of the camp, and drawn them up in a compact body, but with a changed front, for his line of battle now stretched north and south, while the river covered one flank, and hills and morasses protected the other. At the same time the vale of the Reed behind gave an avenue for retreat, should that prove necessary. This change of position in the commencement of the action argues, that, besides his high character of chivalry, Douglas, as a general, possessed science beyond what we might esteem the tactics of his age. In the meantime the English were something disordered by pressing through the Scottish camp, and it had the effect in some degree of surprise, when, by the moon of a clear autumn night, they met their opponents within a little distance. The battle instantly joined with loud acclamations of Percy on the one side, and Douglas on the other. The conflict was such as might have been expected between two such champions and their followers. At length the numbers of the English began to prevail, when Douglas, as seems to have been the wont of the heroes of that family, made a desperate personal effort. He rushed on the foe, holding his battleaxe in both hands, and clearing his way by main force. His bannerman pressed on to keep up with his heroic master. At length, involved among the English, and far from his followers, Douglas, despite his armour of proof, received three mortal wounds. But the impulse given by his furious advance had animated the Scots and disheartened the English, nor did either army know the fate of the Scottish leader. Se-

MORÁSSES = pantanos.

PROVE = probar, resultar.

MEANTIME = interin.

PRESSING THROUGH = atravesando con ímpetu ó energía.

WONT = costumbre.

FOE = enemigo.

AXE = hacha.

BANNERMAN = portaestandarte.

WOUNDS (wunds) = heridas.

DISHÉARTENED = descorazonar.

veral Scottish knights, pursuing their advantage, pressed up to the place where Douglas was lying in the last agony. They enquired anxiously how he fared? «But indifferently,» replied the earl: «life is ebbing fast. There is a prophecy in our house that a dead man shall win a field, and I think it will be this night accomplished. I fall as my fathers did, who seldom have died in chambers or on a sick-bed. Conceal my death; raise my banner; cry my war-cry, and avenge my fall!» The Scottish leaders, their hearts swelling with sorrow and desire of revenge, made a new and desperate attack; and put to flight the English, who were already staggered. Both the Percies remained prisoners, and with them almost all the Englishmen of condition who fought in this celebrated action, which Froissart assures us was one of the most desperate in his time, and fought with the most heroic bravery on both sides.

WALTER SCOTT.

SCOTLAND, 1771-1832.—Novels, poetry, tales.

VI. DEATH OF JAMES I. KING OF SCOTLAND.

After the dismissal of his army, James I. met his parliament at Edinburgh, and employed himself and them in making several regulations for commerce, and for the impartial administration of justice. In the meantime the period of this active and good prince's labours was speedily approaching.

The chief author of his fate was Sir Robert Grahame, uncle

FARED=pasarlo mal ó bien.
EBBING (ebb)=refluir.
FAST=de prisa.
SICK-BED=lecho de enfermo.
WAR-CRY=grito guerrero.
AVENGE=vengar.
STÁGGERED (stágguer) = bambolear, vacilar.
DISMÍSSAL=despedida, licenciamiento.
PARLIAMENT (párlament).
EDINBURGH=Edimburgo.
SPÉEDILY=prontamente.

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to the earl of Stratherne. James, with his usual view of unfixing and gradually undermining the high power of the nobility, resumed the earldom of Stratherne, and obliged the young earl to accept of the earldom of Monteith in lieu of it. This seems to have irritated the haughty spirit of the earl's uncle Sir Robert, who was likewise exasperated by having sustained a personal arrest and imprisonment, along with other men of rank, on the king's return in 1425. Entertaining these causes of personal dislike against his sovereign, Grahame, in the parliament of 1429, undertook to represent to the king the grievances of the nobility: but, instead of doing so with respect and moderation, this fierce and haughty man worked himself into such extremity of passion as to make offer to arrest the monarch in name of the estates of parliament. As no one dared to support him in an attempt so arrogant, Grahame was seized, and, finally, his possessions were declared forfeited, and he himself ordered into banishment.

He retired to the recesses of the Highlands, vowing revenge, and had the boldness to send forth from his lurking place a writteu defiance, in which he renounced the king's allegiance, and declared himself his mortal enemy. On this new proof of audacity, a reward was offered to any one who should bring in the person of Sir Robert Grahame dead or alive. On this a con-

UNFÍXING = destruir la estabilidad, derrocar.

UNDERMÍNING = minar.

EÁRLDOM = condado.

HAUGHTY (háuty) = altanero.

UNCLE = tío.

DISLÍKE = disgusto, odio.

GRIEVANCES (grévances) = agravios, entuertos.

FIERCE (fíera) = fiero.

WORKED..., INTO = trabajar dentro, se produjo, etc., ó se sobreexcitó.

PASSION = cólera.

FÓRFEITED = perdido, confiscado.

BÁNISHMENT = destierro.

RECÉSSES = sitios ó guaridas remotas.

VOWING = hacer voto.

BOLDNES = osadia.

LURKING = esconderse (huyendo del mal, etc.). . . } escondite.

PLACE. }

DEFÍANCE = desafío.

spiracy took place, the event of which was terrible, although we can but ill trace the motives of some of the party.

The ostensible head of the conspirators was the king's own uncle, Walter earl of Athole, son of Robert the third, by his second marriage. This ambitious old man was not prevented by his near alliance with the crown from plotting against his royal nephew's life, with the purpose of placing on the throne Sir Robert Stewart, his own grandson, who on his part, though favoured by the king, and holding the confidential situation of chamberlain, did not hesitate to enter into so nefarious a conspiracy. The event proved that the conspirators had formed their plan for assassinating their prince with too much accuracy. But the hopes upon which Athole and his grandson founded the subsequent part of their plot seem to have been vague and uncertain to an extravagant degree, inducing us to believe, that, like other heated and fiery spirits in similar situations, those engaged in the bloody design must have worked themselves into the belief that the feelings of hatred towards James, which animated their own bosoms, were also nourished by the greater part of the community; a species of self-delusion common amongst men who engage in such desperate enterprises.

The removal of the court to Perth, where James proposed to hold his Christmas, facilitated the conspirator's enterprise, by making a sudden descent from the Highlands, a short expedition. About the 21st of February 1437, the king, after having entertained his treacherous uncle of Athole at supper, was about to retire to rest in the Dominican monastery, which was the royal residence for the time, when it was suddenly entered by a body of three hundred men, whose admittance had been fa-

ALLÍANCE.

PLOTTíNG (plot) = hacer complots, etc.

GRÁNDSON = nieto.

HÉSITATE = vacilar.

ÁCCÚRACY = precision.

NOURISHED (núrishd) = alimentar, abrigar.

CHRISTMAS (crísmas) = Misa de Cristo, Navidad.

TREACHEROUS (trécherus) = aievoso.

cilitated by Sir Robert Stewart, the faithless chamberlain. There is a tradition that a young lady in attendance on the queen, named Katherine Douglas, endeavoured to supply the want of a bar to the royal apartment by thrusting her own arm across the staples. This slender obstacle was soon overcome. So much time had, however, been gained, that the queen and her ladies had found means to let down the king into a vault beneath the apartment, from which he might have made his escape, had not an entrance from the sewer to the court of the monastery been built up by his own order a day or two before, because his balls, as he played at tennis, were lost by entering the vault. Still, notwithstanding this obstacle, the king might have escaped, for the assassins left the apartment without finding out his place of retreat, and, having in their brutal fury wounded the queen, dispersed to seek for James in the other chambers. Unhappily, before either the conspirators had withdrawn from the palace, or assistance had arrived, the king endeavoured, by the help of the ladies, to escape from the vault, and some of the villains returning, detected him in the attempt. Two brothers, named, Hall, then descending into the vault, fell fiercely upon James with their daggers; when, young, active, and fighting for his life, the king threw them down, and trode them under foot. But while he was struggling with the traitors, and cutting his hands in an attempt to wrench their daggers

FAITHLESS = infiel.

LÁDY = señora.

IN ATTENDANCE ON = de servicio.

THRUST = meter (con fuerza).

ARM = brazo.

STÁPLES = alhelga ó armella.

SLENDER = esbelto, ténue.

VAULT = bóveda, subterráneo.

SÉWER = alcantarilla.

COURT (cort) = patio.

BÁLLS = pelotas.

TENNIS = juego de pelota, volante.

SEEK (sought, sought) = buscar.

DETÉCTED = descubrir (cosa que se esconde).

BRÓTHERS = hermanos.

STRUGGLING = luchar.

TRAÍTORS = traidores.

CUTTING (cut) = cortar.

WRENCH (rench) = arrancar (retorciendo).

from them, the principal conspirator, Grahame, came to the assistance of his associates, and the king died by many wounds. Thus fell James I., a prince of distinguished talents and virtue, too deep in political speculation; perhaps, for the period in which he lived, too hasty and eager in carrying his meditated reformation into execution, and too rigorous in punishing crimes which were rather the fruit of tempting opportunity, and of the general licence of a disorderly period, than the deliberate offspring of individual guilt.

The alarm was given at last, and the attendants of the court and domestics began to gather to the palace, from which the assassins made their escape to the Highlands, not without loss.

WALTER SCOTT.

VII. TAKING OF ROXBURGH CASTLE.

You must know Roxburgh was then a very large castle, situated near where two fine rivers; the Tweed and the Teviot, join each other. Being within five or six miles of England, the English were extremely desirous of retaining it, and the Scots equally eager to obtain possession of it. I will tell you how it was taken.

It was upon the night of what is called Shrovetide, a holiday which people paid great respect to, and solemnized with much gaiety and feasting. Most of the garrison of Roxburgh castle were drinking and carousing, but still they had set watches on the battlements of the castle, in case of any sudden attack; for as the Scots had succeeded in so many enterprises of the kind, and as Douglas was known to be in the neighbourhood, they conceived themselves obliged to keep a very strict guard.

EAGER (éguer)=vehemente.

OFFSPRING=prole, producto.

ROXBURGH (Róxburey).

RIVERS=rios.

MILES=millas.

SHROVE-TIDE=tiempo de confesion, Carnestolendas.

HOLIDAY=dia santo, fiesta.

WATCHES=vigilantes, centinelas.

BATTLEMENTS=almenas.

An English woman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms; and looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects, like a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot of the wall, and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle, she pointed them out to the sentinel, and asked him what they were. — «Pooh, Pooh!» said the soldier, «it is farmer such a one's cattle» (naming a man whose farm lay near to the castle); «the good man is keeping, a jolly Shrovetide, and has forgot to shut up his bullocks in their yard; but if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence.» Now these creeping objects which they saw from the castle-wall were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armour, and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near to the foot of the castle-wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child. You must know that the name of Douglas had become so terrible to the English, that the women used to frighten their children with it, and say to them when they behaved ill, that they «would make the black Douglas take them.» And the soldier's wife was singing to her child:

«Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The black Douglas shall not get ye.»

«You are not so sure of that,» said a voice close beside her.

CATTLE = ganado.
STRAGGLING = andar á la deshandada.
DITCH = hoyo.
MOAT = foso.
FARMER = labrador.
BULLOCKS = novillos.
YARD = corral.
RUE = arrepentirse.
CREEPING (crept) = andar á gatas.
PUT (put) = poner.
CLOAKS = capas.
CHILDREN (child, sing.) = niños.
HUSH = callar.
YE (you) = vos, etc.
PET = mimado, favorito, querido.
FRET = consumirse, afligirse.

She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round, she saw the very black Douglas she had been singing about, standing close beside her, a tall, swarthy, strong man. At the same time, another Scotsman was seen ascending the walls, near to the sentinel. The soldier gave the alarm, and rushed at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon Ledehouse, with his lance; but Simon parried the stroke, and closing with the sentinel, struck him a deadly blow with his dagger. The rest of the Scots followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child. I dare say she made no more song about the black Douglas.

WALTER SCOTT.

VIII. BATTLE OF CALPE.

The grey summits of the rock of Calpe brightened with the first rays of morning, as the Christian army issued forth from its encampment. The Prince Ataulpho rode from squadron to squadron, animating his soldiers for the battle. «Never should we sheath our swords,» said he, «while these infidels have a footing in the land. They are pent up within yon rocky mountain; we must assail them in their rugged hole. We have a long day before us: let not the setting sun shine upon one of their host who is not a fugitive, a captive, or a corpse.»

IRON=hierro.

GLOVE (gluv)=guante.

SWARTHY=tostado, moreno.

PARRIED (parry)=parar (esgrima).

CLOSING = cerrar, trabarse cuerpo á cuerpo.

DEADLY=mortal.

RODE (ride, rode, ridden)=ir montado ó caballero en.

SHEATH (sheth)=envainar.

PENT por PENNED=puestos en redil, cercados y estrechados.

HOLE=agujero, madriguera.

CORPSE=cadáver.

The words of the prince were received with shouts, and the army moved towards the promontory. As they advanced, they heard the clash of cymbals and the bray of trumpets, and the rocky bosom of the mountain glittered with helms and spears and scimitars; for the Arabs, inspired with fresh confidence by the words of Taric, were sallying forth, with flaunting banners, to the combat.

The gaunt Arab chieftain stood upon a rock as his troops marched by; his buckler was at his back, and he brandished in his hand a double-pointed spear. Calling upon the several leaders by their names, he exhorted them to direct their attacks against the Christian captains, and especially against Atanlpho; «for the chiefs being slain,» said he, «their followers will vanish from before us like the morning mist.»

The Gothic nobles were easily to be distingnished by the splendour of their arms; but the Prince Atanlpho was conspicuous above all the rest for the youthful grace and majesty of his appearance, and the bravery of his array. He was mounted on a superb Andalusian charger, richly caparisoned with crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. His surcoat was of like colour and adornment, and the plumes that waved above his burnished helmet were of the purest white. Ten mounted pages, magnificently attired, followed him to the field, but their duty was not so much to fight as to attend upon their lord, and to furnish him with steed or weapon.

The Christian troops, though irregular and undisciplined,

CLASH = choque.

BRAY = rebuzno, resonar (los bronces), s.

GLITTERED = relumbrar.

HELMETS = yelmos.

SALLYING = salir (militar).

FLAUNTING = tremolar airosamente.

GAUNT = enjuto y desarnado.

BUCKLER = broquel.

BRANDISHED = blandir.

CONSPICUOUS = distinguido, claro, lucido.

ARRAY = atavío.

CHARGER = caballo de guerra.

SURCOAT = sobreveste (de malla).

BURNISHED = bruñir.

STEED = corcél.

WEAPON (wépun) = arma.

UNDISCIPLINED = indisciplinado.

were full of native courage; for the old warrior spirit of their Gothic sires still glowed in their bosoms. There were two battalions of infantry, but Ataulpho stationed them in the rear; «for God forbid,» said he, «that foot soldiers should have the place of honour in the battle, when I have so many valiant cavaliers.» As the armies drew nigh to each other, however, it was discovered that the advance of the Arabs was composed of infantry. Upon this the cavaliers checked their steeds, and requested that the foot soldiery might advance and disperse this losel crew, holding it beneath their dignity to contend with the pedestrian foes. The prince, however, commanded them to charge; upon which, putting spurs to their steeds, they rushed upon the foe.

The Arabs stood the shock manfully, receiving the horses upon the points of their lances. Many of the riders were shot down with bolts from cross-bows, or stabbed with the poniards of the Moslems. The cavaliers succeeded, however, in breaking into the midst of the battalion and throwing it into confusion, cutting down some with their swords, transpiercing others with their spears, and trampling many under the hoofs of their horses. At this moment, they were attacked by a band of Spanish horsemen, the recreant partisans of Count Julian. Their assault bore hard upon their countrymen, who were disordered by the contest with the foot soldiers, and many a loyal Christian knight fell beneath the sword of an unnatural foe.

The foremost among these recreant warriors was the renegado cavalier whom Theodomir had challenged in the tent of Taric. He dealt his blows about him with a powerful arm and

SIRES = mayores.
GLOWED (glōd) = arder.
REAR (rēr) = retaguardia.
NIGH (nī) = cerca.
LÓSEL = perdido, pillo.
CREW (crū) = chusma.
HOLDING = tener, opinar.
MÁNFULLY = varonilmente.
BOLTS = cerrojos, misiles.
CROSS-BOWS = ballestas.
STABBED (stab) = dar de puñaladas.
TRAMPLING = pisotear.
HOOFS = casco.
HORSEMEN = ginetes.
RÉCREANT = cobarde, apóstata.
DEALT (delt), deal, dealt = repartir, dar.

with malignant fury, for nothing is more deadly than the hatred of an apostate. In the midst of his career he was espied by the hardy Theodomir, who came spurring to the encounter: «Traitor,» cried he, «I have kept my vow. This lance has been held sacred from all other foes to make a passage for thy perjured soul. «The renegado had been renowned for prowess before he became a traitor to his country, but guilt will sap the courage of the stoutest heart. When he beheld Theodomir rushing upon him, he would have turned and fled. Pride alone withheld him; and, though an admirable master of defence, he lost all skill to ward the attack of his adversary. At the first assault the lance of Theodomir pierced him through and through. He fell to the earth, gnashed his teeth as he rolled in the dust, but yielded his breath without uttering a word.

The battle now became general, and lasted throughout the morning with varying success. The stratagem of Taric, however, began to produce its effect. The Christian leaders and most conspicuous cavaliers were singled out, and severally assailed by overpowering numbers. They fought desperately, and performed miracles of prowess, but fell, one by one, beneath a thousand wounds. Still the battle lingered on throughout a great part of the day; and as the declining sun shone through the clouds of dust, it seemed as if the conflicting hosts were wrapped in smoke and fire.

The Prince Ataulpho saw that the fortune of battle was against him. He rode about the field calling out the names of the bravest of his knights. But few answered to his call; the

HARDY = avezado y fuerte en resistir.
SPURRING (spur) = espolear.
VOW = voto.
SACRED = sagrado.
SAP = zapar, minar.
STOUTEST (stout) = mas robusto.
SKILL = habilidad.
WARD = resguardarse de.
THROUGH AND THROUGH (thru) = de parte á parte.
GNASHED = rechinar.
TEETH, pl. (tooth, sing.) = dientes.
YIELDED (yelded) = entregar.
SINGLED OUT = escoger uno por uno.
LINGERED (linguerd) = tardar, prolongarse.

rest lay mangled on the field. With this handful of warriors he endeavoured to retrieve the day, when he was assailed by Tenderos, a partisan of Count Julian, at the head of a body of recreant Christians. At sight of this new adversary, fire flashed from the eyes of the prince, for Tenderos had been brought up in his father's palace. «Well dost thou, traitor!» cried he, «to attack the son of thy lord, who gave thee bread; thou, who hast betrayed thy country and thy God!»

So saying, he seized a lance from one of his pages, and charged furiously upon the apostate; but Tenderos met him in mid career, and the lance of the prince was shivered upon his shield. Ataulpho then grasped his mace, which hung at his saddle-bow, and a doubtful fight ensued. Tenderos was powerful of frame, and superior in the use of his weapons, but the curse of treason seemed to paralyse his arm. He wounded Ataulpho slightly between the greaves of his armour; but the prince dealt a blow with his mace that crushed through helm and skull, and reached the brains, and Tenderos fell dead to the earth, his armour rattling as he fell.

At the same moment a javelin, hurled by an Arab, transpierced the horse of Ataulpho which sunk beneath him. The

MANGLED = destrozar.
HANDFUL = puñado.
WARRIORS = guerreros.
RETRIEVE (retrév) = recuperar.
FLASHED = relampaguear.
BROUGHT UP = educado.
BREAD (bred) = pan.
MID = medio, mitad.
SHIVERED = hacer trizas.
SHIELD (sheld) = escudo.
GRASPED = coger con avidez.
MACE = maza.
SADDLE-BOW = arzon de la silla.
CURSE = maldicion.
TREASON (trésun) = traicion.
SLIGHTLY = ligeramente.
GREAVES (grevs) = grebas.
ARMOUR (ármur) = armadura.
CRUSHED = aplastar. } atravesó bun-
THROUGH. } diendo.
SKULL = cráneo.
BRAINS = sesos.
RATTLING = resonar (por choque rápido, como de metales, piedras, etc.).
HURLED = lanzar.
TRANSPIERCED (transpérsd) = atravesar.

prince seized the reins of the steed of Tenderos, but the faithful animal, as though he knew him to be the foe of his late lord, reared and plunged, and refused to let him mount. The prince, however, used him as a shield to ward off the press of foes; while, with his sword, he defended himself against those in front of him. Taric ben Zeyad arrived at the scene of conflict, and paused, for a moment, in admiration of the surpassing prowess of the prince. Recollecting, however, that his fall would be a death-blow to his army, he spurred upon him, and wounded him severely with his scimitar. Before he could repeat his blow, Theodomir led up a body of Christian cavaliers to the rescue, and Taric was parted from his prey by the tumult of the fight. The prince sank to the earth, covered with wounds, and exhausted by the loss of blood. A faithful page drew him from under the hoofs of the horses, and, aided by a veteran soldier, an ancient vassal of Ataulpho, conveyed him to a short distance from the field of battle, by the side of a small stream that gushed out from among rocks. They stanched the blood that flowed from his wounds, and washed the dust from his face, and laid him beside the fountain. The page sat at his head, and supported it on his knees; and the veteran stood at his feet, with his brow bent, and his eyes full of sorrow. The prince gradually revived, and opened his eyes. «How fares the battle?» said he. «The struggle is hard,» replied the soldier, «but the day may yet be ours.»

The prince felt that the hour of his death was at hand, and ordered that they should aid him to rise upon his knees. They supported him between them, and he prayed fervently for a short time, when, finding his strength declining, he beckoned

REINS (rens) = riendas.
LATE = ex-, que fué, último.
REARED (rérd) = encabritarse.
PLUNGED = zambullir, dar manotadas.
PRESS = presion, empuje.
HOOFS = cascos.
CONVÉYED = trasportar, llevar.
GUSHED OUT = salir á cherro, brotar.
STANCHED = restañar.
WASHED = lavar.
BROW = frente.

the veteran to sit down beside him on the rock. Continuing to kneel, he confessed himself to that ancient soldier, having no priest or friar to perform that office in this hour of extremity. When he had so done, he sank again upon the earth, and pressed it with his lips, as if he would take a fond farewell of his beloved country. The page would then have raised his head, but found that his lord had yielded up the ghost.

A number of Arab warriors, who came to the fountain to slake their thirst, cut off the head of the prince, and bore it in triumph to Taric crying, «Behold the head of the Christian leader!» Taric immediately ordered that the head should be put upon the end of a lance, together with the surcoat of the prince, and borne about the field of battle, with the sound of trumpets, atabals, and cymbals.

When the Christians beheld the surcoat, and knew the features of the prince, they were struck with horror, and heart and hand failed them. Theodomir endeavoured in vain to rally them; they threw by their weapons and fled; and they continued to fly, and the enemy to pursue and slay them, until the darkness of the night. The Moslems then returned and plundered the Christian camp, where they found abundant spoil.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

(North America), still living.—History, humorous and grave, tales, sketches, etc.

IX. DEFENCE OF THE CONVENT OF ST.-GEORGE.

For three long and anxious months did the good knight Pelistes and his cavaliers defend their sacred asylum against the repeated assaults of the infidels. The standard of the true faith was constantly displayed from the loftiest tower, and a fire

PRIEST (prest)[1]=sacerdote.
YIELDED UP THE GHOST=entregar el espíritu, exhalar el último aliento.
DARKNESS=oscuridad, anochecido.
PLUNDERED[2]=saquear.
SPOIL=botin.

blazed there throughout the night, as signals of distress to the surrounding country. The watchman from his turret kept a wary look out over the land, hoping in every cloud of dust to descry the glittering helms of Christian warriors. The country, however, was forlorn and abandoned; or if perchance a human being was perceived, it was some Arab horseman, careering the plain of the Guadalquivir as fearlessly as if it were his native desert.

By degrees the provisions of the convent were consumed, and the cavallers had to slay their horses, one by one, for food. They suffered the wasting miseries of famine without a murmur, and always met their commander with a smile. Pelistes, however, read their sufferings in their wan and emaciated countenances, and felt more for them than for himself. He was grieved at heart that such loyalty and valour should only lead to slavery or death, and resolved to make one desperate attempt for their deliverance. Assembling them one day in the court of the convent, he disclosed to them his purpose.

«Comrades and brothers in arms,» said he, «it is needless to conceal danger from brave men. Our case is desperate: our countrymen either know not or heed not our situation, or have not the means to help us. There is but one chance of escape; it is full of peril, and, as your leader, I claim the right to brave it. To-morrow at break of day I will sally forth and make for the city gates at the moment of their being opened; no one will suspect a solitary horseman; I shall be taken for one of those recreant Christians who have basely mingled with the enemy.

BLAZED=inflamarse, arder.

DISTRESS=condicion apurada ó calamitosa.

WATCHMAN=centinela.

TURRET=torreon.

WÁRY=cauto.

LOOK OUT=ojo alerta, vigilancia.

DESCRY (descrí)=divisar.

PERCHANCE=por casualidad.

FÁMINE=hambre.

WAN=pálido (de consuncion).

HEED=hacer caso.

PÉRIL=peligro.

TO-MORROW (tumóro)=mañana.

MAKE FOR=tratar de ganar (llegando).

BASELY (básli)=bajamente.

If I succeed in getting out of the city, I will hasten to Toledo for assistance. At all events I shall be back in less than twenty days. Keep a vigilant look-out toward the nearest mountain. If you behold five lights blazing upon its summit, be assured I am at hand with succour, and prepare yourselves to sally forth upon the city as I attack the gates. Should I fail in obtaining aid, I will return to die with you.»

When he had finished, his warriors would fain have severally undertaken the enterprise, and they remonstrated against his exposing himself to such peril; but he was not to be shaken from his purpose. On the following morning, ere the break of day, his horse was led forth, caparisoned, into the court of the convent, and Pelistes appeared in complete armour. Assembling his cavaliers in the chapel, he prayed with them for some time before the altar of the holy Virgin. Then rising, and standing in the midst of them, «God knows, my companions,» said he, «whether we have any longer a country! If not, better were we in our graves. Loyal and true have ye been to me, and loyal have ye been to my son, even to the hour of his death; and grieved am I that I have no other means of proving my love for you, than by adventuring my worthless life for your deliverance. All I ask of you, before I go, is a solemn promise to defend yourselves to the last like brave men and Christian cavaliers, and never to renounce your faith, or throw yourselves on the mercy of the renegado Magued, or the traitor Julian.» They all pledged their word, and took a solemn oath to the same effect before the altar.

Pelistes then embraced them one by one, and gave them his benediction; and as he did so his heart yearned over them,

FAIN = de buena gana.

SÉVERALLY = cada cual, adv.

REMÓNSTRATED = hacer ver los inconvenientes, reconvenir.

SHAKEN (shake, shook) = sacudir. } apartar de.
FROM. }

ÉRE = antes que.

HÓLY = santo.

GRAVES = tumbas.

WORTHLESS = de ningun valor, inútil.

PLEDGED = empeñar.

YEARNED (yérnd) = padecer por demasiada tension, anhelar, adherirse á.

for he felt towards them, not merely as a companion in arms and as a commander, but as a father; and he took leave of them as if he had been going to his death. The warriors, on their part, crowded round him in silence, kissing his hands and the hem of his surcoat, and many of the sternest shed tears.

The grey of the dawning had just streaked the east, when Pelistes took lance in hand, hung his shield about his neck, and, mounting his steed, issued quietly forth from a postern of the convent. He paced slowly through the vacant streets, and the tramp of his steed echoed afar in that silent hour; but no one suspected a warrior, moving thus singly and tranquilly in an armed city, to be an enemy. He arrived at the gate just at the hour of opening. A foraging party was entering with cattle and with beasts of burthen, and he passed unheeded through the throng. As soon as he was out of sight of the soldiers who guarded the gate, he quickened his pace, and at length, galloping at full speed, succeeded in gaining the mountains. Here he paused and alighted at a solitary farm-house to breathe his panting steed; but had scarce put foot to ground when he heard the distant sound of pursuit, and beheld a horseman spurring up the mountain.

Throwing himself again upon his steed, he abandoned the road and galloped across the rugged heights. The deep, dry channel of a torrent checked his career, and his horse stumbling upon the margin, rolled with his rider to the bottom. Pelistes was sorely bruised by the fall, and his whole visage

HEM = dobladillo.

STERNEST = mas severo, mas duro.

DAWNING = albores matutinos.

STREAKED (strekt) = rasgar (con tintes).

POSTERN = poterna.

PACED = andar al paso.

TRAMP = pisar, a.

FORAGING = forrajear.

BURTHEN = carga.

BREATHE = respirar, dejar respirar.

PANTING = jadear.

DRY = seco.

CHANNEL = canal, cauce.

STUMBLING = dar un traspié, tropezar.

SORELY = dolorosamente.

BRUISED (brusd) = magullar, destrozar.

was bathed in blood. His horse, too, was maimed and unable to stand, so that there was no hope of escape. The enemy drew near, and proved to be no other than Magued, the renegado general, who had perceived him as he issued forth from the city, and had followed singly in pursuit. «Well met, *señor alcaide!*» exclaimed he, «and overtaken in good time. Surrender yourself my prisoner.»

Pelistes made no other reply than by drawing his sword, bracing his shield, and preparing for defence. Magued, though an apostate, and a fierce warrior, possessed some sparks of knightly magnanimity. Seeing his adversary dismounted, he disdained to take him at a disadvantage, but, alighting tied his horse to a tree.

The conflict that ensued was desperate and doubtful for seldom had two warriors met so well matched or of equal prowess. Their shields were hacked to pieces, the ground was strewed with fragments of their armour, and stained with their blood. They paused repeatedly to take breath; regarding each other with wonder and admiration. Pelistes, however, had been previously injured by his fall, and fought to great disadvantage. The renegado perceived it, and sought not to slay him, but to take him alive. Shifting his ground continually, he wearied his antagonist, who was growing weaker and weaker from the loss of blood. At length Pelistes seemed to summon up all his remaining strength to make a signal blow; it was skil-

BATHED = bañar.
MAIMED = estropear los remos.
OVERTAKEN = alcanzar.
BRACING = abrazar (armas).
SPARKS = chispas.
ALIGHTING = apearse.
TIED (tie) = atar.
MATCHED = equiparar.
HACKED = rajar á hachazos.
STREWED ó STROWED (reg. é irreg. *strown* ó *strewn*) = cubrir con pedazos, flores, etc.
STAINED = manchar.
WONDER (wůnder) = sorpresa.
SHIFTING = cambiar (buscando recursos).
WEARIED (wérid) = fatigar.
WEAKER (wéker) = mas débil.
SUMMON UP = llamar arriba, suscitar, reunir.

fully parried, and he fell prostrate upon the ground. The renegado ran up, and putting his foot upon his sword, and the point of his scimitar to his throat, called upon him to ask his life; but Pelistes lay without sense, and as one dead. Magued then unlaced the helmet of his vanquished enemy, and seated himself on a rock beside him, to recover breath. In this situation the warriors were found by certain Moorish cavaliers, who marvelled much at the traces of that stern and bloody combat.

Finding there was yet life in the Christian knight, they laid him upon one of their horses, and aiding Magued to remount his steed, proceeded slowly to the city. As the convoy passed by the convent, the cavaliers looked forth and beheld their commander borne along bleeding and a captive. Furious at the sight, they sallied forth to the rescue, but were repulsed by a superior force, and driven back to the great portal of the church. The enemy entered pell-mell with them, fighting from aisle to aisle, from altar to altar, and in the courts and cloisters of the convent. The greater part of the cavaliers died bravely, sword in hand; the rest were disabled with wounds and made prisoners. The convent, which was lately their castle, was now made their prison, and, in after-times, in commemoration of this event, was consecrated by the name of St. George of the Captives.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

X. FORAY OF THE SPANISH KNIGHTS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF MÁLAGA.

The foray of old Muley Aben Hassan had touched the pride of the Andalusian chivalry, and they determined on retaliation.

THROAT = garganta.
UNLÁCED = deshacer los lazos.
VÁNQUISHED = vencer.
RÉSCUE = rescate.
CHURCH = iglesia.
PELL-MELL = á troche y moche.
AISLE (il) = ala, nave (de iglesia).
DISÁBLED = incapacitar, inutilizar.
FORÁY = correria.
RETALIÁTION = revancha.

For this purpose, a number of the most distinguished cavaliers assembled at Antequera, in the month of March, 1483. The leaders of the enterprise were the gallant marquis of Cádiz; Don Pedro Henriquez, adelantado of Andalusia; Don Juan de Silva, count of Cifuentes, and bearer of the royal standard, who commanded in Seville; Don Alonso de Cárdenas, master of the religious and military order of Santiago, and Don Alonso de Aguilar. Several other cavaliers of note hastened to take part in the enterprise, and in a little time, about twenty-seven hundred horse and several companies of foot were assembled within the old warlike city of Antequera, comprising the very flower of Andalusian chivalry. A council of war was held by the chiefs, to determine in what quarter they should strike a blow. The rival Moorish kings were waging civil war with each other in the vicinity of Granada, and the whole country lay open to inroad. Various plans were proposed by the different cavaliers. The marquis of Cádiz was desirous of scaling the walls of Zahara, and regaining possession of that important fortress. The master of Santiago, however suggested a wider range, and a still more important object. He had received information from his adalides, who were apostate Moors, that an incursion might be made with safety into a mountainous region near Málaga, called the Axarquia. Here were valleys of pasture-land, well stocked with flocks and herds; and there were numerous villages and hamlets, which would be an easy prey. The city of Málaga was too weakly garrisoned, and had too few cavalry, to send forth any force in opposition. And he added, that they might extend their ravages to its very gates, and peradventure carry that wealthy place by sudden assault. The adventurous spirits of the cavaliers were inflamed by this sugges-

BEARER (bérer)=portador.
WARLIKE=belicoso.
COMPRISING=comprender, encerrar.
QUARTER=cuartel, distrito.
INROAD=incursion.
STOCKED=surto.
FLOCKS=rebaños.
HAMLETS=aldeas.
CARRY=llevar, tomar.
WEALTHY (wélthi)=opulento.

tion: in their sanguine confidence, they already beheld Málaga in their power, and they were eager for the enterprise. The marquis of Cádiz endeavoured to interpose a little cool caution: he likewise had apostate adalides the most intelligent and experienced on the borders. Among these, he placed especial reliance on one, named Luis Amar, who knew all the mountains and valleys of the country. He had received from him a particular account of these mountains of the Axarquia. Their savage and broken nature was a sufficient defence for the fierce people that inhabited them, who, manning their rocks, and their tremendous passes, which were often nothing more than the deep, dry bed of torrents, might set whole armies at defiance. Even if vanquished, they afforded no spoil to the victor; their houses were little better than bare walls, and they would drive off their scanty flocks and herds to the fortresses of the mountains. The sober counsel of the marquis was overruled. The cavaliers, accustomed to mountain warfare, considered themselves and their horses equal to any wild and rugged expedition, and were flushed with the idea of a brilliant assault upon Málaga. Leaving all heavy baggage at Antequera, and all such as had horses too weak for this mountain scramble, they set forth, full of spirit and confidence. Don Alonso de Aguilar and the adelantado of Andalusia led the squadron of advance; the count of Cifuentes followed, with certain of the chivalry of Seville; then came the battalion of the most valiant Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, marquis of Cádiz: he was accompanied by several of his brothers and nephews, and many cavaliers who sought dis-

SÁNGUINE = sanguíneo, animoso ó exaltado.
COOL = fresco, frio.
BORDERS = fronteras.
RELÍANCE = confianza.
ACCOUNT = relacion.
MANNING = llenar de hombres, ocupar.
PASSES = desfiladeros, puertos.
BED = lecho, cauce.
BARE = desnudo.
SCANTY = escaso.
FORTRESSES = fortalezas.
OVERRÚLED = vencer en discusion.
FLUSHED = engreir.
CERTAIN = algunos.

tinction under his banner; and as this family band paraded in martial state through the streets of Antequera, they attracted universal attention and applause. The rearguard was led by Don Alonso de Cárdenas, master of Santiago; and was composed of the knights of his order, and the cavaliers of Ecija, with certain men-at-arms of the Holy Brotherhood, whom the king had placed under his command. The army was attended by a great train of mules, laden with provisions for a few days' supply, until they should be able to forage among the Moorish villages. Never did a more gallant and self-confident little army tread the earth. It was composed of men full of health and vigour, to whom war was a pastime and delight. They had spared no expense in their equipments; for never was the pomp of war carried to a higher pitch than among the ground chivalry of Spain. Cased in armour, richly inlaid and embossed, decked with rich surcoats and waving plumes, and superbly mounted on Andalusian steeds, they pranced out of Antequera, with banners flying, and their various devices and armorial bearings ostentatiously displayed; and, in the confidence of their hopes, promised the inhabitants to enrich them with the spoils of Malaga. In the rear of this warlike pageant followed a peaceful band, intent upon profiting by the anticipated victories. They were not the customary wretches that hover about armies, to plunder and strip the dead; but goodly and substantial traders, from Seville, Cordova, and other cities of traffic. They rode

PARÁDED = marchar en parada.

MEN-AT-ARMS = hombres armados de toda armadura.

BRÓTHERHOOD = hermandad.

EQUIPMENTS = equipos.

PITCH = altura.

INLÁID (inlay) = incrustar.

EMBOSSED = formar relieves.

DECKED = adornar.

PRANCED = hacer piernas, cabriolar.

DEVÍCES = divisa.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS = escudos heráldicos.

PÁGEANT = procesion ó tren lucido.

WRETCHES (retches) = miserables.

STRIP = despojar.

GOODLY = de buen aspecto, que tiene cara de gordo y hermoso, hacendado.

TRÁDERS = traficantes.

sleek mules, and were clad in fair raiment, with long leathern purses at their girdles, well filled with pistoles and other golden coin. They had heard of the spoils, wasted by the soldiery at the capture of Alhama, and were provided with moneys to buy up the jewels and precious stones, the vessels of gold and silver, and the rich silks and cloths, that should form the plunder of Málaga. The proud cavaliers eyed these sons of traffic with great disdain, but permitted them to follow, for the convenience of the troops, who might otherwise be overburdened with booty.

It had been intended to conduct this expedition with great celerity and secrecy; but the noise of their preparations had already reached the city of Málaga. The garrison, it is true, was weak, but the commander was himself a host. This was Muley Abdallah, commonly called El Zagal, or, «the Valiant.» He was younger brother of Muley Aben Hassan, and general of the few forces which remained faithful to the old monarch. He possessed equal fierceness of spirit with his brother, and surpassed him in craft and vigilance. His very name was a war-cry among his soldiery, who had the most extravagant opinion of his prowess.

El Zagal suspected, that Málaga was the object of this noisy expedition. He consulted with old Bexir, a veteran Moor, who governed the city. «If this army of marauders were to reach Málaga,» said he, «we should hardly be able to keep them without its walls. I will throw myself, with a small force, into the mountains, rouse the peasantry, take possession of the

SLEEK = relucientes.

FAIR RAIMENT = vestidura de dia de fiesta, lujosa.

LEATHERN (léthern) = de cuero

PURSES = bolsas.

GIRDLES = cinturones.

PISTÓLES = doblones.

GOLDEN = de oro.

COIN = moneda.

EYED (id) = echar el ojo.

OVERBÚRDENED = cargar por demás.

BOOTY = botin.

CRAFT = saber, astucia.

SUSPECTED = sospechar.

MOOR = moro.

MARAUDERS = merodeadores.

passes, and endeavour to give these Spanish cavaliers sufficient entertainment upon the road.

It was on a Wednesday, that the pranking army of high-mettled warriors issued from the ancient gates of Antequera. They marched all day and night, making their way secretly, as they supposed, through the passes of the mountains. As the tract of country they intended to maraud was far in the Moorish territories, near the coast of the Mediterrauean, they did not arrive there until late in the following day. In passing through these stern and lofty mountains, their path was often along the bottom of a barranca, or deep rocky valley, with a scanty stream dashing along it, among the loose rocks and stones which it had broken and rolled down in the time of its autumnal violence. Sometimes their road was a mere rambla, or dry bed of a torrent, cut deep into the mountains, and filled with their shattered fragments. These barrancas and ramblas were overhung by immense cliffs and precipices, forming the lurking-places of ambuscades during the wars between the Moors and Spaniards, as in after-times they have become the favourite haunts of robbers, to way-lay the unfortunate traveller.

As the sun went down, the cavaliers came to a lofty part of the mountains, commanding, to their right, a distant glimpse of a part of the fair vega of Málaga, with the blue Mediterranean beyond, and they hailed it with exultation as a glimpse of the promised land. As the night closed in, they reached the chain of little valleys and hamlets, locked up among these rocky heights, and known among the Moors by the name of the Axarquia. Here their vaunting hopes were destined to meet with the first disappointment. The inhabitants had heard of

WEDNESDAY (Wénsday)=miércoles.
PRANKING=engalanado.
HIGH-METTLED = de muchos brios, brioso.
OVERHUNG = pender sobre, coronar de.
CLIFFS=peñones.
HAUNTS=guarida.
WAY-LAY=acechar.
FAIR=claro, hermoso.
HAIL=decir salve, saludar.
LOCKED=cerrar con llave, encerrar.
VAUNTING=jactanciosos.
DISAPPÓINTMENT=chasco.

their approach; they had conveyed away their cattle and effects; and, with their wives and children, had taken refuge in the towers and fortresses of the mountains. Enraged at their disappointment, the troops set fire to the deserted houses, and pressed forward, hoping for better fortune as they advanced. Don Alonso de Aguilar, and the other cavaliers in the vanguard, spread out their forces, to lay waste the country; capturing a few lingering herds of cattle, with the Morish peasants who were driving them to some place of safety. While this marauding party carried fire and sword in the advance, and lit up the mountain cliffs with the flames of the hamlets, the master of Santiago, who brought up the rearguad, maintained strict order, keeping his knights together in martial array; ready for attack or defence should an enemy appear. The men-at-arms of the Holy Brotherhood attempted to roam in quest of booty; but he called them back, and rebuked them severely.

At length they came to a part of the mountain completely broken up by barrancas and ramblas of vast depth, and shagged with rocks and precipices. It was impossible to maintain the order of march; the horses had no room for action, and were scarcely manageable, having to scramble from rock, to rock, and up and down frightful declivities, where there was scarce footing for a mountain-goat. Passing by a burning village, the light of the flames revealed their perplexed situation. The Moors who had taken refuge in a watch-tower on an impending height, shouted with exultation, when they looked down upon these glistering cavaliers, struggling and stumbling among the rocks. Sallying forth from their tower, they took possession of

LAY WASTE=asolar.

PEASANTS (pésants)=paisanos.

LIT UP LIGHT UP (reg. é irreg.)=encender.

BROUGHT UP=llevar arriba, cerrar.

ROAM=vagar.

REBUKED=reconvenir.

SHAGGED=afelpado, lleno de malezas y asperezas.

GOAT=cabra.

BURNING (burn, burnt)=arder.

WATCH-TOWER=atalaya.

IMPENDING=amenazante.

GLISTERING=resplandecer.

the cliffs which overhung the ravine, and hurled darts and stones upon the enemy. It was with the utmost grief of heart, that the good master of Santiago beheld his brave men falling like helpless victims around him, without the means of resistance or revenge. The confusion of his followers was increased by the shouts of the Moors, multiplied by the echoes of every crag and cliff, as if they were surrounded by innumerable foes. Being entirely ignorant of the country, in their struggles to extricate themselves they plunged into other glens and defiles, where they were still more exposed to danger. In this extremity, the master of Santiago despatched messengers in search of succour. The marquis of Cadiz, like a loyal companion in arms, hastened to his aid with his cavalry. His approach checked the assaults of the enemy; and the master was at length enabled to extricate his troops from the defile. In the mean time, Don Alonso de Aguilar and his companions, in their eager advance, had likewise got entangled in deep glens, and dry beds of torrents, where they had been severely galled by the insulting attacks of a handful of Moorish peasants, posted on the impending precipices. The proud spirit of De Aguilar was incensed at having the game of war thus turned upon him, and his gallant forces domineered over, by mountain boors, whom he had thought to drive, like their own cattle, to Antequera. Hearing, however, that the marquis of Cadiz and the master of Santiago were engaged with the enemy, he disregarded his own danger, and, calling together his troops returned to assist them, or rather, to partake of their perils. Being once more assembled together, the cavaliers held a hasty council,

RAVINE (ravén)=barranco.

HELPLESS=sin socorro, desvalido.

INCREASED (increśd)=aumentar.

CRAG=riaco.

EXTRICATE=sacar (de un atolladero).

GLENS=valle estrecho, cañada.

DEFILES=desfiladero.

SEARCH (serch)=busca.

ENTÁNGLED=enmarañar, enredar.

POSTED=colocar, apostar.

GAME=juego, partido.

TURNED UPON=convertido contra.

BOORS=patanes, paletos.

DISREGÁRDED=despreciar.

PARTAKE (partook, partaken)=participar.

amidst the hurling of stones and whistling of arrows; and their resolves were quickened by the sight, from time to time, of some gallant companion in arms laid low. They determined, that there was no spoil in this part of the country to repay the extraordinary peril; and that it was better to abandon the herds they had already taken, which only embarrassed their march, and to retreat with all speed to less dangerous ground.

The adalides or guides were ordered to lead the way out of this place of carnage. These, thinking to conduct them by the most secure route, led them by a steep and rocky pass, difficult to the foot-soldiers, but almost impracticable to the cavalry. It was overhung with precipices, whence showers of stones and arrows were poured upon them, accompanied by savage yells, which appalled the stoutest heart. In some places they could pass but one at a time, and were often transpierced, horse and rider, by the Moorish darts; the progress of their comrades was impeded by their dying struggles. The surrounding precipices were lit up by a thousand alarm-fires, and every crag and cliff had its flames, by the light of which they beheld their foes bounding from rock to rock, and looking more like fiends than mortal men. Either through terror and confusion, or through real ignorance of the country, their guides, instead of conducting them out of the mountains, led them deeper into their fatal recesses. The morning dawned upon them in a narrow rambla, its bottom filled with broken rocks, where once had raved along the mountain torrent, while above them beetled huge arid cliffs, over the brows of which they beheld the turbaned

WHISTLING (whísling)=silbar, silbido.
RESOLVES=resoluciones.
LAID LOW=tendido por tierra.
ROUTE (rut)=via, camino.
SHOWERS=lluvia ó aguacero, nube.
YELLS=voceria salvaje.
APPALLED=intimidar.
TRANSPIERCED (transpérsd)=atravesar.
BOUNDING=saltar.
FIENDS (lends)=habitante infernal.
RAVED=delirar, enlurecerse.
BEETLED=quedar suspendido sobre.
BROWS=frente, cúspide.

heads of their fierce and exulting foes. What a different appearance did the unfortunate cavaliers present, from the gallant band that marched so vauntingly out of Antequera! Covered with dust and blood and wounds, and haggard with fatigue and horror, they looked like victims rather than warriors. Many of their banners were lost, and not a trumpet was heard, to rally their sinking spirits. The men turned with imploring eyes to their commanders, while the hearts of the cavaliers were ready to burst with rage and grief, at the merciless havoc made among their faithful followers.

All day they made ineffectual attempts to extricate themselves from the mountains. Columns of smoke rose from the heights where in the preceding night had blazed the alarm-fires. The mountaineers assembled from every direction; they swarmed at every pass, getting in the advance of the Christians, and garrisoning the cliffs like so many towers and battlements.

Night closed again upon the Christians, when they were shut up in a narrow valley, traversed by a deep stream, and surrounded by precipices that seemed to reach the skies, and on which the alarm-fires blazed and flared. Suddenly a new cry was heard resounding along the valley. «El Zagal! El Zagal!» echoed from cliff to cliff. «What cry is that?» said the master of Santiago. «It is the war-cry of El Zagal, the Moorish general,» said an old Castilian soldier: «he must be coming in person with the troops of Málaga.»

The worthy master turned to his knights: «Let us die,» said he, «making a road with our hearts, since we cannot with our swords. Let us scale the mountain, and sell our lives dearly, instead of staying here to be tamely butchered.»

EXÚLTING = alegre con el triunfo.
HÁGGARD = espantoso (por lo que ha sufrido).
BURST = reventar.
HÁVOC = destrozo.
SWARMED = hormiguear.
SHUT UP = encerrar.
FLARED = echar una llama rojiza.
SELL (sold, sold) = vender.
DÉARLY = caramente.
TÁMELY = mansamente.
STAYING (stay, staid) = quedar.
BUTCHERED = matar como un carnicero.

So saying, he turned his steed against the mountain, and spurred him up its flinty side. Horse and foot followed his example; eager, if they could not escape, to have at least a dying blow at the enemy. As they struggled up the height, a tremendous storm of darts and stones was showered upon them by the Moors. Sometimes a fragment of rock came bounding and thundering down ploughing its way through the centre of their host. The foot-soldiers, faint with weariness and hunger, or crippled by wounds, held by the tails and manes of the horses, to aid them in their ascent, while the horses, losing their footing among the loose stones, or receiving some sudden wound, tumbled down the steep declivity, steed, rider, and soldier rolling from crag to crag, until they were dashed to pieces in the valley. In this desperate struggle, the alferez, or standard-bearer of the master, with his standard, was lost, as were many of his relations and his dearest friends. At length he succeeded in attaining the crest of the mountain, but it was only to be plunged in new difficulties. A wilderness of rocks and rugged dells lay before him, beset by cruel foes. Having neither banner nor trumpet, by which to rally his troops, they wandered apart, each intent upon saving himself from the precipices of the mountains and the darts of the enemy. When the pious master of Santiago beheld the scattered fragments of his late gallant force, he could not restrain his grief. «O God!» exclaimed he, «great is thine anger this day against thy servants! Thou hast converted the cowardice of these infidels into desperate valour, and hast made peasants and boors victorious over armed men of battle!»

FLINTY=de pedernal.
THÚNDERING=tronar.
PLOUGHING (ploúing)=arar, abrir como arado.
HUNGER (húnguer)=hambre.
HELD BY=se agarraban á.
TAILS=colas.
MANES=crines.
CREST=cima.
DELL=barranca!.
BESÉT=rodear, sitiar.
SCÁTTERED=dispersar.
RESTRÁIN=contenerse.
GRIEF (gref)=pesar.

He would fain have kept with his foot-soldiers, and, gathering them together, have made head against the enemy; but those around him entreated him to think only of his personal safety. Te remain was to perish without striking a blow; to escape was to preserve a life, that might be devoted to vengeance on the Moors. The master reluctantly yielded to their advice. «O Lord of hosts!» exclaimed he again, «from thy wrath do I fly, not from these infidels: they are but instruments in thy hands to chastise us for our sins!» So saying, he sent the guides in advance, and; putting spurs to his horse, dashed through a defile of the mountains, before the Moors could intercept him. The moment the master put his horse to speed, his troops scattered in all directions. Some endeavoured to follow his traces, but were confounded among the intricacies of the mountain. They fled hither and thither; many perishing among the precipices, others being slain by the Moors, and others taken prisoners.

The gallant marquis of Cádiz, guided by his trusty adalide, Luis Amar, had ascended a different part of the mountain. He was followed by his friend, Don Alonso de Aguilar, the adelantado, and the count of Cifuentes; but, in the darkness and confusion, the bands of these commanders became separated from each other. When the marquis attained the summit, he looked around for his companions in arms; but they were no longer following him, and there was no trumpet to summon them. It was a consolation to the marquis, however, that his brothers, and several of his relations, with a number of his retainers, were still with him. He called his brothers by name, and their replies gave comfort to his heart.

His guide now led the way into another valley, where he would be less exposed to danger. When he had reached the

GÁTHERING = reunir.
ENTREATED (entréted) = suplicar.
CHASTÍSE = castigar.
SINS = pecados.
ÍNTRICACIES = sitios intrincados.
TRÚSTY = confiado, fiel.
ATTAÍNED = alcanzar.
BRÓTHERS = hermanos.
RETÁINERS = dependientes feudales.
CÓMFORT = consuelo.

bottom of it, the marquis paused, to collect his scattered followers, and to give time for his fellow commanders to rejoin him. Here he was suddenly assailed by the troops of El Zagal, aided by the mountaineers from the cliffs. The Christians, exhausted and terrified, lost all presence of mind; most of them fled, and were either slain or taken captives. The marquis and his valiant brothers, with a few tried friends, made a stout resistance. His horse was killed under him; his brothers, Don Diego and Don Lope, with his two nephews, Don Lorenzo and Don Manuel, were one by one, swept from his side; either transfixed with darts and lances by the soldiers of El Zagal, or crushed by stones from the heights. The marquis was a veteran warrior, and had been in many a bloody battle, but never before had death fallen so thick and close around him. When he saw his remaining brother, Don Beltran, struck out of his saddle by a fragment of a rock, and his horse running wildly about without his rider, he gave a cry of anguish, and stood bewildered and aghast. A few faithful followers surrounded him, and entreated him to fly for his life. He would still have remained, to have shared the fortunes of his friend, Don Alonso de Aguilar, and his other companions in arms; but the forces of El Zagal were between him and them, and death was whistling by on every wind. Reluctantly, therefore, he consented to fly. Another horse was brought him: his faithful adalide guided him by one of the steepest paths, which lasted for four leagues; the enemy still hanging on his traces, and thinning the scanty ranks of his followers. At length the marquis reached the extremity of the mountain defiles, and, with a haggard remnant of his men, escaped by dint of hoof to Antequera.

KILLED=mstar.

SWEPT FROM=barridos de, arrebatados.

TRANSFIXED=atravesar.

RUNNING.... ABOUT=correr de un lado para otro.

WILDLY=desenfrenadamente, loco.

BEWILDERED=atolondrar.

AGHAST=espantado, horrorizado.

WHISTLING BY (whisling)=pasar silbando.

LASTED=durar.

TRACES=rastro, huellas.

THINNING (thin)=disminuir.

BY DINT=á fuerza.

The count of Cifuentes, with a few of his retainers, in attempting to follow the marquis of Cádiz, wandered into a narrow pass; where they were completely surrounded by the band of El Zagal. Finding all attempt at escape impossible, and resistance vain, the worthy count surrendered himself prisoner, as did also his brother, Don Pedro de Silva, and the few of his retainers who survived.

The dawn of day found Don Alonso de Aguilar, with a handful of his adherents, still among the mountains. They had attempted to follow the marquis of Cádiz, but had been obliged to pause and defend themselves against the thickening forces of the enemy. They at length traversed the mountain, and reached the same valley where the marquis had made his last disastrous stand. Wearied and perplexed, they sheltered themselves in a natural grotto, under an overhanging rock, which kept off the darts of the enemy, while a bubbling fountain gave them the means of slaking their raging thirst, and refreshing their exhausted steeds. As day broke, the scene of of slaughter unfolded its horrors. There lay the noble brothers and nephews of the gallant marquis, transfixed with darts, or gashed and bruised with unseemly wounds; while many other gallant cavaliers were stretched out dead and dying around, some of them partly stripped and plundered by the Moors. De Aguilar was a pious knight, but his piety was not humble and resigned, like that of the worthy master of Santiago. He imprecated holy curses upon the infidels, for having thus laid low the flower of Christian chivalry, and he vowed in his heart bitter vengeance upon the surrounding country. By degrees the little force of De

WÓRTHY = digno.

COUNT = conde.

THÍCKENING = espesar, anmentar.

SHÉLTERED = albergar, refugiar.

GROTTO = gruta.

BUBBLING (bubble) = hervir como burbujas, bullicioso.

SLÁKING = apagar (sed).

UNFÓLDED = desarrollar, desenvolver.

UNSÉEMLY = horrible (de ver).

STRETCHED OUT DÉAD AND DYING = tendidos muertos y moribundos.

CURSES = maldiciones.

BÍTTER = amargo.

Aguilar was augmented by numbers of fugitives, who issued from caves and chasms, where they had taken refuge in the night. A little band of mounted knights was gradually formed, and the Moors having abandoned the heights to collect the spoils of the slain, this gallant but forlorn squadron was enabled to retreat to Antequera.

This disastrous affair lasted from Thursday evening throughout Friday, the twenty-first of March, the festival of St. Benedict. It is still recorded in Spanish calendars as the defeat of the mountains of Málaga; and the place where the greatest slaughter took place is pointed out to the present day, and is called *La cuesta de la Matanza*, or «the hill of the Massacre.» The principal leaders who survived returned to Antequera; many of the knights took refuge in Alhama, and others wandered about the mountains for eight days, living on roots and herbs, hiding themselves during the day, and roaming forth at night. So enfeebled and disheartened were they, that they offered no resistance if attacked. Three or four soldiers would surrender to a Moorish peasant, and even the women of Málaga sallied forth and made prisoners. Some were thrown into the dungeons of frontier towns; others led captive to Granada; but by far the greater number were conducted to Málaga, the city they had threatened to attack. Two hundred and fifty principal cavaliers, alcaides, commanders, and hidalgos of generous blood, were confined in the alcazaba or citadel of Málaga, to await their ransom; and five hundred and seventy of the common soldiery were crowded in an enclosure or court-yard of the alcazaba, to be sold as slaves.

Great spoils were collected, of splendid armour and weapons taken from the slain, or thrown away by the cavaliers in their flight; and many horses, magnificently caparisoned, to-

CHASMS (kasms) = hendiduras, antros.
MÁSSACRE (másaker) = degüello.
ENFÉEBLED = debilitar.
DUNGEONS = calabozos.
THREATENED (thrétend) = amenazar.
AWÁIT = aguardar.
RÁNSOM = rescate.
ENCLÓSURE = cerco.

gether with numerous standards; all which were paraded in triumph into the Moorish towns.

The merchants, also, who had come with the army, intending to traffic in the spoils of the Moors, were themselves made objects of traffic. Several of them were driven like cattle before the Moorish viragos to the market of Málaga, and, in spite of all their adroitness in trade, and their attempts to buy themselves off at a cheap ransom, they were unable to purchase their freedom without such draughts upon their money-bags at home, as drained them to the very bottom.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

XI. FIRST LANDING OF COLOMBUS IN THE NEW-WORLD.

When the day dawned, Colombus saw before him a level and beautiful island, several leagues in extent, of great freshness and verdure, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though every thing appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was evidently populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts to the shore. They were all perfectly naked, and, from their attitudes and gestures, appeared lost in astonishment at the sight of the ships. Columbus made signal to cast anchor, and to man the boats. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard. Martin Alon-

INTÉNDING=tener intencion.
VIRÁGOS=guerreras, marimachos.
MARKET=mercado.
ADRÓITNESS=destreza.
TRADE=comercio.
CHEAP (chep)=barato.
FRÉEDOM=libertad.
DRAUGHTS (drafts)=trago, saca.
DRAINED=desaguar, apurar.
LANDING=desembarco.
LEAGUES (legs)=leguas.
ÓRCHARD=huerto.
LUXURIANCE (lugzúrlanee)=lozania.
UNTÁMED=no domesticado, agreste.
WOODS=bosques.
SHORE=playa.
SHIPS=buques.
TO CAST ANCHOR=fondear.

so Pinzon, and Vicente Yañez his brother likewise put off in their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the lettre *F* and *Y*, surmounted by crowns, the Spanish initials of the Castilian monarchs, Fernando and Isabel.

As they approached the shores, they were delighted by the beauty and grandeur ot the forests; the variety of unknown fruits on the trees which overhung the shores; the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, and the crystal transparency of the seas which bathe these islands. On landing, Columbus threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by his companions, whose breasts, indeed, were full to overflowing. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took possession in the names of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. He then called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy, and representative of the sovereigns.

His followers now burst forth into the most extravagant transports. They thronged around him, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favours of him, as of a man who had already wealth and honours in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging his forgiveness, and offering for the future the blindest obedience to his commands.

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on the coast, had supposed them some monsters, which had issued from the deep during the night. Their veering about, without any apparent effort, and

PUT OFF=echar á andar (náutica).
BATHE=bañar.
BREASTS (brests)=pechos.
OVERFLÓWING=rebosar.
THRONGED=agolparse (las gentes).
GIFT=don.
ÁBJECT.
CROUCHED=agacharse.
FORGÍVENESS=perdon.
VEERING=virar.

the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld the boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings, clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue or molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremony of taking possession, they remained gazing, in timid admiration, at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his scarlet dress, and the deference paid to him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared so strange and formidable, submitted to their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or that they had descended from above, on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. They were entirely naked, and painted

SHIFTING=mudar.
FURLING=arrollar, amainar.
HUGE=enorme.
CLAD (clothe, clad, clad)=vestir.
BEACH (beech)=orilla.
AFFRIGHT=espanto.
AWE=miedo reverencial.
BEARDS (berds)=barbas (pelo).
WHITENESS=blancura.
WON (win, won)=vencer, ganar.
BOUNDED=limitar.
PAINTED=pintar.

with a variety of colours and devices, so as to have a wild and fantastic appearance. Their natural complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently discovered tribes of Africa, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut above the ears, but some locks behind left long, and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads, and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature, and well shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age. They appeared to be a simple and artless people, and of gentle and friendly dispositions. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint or the bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen among them, nor did they know its properties; for when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge. Columbus distributed among them coloured caps, glass beads, hawk's bells, and other trifles, which they received as inestimable gifts, and, decorating themselves with them, were wonderfully delighted with their finery.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before

COMPLÉXION=tez.

TAWNY=curtido, aleonado.

COPPER=cobre.

HUE=tinte.

CRISPED=corto y rizado.

STRAIGHT=derecho.

COARSE=ordinario.

EARS (ers)=orejas, oidos.

LOCKS=rizos, guedejas.

FOREHÉADS=frentes

ARTLESS=sin arte, sin astucia ó picardia.

HÁRDENED=endurecer.

POINTED=llevar punta.

BONE=hueso.

FISH=pescado.

UNGÚARDEDLY=incáutamente.

CAPS=gorras.

GLASS-BEADS (beds)=cuentas de rosario de cristal.

HAWK'S=de alcon.

BELLS=campanillas.

TRÍFLES=bagatelas.

FÍNERY=lujo.

the nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals of the new world. The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves, after their anxious voyage, amidst the beautiful groves of the island; and they returned to their ships late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

XII. CHRISTIANS CELEBRATING THE DIVINE RITES AMONG THE ROCKS OF EGYPT.

(1). I had proceeded for some time through a gloomy defile, when, at a distance before me among the rocks on which the moonlight fell, I perceived, upon a ledge but little elevated above the canal, a small hut or cave, which, from a tree or two planted around it, had some appearance of being the abode of a human being. Suddenly, in the air above my head, as if it came from heaven, there burst a strain from a choir of voices, that with its solemn sweetness filled the whole valley.

It was the Christians' morning hymn that I heard. I looked up, and, at the very summit of the rock above me, saw a light, appearing to come from a small opening or window, through which also the sounds, that had appeared so supernatural, issued.

There could be not doubt, that I had now found — if not the dwelling of the anchoret Melanius — at least, the haunt of some of the Christian brotherhood of these rocks, by whose assistance I could not fail to find the place of his retreat.

Impatient, I pushed my boat close to the base of the rocks, —

(1) Alciphron, an Epicurean philosopher.

GLOOMY = triste, lóbrego.

MOONLIGHT = luz de luna.

LEDGE = arrecife, meseta de rocas.

HUT = choza.

ABÓDE = morada.

STRAIN = una música, aire ó cantata.

CHOIR (quier) = coro.

ÓPENING = abertura.

WÍNDOW = ventana.

PUSHED = empujar, arrimar.

directly under that lighted window on the summit, to find my way up to which was my first object.

After ascending for some time, I arrived at a level space or ledge, which the hand of labour had succeeded in converting into a garden, and which was planted, here and there, with fig-trees and palms. Around it, too, I could perceive, through the glimmering light, a number of small caves or grottoes, into some of which, human beings might find entrance, while others appeared no larger than the tombs of the sacred birds round lake Mœris.

I was still, I found, but half-way up the ascent to the summit, nor could perceive any further means of continuing my course, as the mountain from hence rose almost perpendicularly, like a wall. At length, however, on exploring around, I discovered behind the shade of a sycamore a large ladder of wood, resting firmly against the rock, and affording an easy and secure ascent up the steep.

At the top of the long ladder I found myself on another ledge or platform, somewhat smaller than the first, but planted, in the same manner, with trees, and, as I could perceive by the mingled light of morning and the moon, embellished with flowers. I was now near the summit — there remained but another short ascent, and, as a ladder against the rock, as before, supplied the means of scaling it, I was in a few minutes at the opening from which the light issued.

I had ascended gently, as well from a feeling of awe at the whole scene, as from an unwillingness to disturb too rudely the rites on which I intruded.

My approach was, therefore, unheard, and an opportunity, during some moments, afforded me of observing the group within, before my appearance at the window was discovered.

In the middle of the apartments, which seemed once to have been a Pagan oratory, there was an assembly of seven or eight persons, some male some female, kneeling in silence round a

GLIMMERING = columbrar, débil reflejo.

UNWILLINGNESS = poco ó ningun deseo.

GROUP (grup) = grupo.

small altar; — while, among them, as if presiding over their ceremony, stood an aged man, who, at the moment of my arrival was presenting to one of the female worshippers an alabaster cup, which she applied, with much reverence, to her lips. On the countenance of the venerable minister, as he pronounced a short prayer over her head, there was an expression of profound feeling that showed how wholly he was absorbed in that rite; and when she had drunk of the cup, — which I saw had engraven on its side the image of a head, with a glory round it, — the holy man bent down and kissed her forehead.

After this parting salutation, the whole group rose silently from their knees; and it was then, for the first time, that, by a cry of terror from one of the women, the appearance of a stranger at the window was discovered. The whole assembly seemed startled and alarmed, except him, that superior person, who advancing from the altar, with an unmoved look, raised the latch of the door, which was adjoining to the window, and admitted me.

There was, in this old man's features, a mixture of elevation and sweetness, of simplicity and energy, which commanded at once attachment and homage; and half hoping, half fearing, I looked anxiously, in his face, as I entered, and pronounced the name «Melanius!» «Melanius is my name, young stranger,» he answered; «and, whether in friendship or in enmity thou comest, Melanius blesses thee.» Thus saying, he made a sign with his right hand above my head, while, with involuntary respect, I bowed beneath the benediction.

«Let this volume,» I replied, «answer for the peacefulness of my mission,» — at the same time placing in his hands the copy of the Scriptures, which had been his own gift to the mother of Alethe.

At the sight of this sacred pledge, which he recognized in-

WORSHIPPERS (worship) = adoradores.
CUP = taza, copa.
LATCH = picaporte.
BLESSES = bendecir.
BOWED = doblarse, inclinarse.
PLEDGE = prenda.

stantly, the solemnity that had marked his first reception of me softened into tenderness. «The trust,» he said, with a faltering voice, «is sacred, and God will, I hope, enable his servant to guard it faithfully.

During this short dialogue, the other persons of the assembly had departed — being, as I afterwards learned, brethren from the neighbouring bank of the Nile, who came thus secretly before daybreak, to join in worshipping God.

TH. MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE. Ireland, 1780-1852.—Great poet.

XIII. A MEMORIAL OF PIUS VII.

The rosary, which you see suspended around my neck, is a memorial of sympathy and respect for an illustrious man. I was passing through France, in the reign of Napoleon, by the peculiar privilege granted to a *savant*, on my road to Italy. I had just returned from the Holy Land, and had in my possession two or three of the rosaries which are sold to pilgrims at Jerusalem, as having been suspended in the Holy Sepulchre. Pius VII was then in imprisonment at Fontainebleau. By a special favour, on the plea of my return from the Holy Land, I obtained permission to see this venerable and illustrious pontiff. I carried with me one of my rosaries. He received me with great kindness. I tendered my services to execute any commissions, not political ones, he might think fit to entrust me with, in Italy, informing him that I was an Englishman: he expressed his thanks, but declined troubling me. I told him that I was just returned from the Holy Land; and, bowing, with great

TRUST = encargo (de confianza).
FALTERING = vacilante.
BRETHREN ó BROTHERS = hermanos.
MEMÓRIAL = recuerdo.
NECK = cuello.
PILGRIMS = peregrino.
PLEA (plé) = excusa.
KINDNESS = amabilidad.

humility, offered to him my rosary from the Holy Sepulchre. He received it with a smile, touched it with his lips, gave his benediction over it, and returned it into my hands, supposing, of course, that I was a Roman Catholic. I had meant to present it to his Holiness; but the blessing he had bestowed upon it, and the touch of his lips, made it a precious relic to me; and I restored it to my neck, round which it has ever since been suspended.*** «We shall meet again; adieu:» and he gave me his paternal blessing.

It was eighteen months after this interview, that I went out, with almost the whole population of Rome, to receive and welcome the triumphal entry of this illustrious father of the Church into his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distingnished artists, headed by Canova: and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received; it is impossible to describe the shouts of triumph and of rapture sent up to heaven by every voice. And when he gave his benediction to the people, there was a universal postration, a sobbing and mark of emotion and joy, almost like the bursting of the heart. I heard everywhere around me cries of «The holy father! the most holy father! His restoration is the work of God!» I saw tears streaming from the eyes of almost all the women about me, many of whom were sobbing hysterically, and old men were weeping as if they were children. I pressed my rosary to my breast on this occasion, and repeatedly touched with my lips that part of it which had received the kiss of the most venerable pontiff. I preserve it with a kind of hallowed feeling, as the memorial of a man whose sanctity, firmness, meekness, and benevolence, are an honour to his Church and to human nature: and it has not only been useful to me, by its influence on my own mind, but it has enabled me to give pleasure to others; and has, I believe, been sometimes beneficial in

OF COURSE=por de contado.

MEANT (ment), mean, meant=querer decir, tener intencion.

SOBBING (sob)=sollozar.

EVERYWHERE=por todas partes.

HALLOWED=sagrado.

ensuring my personal safety. I have often gratified the peasants of Apulia and Calabria, by presenting them to kiss a rosary from the Holy Sepulchre, which had been hallowed by the touch of the lips and benediction of the Pope; and it has ever been respected by, and procured me a safe passage through a party of brigands, who once stopped me in the passes of the Apennines.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

1778–1829. — Chemistry, etc.

XIV. THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

Some days ago, I accidentally met with a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

«As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks: for except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs,

ENSURING = asegurar.
BRIGANDS = bandoleros.
DISABLED = inválido, estropeado.
FELLOW = compañero, individuo.
SAILOR'S = de marinero.
JACKET = chaqueta.
WOODEN LEG = pierna de palo.
WHEREFORE = por cuya razon, adv.
SCRATCHING = rascar.
MASTER = señorito, mi amo.
FOLKS (fóks) = gentes.
LIMB = miembro, remo.

of our regiment, he has lost both his legs and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

»I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old, so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me.

»I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years; I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself: so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

»In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none;

TO BOOT = por añadidura.

SHROPSHIRE (shrópsher) = condado de Shrop ó Salop.

PUT UPON = puesto á cargo.

PÁRISH = parroquia.

SORT = suerte, clase.

PARÍSHIONERS = feligreses.

AT ALL = absolutamente.

SCHOLAR = estudioso.

LETTERS = letras, alfabeto.

WORKHOUSE = casa de trabajo, hospicio.

HANDLE = manejar.

MALLET = mazo (de madera).

MEAT (met) = comida.

STIR OUT = menear fuera, salir.

BOUND (bind) = obligar (por escrito).

UP = arriba, levantado.

EARLY (érli) = temprano.

STARVED = morirse de hambre ó de frio.

when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it: — well, what, will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

»People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my bellyfull to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained, were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar,

SPIED (spy)=espiar, ver de pronto.
HARE=liebre.
DÉVIL=demonio.
FLING (flung)=tirar con rapidez.
STICK=palo.
WHAT WILL YOU HAVE ON'T?=¿qué quiere V.? On't=on it, *corrupcion de* of it (*expletivo*).
PÓACHER=cazador en vedado.
CÓLLARING=agarrar por el cuello.
WORSHIP'S=de culto, señoría.
BREED=cria.
SEED=semilla, descendencia.
INDICTED (indited)=acusar.
SÉSSIONS=sesion (de los tribunales).
TRANSPÓRTED=deportar.
JAIL=cárcel.
BELLYFULL=vientre ó barriga llena.
ON BOARD=á bordo.
PLANTATIONS=ingenios.
HOLD=bodega.
SICKLY=enfermizo.

for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

»When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

»I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

»When the peace came on, I was discharged, and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the

SERVED OUT = cumplir sirviendo.

WORKED MY PASSAGE = pagar el pasaje con el trabajo.

JOBS = trabajo á destajo, cualquier empleo pasajero.

PRESS-GANG = cuadrilla de enganchadores que obligan á entrar en el servicio marítimo ó á veces terrestre.

MAN-OF-WAR = hombre de guerra, buque de guerra.

LIST = alistarse.

LATTER = último.

TROUBLESOME (trúbelsum) = fastidioso.

LANDMAN = soldado de tierra.

PITCHED = campal.

pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

»The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

»Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died because they were not used to live in a jail: but for my part it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. Jack, says he to me, will you knock out the French sentries' brains? I don't care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. Then follow me, says he, and I hope we shall do business. So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my body, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate

WANTED=carecer de.

FOOT=pié, pl. *feet*.

BOATSWAIN=contramaestre.

SWORE (swear, swore, sworn)=jurar.

SHAMMED (sham)=fingir. } hacerse el sueco.
ABRAHAM. }

SEA-BUSINESS (sebisness)=asuntos de mar.

BEAT (bet)=pegar.

BEATING=paliza.

CREW=tripulacion.

SEASONED (sésund)=sazonar, avezar.

BOARDS=tabla.

BLANKET=manta.

TO LIE WELL=dormir ó descansar á gusto.

DARK LANTERN=linterna sorda.

KNOCK OUT..... BRAINS=echar fuera los sesos, aplastar la cabeza.

SENTRIES'=de los centinelas.

STRIVING (strove, striven)=esforzarse.

TIED=atar.

HATE=odiar.

the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

»Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much good luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

»I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest: but by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that in that engagement I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my

SHOES (shus)=zapatos.
QUAY (ke)=muelle.
HÁRBOUR=puerto.
PRÍVATEÉR=buque armado en corso.
HANDS=manos, brazos.
CHANCE=casualidad, suerte.
LUCK=fortuna, suerte.
GUNS=escopetas, cañones.
TO IT WE WENT=arremetimos.
YARD-ARM=peñoles de vergas. } con vergas entrelazadas.
AND YARD ARM.
FÍNGERS=dedos.
SHOT OFF (shoot, shot)=llevar de un tiro.
ENTÍTLED=tener derecho.

chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and old England. Liberty, poverty, and old England for ever, huzzah!»

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

GOLDSMITH.

XV. NICHOLAS THE FISH.

In the times of Frederic, king of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver whose name was Nicholas, and who from his amazing skill in swimming, and his perseverance under water, was surnamed the Fish. This man had, from his infancy, been used to the sea, and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals, and oysters which he sold to the villagers on shore. His long acquaintance with the sea, at last, brought it to be almost his natural element. He frequently was known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any other provisions than the fish which he caught there, and ate raw. He often swam

ONE MAN IS BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON IN HIS MOUTH, AND ANOTHER WITH A WOODEN LADLE = un hombre es nacido con una cuchara de plata en la boca, y otro con un cucharon de madera; algunos nacen con buena estrella y otros con mala.

FOR EVER = para siempre, ¡viva!

HUZZAH = burra, ¡viva!

LIMPED OFF = se fué cojeando.

ACKNOWLEDGING (aknóledging) = reconocer, confesar.

ACQUAINTANCE = conocimiento.

TEACH (teech), taught, taught = enseñar.

FISH = pescado.

DIVER = buzo.

SKILL = habilidad.

SWIMMING (swim, swam, swum) = nadar.

EARNED (ernd) = ganar.

SCANTY = escaso.

DIVING = chapuzar.

VILLAGERS = aldeanos.

RAW = crudo.

over from Sicily to Calabria, a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the king.

Some mariners out at sea, one day, observed something at some distance from them which they regarded as a sea monster; but upon its approach, it was known to be Nicholas, whom they took into their ship. When they asked him whither he was going, in so stormy and rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he shewed them a packet of letters which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag, in such a manner as that they could not be wetted by the sea. He kept them thus company for some time, on their voyage, conversing and asking questions, and after eating a hearty meal with them, he took his leave, and jumping into the sea, pursued his voyage alone. In order to aid these powers of enduring in the deep, nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner, for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed, as in a goose, and his chest became so very capacious, that he could take in, at one inspiration, as much breath as would serve him for a whole day.

The account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the king himself; who, actuated by the general curiosity, ordered that Nicholas should be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicholas, who generally spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but at last, however, after much searching, he was found and brought before his majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had been long excited by the accounts he had heard of the bottom of the gulf of Charybdis; he therefore, conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have

STORMY = borrascoso.

ROUGH (ruf) = áspero, picado.

DONE UP = arreglado.

LEATHER BAG (léther) = saco de cuero, balija.

WETTED (wet) = mojar.

HEARTY (hárti) = cordial, opiparo.

JUMPING = saltar.

DEEP = profundo, mar.

TOES = dedos del pié.

WEBBED (web) = palmear.

GOOSE = ganso, pl. *geese*.

CHEST = caja (del pecho).

SEARCHING = registrar.

more certain information; and commanded our poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool; as an incitement to his obedience he ordered a golden cup to be flung into it.

Nicholas was not insensible of the dangers to which he was exposed, dangers best known only to himself, and he therefore presumed to remonstrate; but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of shewing his skill at last prevailed. He instantly jumped into the gulf, and was swallowed as instantly up, in its bosom. He continued for three quarters of an hour below, during which time, the king and his attendants remained upon shore anxious for his fate; but he at last appeared, buffeting upon the surface, holding the cup in triumph in one hand, and making his way good among the waves with the other. It may be supposed he was received with applause upon his arrival on shore: the cup was made the reward of his adventure. The king ordered him to be taken proper care of, and as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated by his labour, after a hearty meal he was put to bed and permitted to refresh himself by sleeping.

When his spirits were thus restored, he was again brought to satisfy the king's curiosity, with a narrative of the wonders he had seen; and his account was to the following effect:—He would never, he said, have obeyed the king's commands, had he been apprised of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he said, that rendered the gulf dreadful, not only to men, but even to the fishes themselves: first, the force of the water bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist; secondly, the abruptness of the rocks, that on every side threatened destruction; thirdly, the force of the whirlpool, dashing against those rocks; and fourthly, the number and magnitude of the polypus fish, some of

DREADFUL (drédful)=espantoso.
WHIRLPOOL=vértice.
SWALLOWED=tragar.
BUFFETING=abofetear, luchar con.
MAKING HIS WAY GOOD=abrirse camino con éxito.
ABRUPTNESS = escabrosidad, rápido declive.

which appeared as large as a man, and which everywhere sticking against the rocks projected their fibrous arms to entangle him.

Being asked how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown in, he replied: that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself was urged in his descent. This account, however, did not satisfy the king's curiosity; being requested to venture once more into the gulf, for further discoveries, he at first refused; but the king, desirous of having the most exact information possible of all things to be found in the gulf, repeated his solicitations, and to give them still greater weight produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a purse of gold. Upon these considerations, the unfortunate Pessacola once again plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more.

GOLDSMITH.

XVI. CHRISTENING OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

The day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeable to his character; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield: and being possessed of an antique buckler, which he held as a most inestimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner

STICK (stuck) = adherirse.
WEIGHT (wéit) = peso.
PRODUCED = sacar.
CHRISTENING (crisning) = bautizar.
GOSSIPS = los padrinos.
LÉVITY = liviandad.
CAST ABOUT = andar revolviendo ó cavilando.
CRÁDLE = cuna.
SHIELD (sheld = escudo.

brought into the study, to be shewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust) and entrusted it to his house-maid, with orders, that when the company was come, she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue satin.

The guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *triclinium*, and the manner of *decubitus*, of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

«This day, my friends, I propose to exhibit my son before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomists examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm; but, above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him to you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the great

STUDY=estudio, cuarto de estudio ó despacho.
RUST=moho.
GUESTS=huéspedes, convidados.
LEST=no sea que.
ENTRUSTED=confiar.
HOUSE-MAID=doncella, sirvienta.
BLUE=azul.
BROKE OFF (break off)=interrumpir.
EXHIBIT=mostrar, hacer ver.
UNWORTHY=indigno.
VIRTUOSI=anticuarios.
CHIROGRAPHISTS (kirógrafists)=quirógrafo.
PALM (pam)=palma.
PURCHASED=comprar.

(though indeed inadequate) expence of all the plate of our family; how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus!»

Here stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child: he took it in his arms, and proceeded:

«Behold then my child, but first behold the shield; behold this rust, — or rather let me call it this precious ærugo; — behold this beautiful varnish of time, — this venerable verdure of so many ages!» — In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the tremor became universal: the shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry, «O God! my shield! my shield!»

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her hand-irons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the doctor in a trance: Hungary-water, hartshorn,

PLATE = plato, plata, vajilla.
SPEECH = discurso.
ÆRUGO = moho (de cobre).
VARNISH = barniz.
INCH = pulgada.
CHEEKS = mejillas.
TREMOR ó TREMOR = temblor.
CLEANLINESS = aseo.
SCOURED = fregar.
HAND-IRONS, AND-IRONS, FIRE-DOGS ó END-IRONS = morrillos.
SQUALLED = emitir el chillido agudo de un niño lastimado.
SNATCHED = coger arrancando.
MISTRESS'S = de señora, ama.
ROOM = habitacion.
STAIRS = escalera.
HURRIED = apresurarse.
TRANCE = insulto, síncope.
HUNGARY-WATER = agua de romero.
HARTSHORN = asta de ciervo (remedio).

and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him: when opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hand of the house-maid. «O woman! woman!» he cried (and snatched it violently from her), «was it to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long? where those traces of time, and fingers, as it were, of antiquity? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? And this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The curious prominence at the belly of that figure, which some, taking for the cuspis of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier; others pronounced to be one of the *Dii Termini:* behold she has cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shown to be the head of a nail. O my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, *non bene relicta parmula.*»

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt? and cried: «Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench, I warrant her: what a stir the man makes about a bason, that an hour ago, before her labour was bestowed upon it, a country barber would not have hung at his shop door!» «A bason! (cried another), no such matter; 'tis nothing but a paltry old sconce, with the nozzle broke off.» The learn-

SHRILL = agudo (tonos).

OWES = deber (como dinero).

CRUST = corteza.

HATH por HAS. *La s de la tercera persona se convierte en* th *en el estilo elevado ó burlesco.*

CUSPIS = punta, cúspide.

LIKE SHAMEFUL SORT = de la misma manera tan vergonzosa.

NAIL = clavo.

TIGHT = apretado, aliñoso, listo.

WENCH = moza.

WÁRRANT = garantizar, estar seguro.

BÁSON ó BASIN = palancana, bacía.

AGÓ = há ó hace (adv.)

SHOP = tienda.

PÁLTRY = mezquino, miserable ó de mala muerte.

SCONCE = arandela.

NOZZLE = cañon.

ed gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly on the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion, and desired Cornelius to be comforted; assuring him it was a sconce, and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the doctor into such a violent fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE, 1688 — 1744. Great poet.

XVII. RANSOM OF ROME BY ALARIC, 409.

The last resource of the Romans was in the clemency, or, at least, in the moderation of the king of the Goths. The senate, who in this emergency assumed the supreme powers of government, appointed two ambassadors to negotiate with the enemy. This important trust was delegated to Basilius, a senator of Spanish extraction, and already conspicuous in the administration of provinces; and to John, the first tribune of the notaries, who was peculiarly qualified by his dexterity in business as well as by his former intimacy with the Gothic prince. When they were introduced into his presence, they declared, perhaps in a more lofty style than became their abject condition, that the Romans were resolved to maintain their dignity, either in peace or war; and that, if Alaric refused them a fair and honourable capitulation, he might sound his trumpets and prepare to give battle to an innumerable people, exercised in arms, and animated by despair. «The thicker the hay the easier it is mowed,» was the concise reply of the barbarian; and this rus-

SPEECHLESS = sin habla ó hablar.
GROANING = dar quejidos.
SLUMBER = sueño, descanso.
RESOURCE (resórs) = recurso.
TRUST = confianza.
LOFTY = alto, elevado.
«THE THICKER, etc.» = «cuanto mas espeso es el heno, mas fácil es de cortar.»

tic metaphor was accompanied by a loud and insulting laugh, expressive of his contempt for the menaces of an unwarlike populace, enervated by luxury before they were emaciated by famine. He then condescended to fix the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome: all the gold and silver in the city, whether it were the property of the state or individuals; all the rich and precious moveables; and all the slaves who could prove their title to the name of barbarians. The ministers of the senate presumed to ask, in a modest and suppliant tone, «If such, O king, are your demands, what do you intend to leave us?» «Your lives,» replied the haughty conqueror: they trembled and retired. Yet, before they retired, a short suspension of arms was granted, which allowed some time for a more temperate negotiation. The stern features of Alaric were insensibly relaxed; he abated much of the rigour of his terms; and at length consented to raise the siege, on the immediate payment of five thousand pounds of gold, of thirty thousand pounds of silver, of four thousand robes of silk, of three thousand pieces of fine scarlet cloth, and of three thousand pounds weight of pepper. But the public treasury was exhausted; the annual rents of the great estates in Italy and the provinces were intercepted by the calamities of war; the gold and gems had been exchanged, during the famine, for the vilest sustenance; the hoards of secret wealth were still concealed by the obstinacy of avarice; and some remains of consecrated spoils afforded the only resource that could avert the impending ruin of the city. As soon as the Romans had satisfied the rapacious demands of Alaric, they were restored, in some measure, to the enjoyment of peace and plenty. Several of the gates were cautiously opened; the importation of provisions from the river and the adjacent country was no longer obstructed by the Goths; the citizens resorted in crowds to the free market, which was held during three days in the suburbs; and while the merchants who undertook

EMACIATED = demacrado.
FAMINE = hambre (pública).
ABATED = reducir.
HOARDS = montones secretos.

this gainful trade made a considerable profit, the future subsistence of the city was secured by the ample magazines which were deposited in the public and private granaries.

EDWARD GIBBON.

1737–1794. — History.

XVIII. THE SIEGE OF ZARAGOZA, 1808.

The French having received a train of mortars, howitzers, and twelve-pounders, which were of sufficient calibre against mud walls, kept up a constant fire, and showered down shells and grenades from the Torrero. About twelve hundred were thrown into the town, and there was not one building that was bomb-proof within the walls. After a time the inhabitanst placed beams of timber together, endways, against the houses, in a sloping direction, behind which those who were near when a shell fell might shelter themselves. The enemy continued also to invest the city more closely, while the Aragonese made every effort to strengthen their means of defence. They tore down the awnings from their windows, and formed them into sacks, which they filled with sand, and piled up before the gates in the form of a battery, digging round it a deep trench. They broke holes for musketry in the walls and intermediate buildings, and stationed cannon where the position was favourable for it. The houses in the environs were destroyed. «Gardens and olive grounds,» says an eye-witness, «that in better times

SIEGE (sej) = sitio.
HOWITZERS = obús.
TWELVE-POUNDERS = cañones que llevan balas de doce libras.
MUD = lodo, barro, adobe.
KEPT UP = sostener.
SHÓWERED = llover (como un aguacero)
SHELLS = bombas.
BEAMS = vigas.
TIMBER = madera (de obras).
ÉNDWAYS = de puota.
ÁWNINGS = toldos, cortinas.
HOLES = agujeros, troneras.
ENVÍRONS = afueras.
OLIVE-GROUNDS = olivares.
EYE-WITNESS = testigo ocular.

had been the recreation and support of their owners, were cheerfully rooted up by the propietors themselves wherever they impeded the defence of the city, or covered the approach of the enemy.» Women of all ranks assisted; they formed themselves into companies, some to relieve the wounded some to carry water, wine and provisions to those who defended the gates. The countess Burita instituted a corps for this service; she was young, delicate, and beautiful. In the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells, she was seen coolly attending to those occupations which were now become her duty; nor throughout the whole of a two months' siege did the imminent danger to which she incessantly exposed herself produce the slightest apparent effect upon her, or in the slightest degree bend her from her heroic purpose. Some of the monks bore arms; others exercised their spiritual offices to the dying; others, with the nuns, were busied in making cartridges, which the children distributed.

During the night of the 28th of June, the powder magazine, in the area where the bull-fights were performed, which was in the very heart of the city, was blown up, by which fourteen houses were destroyed, and about two hundred persons killed. This was the signal for the enemy to appear before three gates which had been sold to them. And while the inhabitants were digging out their fellow-citizens from the ruins, a fire was opened upon them with mortars, howitzers and cannons, which had now been received for battering the town. Their attack seemed chiefly to be directed against the gate called Portillo, and a large square building near it, without the walls, and surrounded by a deep ditch; though called a castle, it served only for a prison. The sand-bag battery before this gate was frequently destroyed, and as often reconstructed under the fire

ROOTED UP = arrancar de raiz.

SHOT = tiro, balas.

CÁRTRIDGES = cartuchos

ÁREA = plaza.

BULL-FIGHTS = peleas ó corridas de toros.

DITCH = foso.

SAND-BAG = saco de arena.

of the enemy. The carnage here throughout the day was dreadful. Augustina Aragon, a handsome woman of the lower class, about twenty-two years of age, arrived at this battery with refreshments, at the time when not a man who defended it was left alive, so tremendous was the fire which the French kept up against it. For a moment the citizens hesitated to re-man the guns. Augustina sprung forward over the dead and dying, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artillery man, and fired off a six-and-twenty pounder; then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege. Such a sight could not but animate with fresh courage all who beheld it. The Zaragozans rushed into the battery, and renewed their fire with greater vigour than ever, and the French were repulsed here and at all other points with great slaughter. On the morning of this day a fellow was detected going out of the city with letters to Murat. It was not till after these repeated proofs of treasonable practices that the French residents in Zaragoza, with other suspected persons, were taken into custody.

Lefebvre, now supposing that his destructive bombardment must have dismayed the people, and convinced them how impossible it was for so defenceless a city to persist in withstanding him, again attempted to force his way into the town, thinking that, as soon as his troops could effect a lodgment within the gates, the Zaragozans would submit. On the 2nd of July, a column of his army marched out of their battery, which was almost within musket-shot of the Portillo, and advanced towards it with fixed bayonets and without firing a shot. But when

CÁRNAGE = carnicería.

HESÍTÁTED = vacilar.

RE-MAN = volver á llenar de gente.

SPRUNG (spring, sprang, sprung) = saltar con mucha elasticidad.

SNATCHED = arrancar con viveza.

FORWARD = adelante.

MATCH = mecha.

JUMPING = dar un salto.

VOW = voto.

FELLOW = compañero, sugeto (*desprecio*).

WITHSTANDING (with y stand, p p. *stood*) = resistir.

LODGMENT = alojamiento.

WITHÍN MUSKET-SHOT = á tiro de fusil.

BAYONETS (báincts) = bayonetas

they reached the castle, such a discharge of grape and musketry was opened upon their flank, that, notwithstanding the most spirited exertions of their officers, the column immediately dispersed. The remainder of their force had been drawn up to support their attack, and follow them into the city; but it was impossible to bring them a second time to the charge. The general however ordered another column instantly to advance against the gate of the Carmen, on the left of the Portillo. This entrance was defended by a sand-bag battery and by musketeers, who lined the walls on each side, and commanded two out of three approaches to it; and here also the French suffered great loss and were repulsed.

On the 4.th of August, the French opened batteries within pistol-shot of the church and convent of St. Engracia. The mud walls were levelled at the first discharge; and the besiegers rushing through the opening, took the batteries before the adjacent gates in reverse. Here general Mori, who had distinguished himself on many former occasions, was made prisoner. The street of St. Engracia, which they had thus entered, leads into the Coso, and the corner buildings where it thus terminated, were on the one hand the convent of St. Francisco, and on the other the general hospital. Both were stormed and set on fire; the sick and the wounded threw themselves from the windows to escape the flames, and the horror of the scene was aggravated by the maniacs, whose voices raving or singing in paroxysms of wilder madness, or crying in vain to be set free, were heard amid the confusion of dreadful sounds. Many fell victims to the fire, and some to the indiscriminating fury of the assailants. Those who escaped were conducted as prisoners to

GRAPE=uva, metralla.

SPÍRITED=brioso.

LINED=forrar, cubrir.

BESIEGERS (beségera)=sitiadores.

IN REVERSE=por detrás.

CORNER BUILDINGS (bildinga)=edificios de esquina.

STORMED=tomar (al asalto).

SET ON FIRE=incendiar.

MÁNIACS=locos.

RÁVING=delirar (hablar con desvarío de la imaginacion).

FREE=libre; *to be set free*=ser puestos en libertad.

the Torrero; but when their condition had been discovered, they were sent back on the morrow, to take their chance in the siege. After a severe contest and dreadful carnage, the French forced their way into the Coso, in the very centre of the city, and before the day closed were in possession of one half of Zaragoza. Lefebvre now believed that he had effected his purpose, and required Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words: «Head-quarters, St. Engracia. Capitulation!» The heroic Spaniard immediately returned this reply: «Head-quarters, Zaragoza. War at the knife's point!»

The contest which was now carried on is unexampled in history. One side of the Coso, a street about as wide as Pall-mall, was possessed by the French; and in the centre of it their general, Verdier, gave his orders from the Franciscan convent. The opposite side was maintained by the Aragonese, who threw up batteries at the openings of the cross streets, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The intervening space was presently heaped with dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown out from the windows. Next day the ammunition of the citizens began to fail; the French were expected every moment to renew their efforts for completing the conquest, and even this circumstance occasioned no dismay, nor did any one think of capitulation. One cry was heard from the people, wherever Palafox rode among them, that if powder failed they were ready to attack the enemy with their knives; formidable weapons in the hands of desperate men. Just before the day closed, Don Francisco Palafox, the general's brother, entered the city with a convoy of arms and ammunition, and a reinforcement of three thousand men, composed of Spanish guards, Swiss, and volunteers of Aragon; a

SENT BACK = volver.

ON THE MORROW = á la mañana siguiente.

TAKE THEIR CHANCE = tomar su casualidad, correr la suerte.

HEAD-QUARTERS = cuartel general.

KNIFE'S = de cuchillo.

UNEXÁMPLED = sin ejemplo

CROSS STREETS = encrucijdas, cuatro esquinas.

POWDER = pólvora.

GUARDS (gards) = guardia.

succour as little expected by the Zaragozans, as it had been provided against by the enemy.

The war was now continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room; pride and indignation having wrought up the French to a pitch of obstinate fury, little inferior to the devoted courage of the patriots. During the whole siege no man distinguished himself more remarkably than the curate of one of the parishes, within the walls, by name P. Santiago Sas. He was always to be seen in the streets, sometimes fighting with the most determined bravery against the enemies, not of his country alone, but of freedom, and of all virtuous principles, wherever they were to be found; at other times administering the sacrament to the dying, and confirming, with the authority of faith, that hope which gives to death, under such circumstances, the joy, the exultation, the triumph, and the spirit of martyrdom. Palafox reposed the utmost confidence in this brave priest, and selected him whenever anything peculiarly difficult or hazardous was to be done. At the head of forty chosen men he succeeded in introducing a supply of powder into the town, so essentially necessary for its defence.

This most obstinate and murderous contest was continued for eleven successive days and nights, more indeed by night than by day; for it was almost certain death to appear by daylight within reach of those houses which were occupied by the other party. But under cover of the darkness the combatants frequently dashed across the street to attack each other's batteries; and the battles which began there were often carried on into the houses beyond, where they fought from room to room and floor to floor. The hostile batteries were so near each other that a Spaniard in one place made way under cover

ROOM = cuarto, habitacion.

WROUGHT UP (rot) = incitar, escitar.

PITCH = punto, colmo.

CURATE = cura.

PARISHES = parroquias.

DASHED ACROSS = pasar de pronto.

BEYOND = al otro lado.

FLOOR (flor) = piso.

of the dead bodies, which completely filled the space between them, and fastened a rope to one of the French cannons; in the struggle which ensued the rope broke, and the Zaragozans lost their prize at the very moment when they thought themselves sure of it.

A new horror was added to the dreadful circumstances of war in this ever-memorable siege. In general engagements the dead are left upon the field of battle, and the survivors remove to clear ground and an untainted atmosphere; but here, in Spain, and in the month of August, there, where the dead lay, the struggle was still carried on, and pestilence was dreaded from the enormous accumulation of putrifying bodies. Nothing in the whole course of the siege so much embarrassed Palafox as this evil. The only remedy was to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward amid the dead and dying, to remove the bodies and bring them away for interment. Even for this necessary office there was no truce, and it would have been certain death to the Aragonese who should have attempted to perform it; but the prisoners were in general secured by the pity of their own soldiers, and in this manner the evil was in some degree diminished.

A council of war was held by the Spaniards on the 8th, not for the purpose which is too usual in such councils, but that their heroic resolution might be communicated with authority to the people. It was, that in those quarters of the city where the Aragonese still maintained their ground, they should continue to defend themselves with the same firmness; should the enemy at last prevail, they were then to retire over the Ebro into the suburbs, break down the bridge and defend the suburbs till they perished. When this resolution was made public, it was received with the loudest acclamations. But in

ROPE=soga, maroma.

SURVIVORS=los que sobreviven.

TIE=atar.

INTERMENT=entierro.

TRUCE=tregua.

QUARTERS=barrio.

GROUND=terreno.

WERE..... TO RETIRE=debian retirarse.

every conflict the citizens now gained ground upon the soldiers, winning it inch by inch, till the space occupied by the enemy, which, on the day of their entrance was nearly half the city, was gradually reduced to about an eighth part. Meantime, intelligence of the event in other parts of Spain was received by the French, all tending to dishearten them; the surrender of Dupont, the failure of Moncey before Valencia, and the news that the Junta of that province had dispatched six thousand men to join the levies in Aragon, which were destined to relieve Zaragoza. During the night of the 13.th their fire was particularly fierce and destructive; after their batteries had ceased, flames burst out in many parts of the buildings which they had won; their last act was to blow up the church of St. Engracia; the powder was placed in the subterranean church, and this remarkable place, the splendid theatre wherein so many feelings of deep devotion had been excited, which so many thousands had visited in faith, and from which, unquestionably, many had departed with their imaginations elevated, their principles ennobled, and their hearts strengthened, was laid in ruins. In the morning the French columns, to the great surprise of the Spaniards, were seen at a distance retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774–1843.—Poetry, history, biography.

INCH = pulgada.

LEVIES (lĕvis) = levas.

BLOW UP = volar (soplar arriba).

CHURCH = Iglesia.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

I. RESIDENCE OF THE ABYSSINIAN PRINCES.

The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage, by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could without the help of engines open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and

MIDDLE = medio, central.
CÁVERN = cueva.
WHETHER = si (dudando), conj.
ÓUTLET = salida.
CONCEALED (concéld) = ocultar.
MOUTH = boca.
CLOSED = cerrar.
IRON (íurn ó íron) = hierro.
FORGED = fraguar, forjar.
MASSY = macizo.
HELP = ayuda.
ÈNGINES = máquinas.
RÍVULETS = arroyuelos.
LAKE = lago.
DIP = mojar (la punta).
CLEFT = hendidura.

fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains, were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days, every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers shewed their activity before the princes, in hope that they

TREES = árboles.

BROOKS = arroyos.

BLAST = soplo, ráfaga.

SPICES = especias.

BITE (bit, bitten) = morder.

BROWSE = ramonear.

SHRUB = arbusto.

CHASE = caza.

FRISKING = triscar.

LAWNS = praderas.

SPRIGHTLY = vivo.

KID = cabrito.

BOUNDING = saltar.

MÓNKEY = mono.

FROLICKING = hacer monadas, juguetear.

WAS REQUIRED TO PROPOSE = se le exigia que propusiera.

should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they, to whom it was new, always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those, on whom the iron gate had once closed, were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble; which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but

BLISSFUL = venturoso.

PERFORMANCE = ejecucion.

SQUARES = plazas cuadradas.

ROOFS = techos, tejados.

HARDER = mas duro.

RAINS = lluvias.

NEED = necesidad.

AS TO BE FULLY KNOWN TO NONE = que ninguno la conocia completamente.

UPPER (up) = superior.

STORIES = pisos.

by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

JOHNSON.

II. THE AMPHITHEATRE OF TITUS.

Posterity admires, and will long admire, the awful remains of the Amphitheatre of Titus, which so well deserved the epithet of colossal. It was a building of an elliptic figure, five hundred and sixty-four feet in length, and four hundred and sixty-seven in breadth; founded on four score arches, and rising, with four successive orders of architecture, to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The outside of the edifice was encrusted with marble, and decorated with statues. The slopes of the vast concave which formed the inside, were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats of marble, covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease above four score thousand spectators. Sixty-four vomitories (for by that name the doors were very aptly distinguished) poured forth the immense multitude; and the entrances, passages, and staircases, were contrived with such exquisite skill, that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian, or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion.

Nothing was omitted which in any respect could be subservient to the convenience and pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy, occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains, and profusely impregnated by the grateful smell of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice, the arena or stage was strewed with the finest sand, and suc-

SCORE = raya, veintena.
ENCRÚSTED = incrustar.
SLOPES = declive, rambla ó tendido.
ROWS = hileras, filas.
CÁNOPY = dosel ó toldo.
SMELL = olor.
STAGE = escenario.
SAND = arena.

cessively assumed the most different forms. At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth, like the garden of the Hesperides; at another it exhibited the rugged rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water, and what had just before appeared a level plain, might be suddenly converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and replenished with the monsters of the deep.

In the decoration of these scenes, the Roman emperors displayed their wealth and liberality; and we read that, on various occasions, the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of silver, or of gold, or of amber. The poet who describes the games of Carinus, in the character of a shepherd, attracted to the capital by the fame of their magnificence, affirms, that the nets designed as a defence against the wild beasts, were of gold wire; that the porticoes were gilded; and that the belt or circle which divided the several ranks of spectators from each other, was studded with a precious mosaic of beautiful stones.

GIBBON.

III. THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

This amazing fall of water is made by the river St. Lawrence, in its passage from the lake Erie into the lake Ontario. The

PIPES = cañones, cañeria.
SUPPLY (suppli) = surtido.
GAMES = juegos.
SHÉPHERD (sheep herd) = pastor.
NETS = redes.
GILDED = dorar.
BELT = cinturon.
STUDDED (stud) = tachonar ó salpicar.
MOSÁIC.
NIÁGARA.
LÁWRENCE = Lorenzo.
ERIE (ére).
ONTÁRIO.

St. Lawrence is one of the largest rivers in the world; and yet the whole of its waters is discharged in this place, by a fall of a hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond to the greatness of the scene. A river extremely deep and rapid, and that serves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the Atlantic Ocean, is here poured precipitately down a ledge of rocks, that rises, like a wall, across the whole bed of its stream. The river, a little above, is near three quarters of a mile broad; and the rocks, where it grows narrower, are four hundred yards over. Their direction is not straight across, but hollowing inwards like a horse-shoe; so that the cataract, which bends to the shape of the obstacle, rounding inwards, presents a kind of theatre the most tremendous in nature. Just in the middle of this circular wall of waters, a little island, that has braved the fury of the current, presents one of its points, and divides the stream at top into two parts; but they unite again long before they reach the bottom. The noise of the fall is heard at the distance of several leagues; and the fury of the waters, at the termination of their fall, is inconceivable. The dashing produces a mist that rises to the very clouds, and which forms a most beautiful rainbow, when the sun shines. It will readily be supposed, that such a cataract entirely destroys the navigation of the stream; and yet some Indians, in their canoes, as it is said, have ventured down it with safety.

GOLDSMITH.

IV. THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

Of all the subterraneous caverns now known, the grotto of

DRAIN = desaguar.
YARDS = varas (inglesas).
HOLLOWING = ahuecar, encorvar.
HORSE-SHOE (hors-shu) = herradura.
BRAVED = desafiar, resistir.
BEAUTIFUL = hermoso.
RAINBOW = arco iris.
CANOES (canús) = canoa.
VENTURED DOWN = aventurarse á bajar.

Antiparos is the most remarkable, as well for its extent, as for the beauty of its sparry incrustations. This celebrated cavern was first explored by one Magni, an italian traveller, about one hundred years ago, at Antiparos, an inconsiderable island of the Archipelago. «Having been informed, says he, by the natives of Paros, that in the little island of Antiparos, which lies about two miles from the former, a gigantic statue was to be seen at the mouth of a cavern in that place, it was resolved that we (the French consul and himself) should pay it a visit. In pursuance of this resolution, after we had landed on the island, and walked about four miles through the midst of beautiful plains, and sloping woodlands, we at length came to a little hill, on the side of which yawned a most horrid cavern, which, by it gloom, at first struck us with terror, and almost repressed curiosity. Recovering the first surprise, however, we entered boldly, and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the supposed statue of the giant presented itself to our view. We quickly perceived, that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at as a giant, was nothing more than a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by degrees hardening into a figure, which their fears had formed into a monster. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed still further, in quest of adventures in this subterranean abode. As we proceeded, new wonders offered themselves; the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove; some white, some green; and all receding in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who, hitherto in solitude, had in her

ÁNTIPAROS.

SPARRY = espático.

ARCHIPELAGO (arkipélago).

GÍGÁNTIC.

PURSUANCE = proseguimiento, para efectuar.

PLAINS = llanuras.

WOODLANDS = terrenos poblados de árboles.

YAWNED = bostezar, abrirse mucho la boca.

GREEN = verde.

playful moments, dressed the scene, as if for her own amusement.

»We had as yet seen but a few of the wonders of the place, and we were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half illuminated recess, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which one of the natives assured us contained nothing more than a reservoir of water. Upon this information, we made an experiment, by throwing down some stones, which rumbling along the sides of the descent for some time, the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we sent a Levantine mariner, who, by the promise of a good reward, ventured with a flambeau in his hand into this narrow aperture. After continuing within it about a quarter of an hour, he returned bearing in his hand some beautiful pieces of white spar, which art could neither equal nor imitate. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in once more with him, about fifty paces anxiously and cautiously descending, by a steep and dangerous way. Finding, however, that we came to a precipice which led into a spacious amphitheatre (if I may so call it) still deeper than any other part, we returned, and being provided with a ladder, flambeau and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening; and descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the cavern.

»Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering, or a more magnificent scene. The whole roof

PLAYFUL=jugueton, de juego.
DRESSED=preparar adornando.
RÉSERVOIR=receptáculo, estanque.
RUMBLING=resonar sordamente.
QUASH=aplastar, amortiguar.
FLAMBEAU (flambó)=tea.
SPAR=espato.
LADDER=escalera de mano.
ÉXPÉDITE=apresurar, facilitar.
CANDLES=velas.

hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling: the sides were regularly formed with spars, and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble; and, in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars and other objects, appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberation were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of a church.

»Below even this spacious grotto, there seemed another cavern; down which I ventured with my former mariner, and descended about fifty paces by means of a rope. I at last arrived at a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheatre, being composed of soft clay yielding to the pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to the depth of six feet. In this, however, as above, numbers of the most beautiful crystals were formed; one of which, particularly, resembled a table. Upon our egress from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inscription upon a rock at the mouth, but so obliterated by time, that we could not read it distinctly. It seemed to import that one Antipater, in the time

ICICLES (ícikels) = carámbanos.
GLASS = cristal.
CEILING (céling) = techo (por dentro).
MOCK = burlarse de.
LOUDNESS = fuerza (de sonidos).
FIRING = disparar.
GUN = escopeta.
DEAFENING (défening) = ensordecer.
SHOT UP = arrancar.
CANDLESTICKS = candelabros.
CUSTOMARY = usual.
CHURCH = iglesia.
ROPE = cuerda, soga.
CLAY = barro, arcilla.
THRUST = meter.
STICK = palo, baston.

of Alexander, had come hither; but whether he penetrated into the depths of the cavern, he does not think fit to inform us.» This account of so beautiful and striking a scene, may serve to give us some idea of the subterraneous wonders of nature.

GOLDSMITH.

V. THE SALT-MINE OF WIELITSKA.

At Wielitska, a small town about eight miles from Cracow, this wonderful mine is excavated in a ridge of hills, at the northern extremity of the chain which joins to the Carpathian mountains, and has been worked above six hundred years.

There are eight openings or descents into this mine, six in the fields, and two in the town itself. The openings are lined throughout with timber: and at the top of each, there is a large wheel, with a rope as thick as a cable, by which things are let down, and salt is drawn up.

The descent is very slow and gradual, down a narrow dark well, to the depth of six hundred feet perpendicular. The place where the stranger is set down is perfectly dark; but the miners, striking fire, and lighting a small lamp, conduct him through a number of passages, and, by means of ladders, they again descend to an immense depth: at the foot of the last ladder the stranger is received in a small dark cavern; and in the course of their descent it is usual for the guide to pretend the utmost dread and apprehension of the feeble light of his lamp going out, often declaring that such an accident might be attended with the most fatal consequences.

When arrived in this dreary chamber, the miner contrives

DEPTHS = profundidades.
FIT = conveniente.
SALT-MINE = mina de sal ó salina.
MILES = millas.
RIDGE = sierra.
WORKED = en esplotacion.
LINED = forrar.
TIMBER = madera (serrada).
WHEEL = rueda.
WELL = pozo.
DREARY (drery) = triste ó desconsolado.
CONTRIVES = inventar, hacer por.

to extinguish his lamp as if by accident, and, catching the stranger by the hand, drags him through a narrow creek into the body of the mine; when there bursts upon his view a little world, the beauty of which is scarcely to be imagined. He beholds a spacious plain, containing a kind of subterranean city, with houses, carriages, etc., all scooped out of one vast rock of salt, as bright and glittering as crystal; while the blaze of the lights continually burning for the general use, reflected from the dazzling columns which support the lofty arched vaults of the mine, and which are beautifully tinged with all the colours of the rainbow, and sparkle with the lustre of precious stones, affords a more splendid and glittering prospect than any thing above ground can possibly exhibit.

In various parts of this spacious plain stand the huts of the miners and their families; some single and others in clusters like villages. They have very little communication with the world above ground; and many hundreds of persons are born and pass the whole of their lives here.

Through the midst of this plain lies a road, which is always filled with carriages laden with masses of salt from the furthest parts of the mine. The drivers are generally singing, and the salt looks like a load of gems. A great number of horses are kept in the mine; and when once let down, they never see day-light again.

The instruments principally used by the miners are pick-axes, hammers and chisels, with which they dig out the salt in the form of huge cylinders, each of many hundred weight.

DRAGS=llevar arrastrando.
CREEK=sinuosidad, ensenadita.
SCOOPED=vaciar.
DAZZLING=deslumbrar.
VAULTS=bóvedas.
TINGED=teñir.
SPARKLE=chispear.
HUTS=chozas.
CLUSTERS=grupos (como racimos).
DRIVERS=conductores.
DAY-LIGHT=luz de dia.
PICK-AXES=azadones ó piquetas.
HAMMER=martillo.
CHISELS=cincel, escoplo.
HUNDRED WEIGHT=quintal de ciento doce libras.

This is found the most convenient method of getting it out of the mine; and as soon as got above ground, the masses are broken into smaller pieces, and sent to the mills, where they are reduced to powder. The finest sort of salt is sometimes cut into toys, and afterwards passes for real crystal.

This mine appears to be inexhaustible. Its known breadth is one thousand one hundred and fifteen feet; its length six thousand six hundred and ninety-one feet, and its depth seven hundred and forty-three feet. This however, is to be understood only of the part which has been actually worked; as to the real depth or longitudinal extent of the bed of salt, it is not possible to conjecture.

GOLDSMITH.

VI. THE VALE OF KESWICK IN CUMBERLAND.

This delightful vale is thus elegantly described by the late ingenious Dr. Brown, in a letter to a friend:

In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale, and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than you can imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference about twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks, indeed, of Dovedale,

GETTING IT OUT = sacar.
MILLS = molinos ó fábricas.
POWDER = polvos.
TOYS = diges ó juguetes.
ACTUALLY = de hecho.
KESWICK (kézic).
LATE = que fué, difunto.
DISAPPOINTED = chasquear, engañar.
SLIP = tira.
MEAGRE (méguer) = descarnado, ténue.

are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and inanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morass, and brush-wood. But at Keswick, you will on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal feet never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests; a variety of waterfalls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence; while on all sides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rise around, piercing the clouds, in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories; in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts; through which, at hand, you see rich and cultivated vales, and beyond these, at various distances, mountain rising over mountain; among which new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity—

> Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
> And pictures things unseen.—

Were I to analyze the two places in their constituent principles, I should tell you that the full perfection of Keswick

EDGED=ribetear.

WEEDS=yerbas malas.

MORÁSS=pantano.

BRUSH-WOOD=malezas.

LANDSCAPE=paisaje.

CLIMBING (climing)=trepar.

SHAGGY=espinoso ó lleno de matas y malezas.

SHEETS=cualquiera cosa laminada, loma de agua.

SPIRY (spire)=espiral.

WERE I TO=si me pusiera á.

consists of three circumstances; beauty, horror, and immensity, united; the second of which alone is found in Devedale. Of beauty it hath little, nature having left it almost a desert: neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills admit magnificence: but to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands; the second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming waterfalls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I could call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying, or accidental, beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rock, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view; now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes; retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern side, of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains, buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce, is no less wonderful and pleasing; the ruling tints in the valley

COTS = cabañas.

FOAMING = espumoso.

TIRESOME (tirsum) = fatigoso, cansado.

SAIL = navegar.

GAINING ON THE SIGHT = ganar sobre la vista, hacerse mas perceptible.

RULING TINTS = tintas dominantes.

being those of azure, green, and gold; yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields, these are finally contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills; at other times you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the valleys as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea. But, in calm weather, the whole scene becomes new; the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landscape in all its beauty; islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself; where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet; where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool, amidst the vast and immeasurable objects that surround it; for here the summits of more distant hills appear beyond those you have already seen; and, rising behind each other in successive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains. Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more, which is, that a walk by

CORN-FIELDS=campos de mies.

HEIGHTENED (hítend)=realzar.

YELLOW=amarillo.

HUES=matices ó coloridos.

ROLLING=ir arrollándose.

FURNACE=horno.

ROAR=rugir.

PEALS (pels) OF THUNDER=estallidos de trueno.

TOSSES=agitarse.

EXPANSE OF WATER=dilatado espacio de agua, lago.

POOL=charco.

RANGE=hileras.

still moon-light (at which time the distant waterfalls are heard in all their variety of sound) among these enchanting dales, opens such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.

BROWN.

DR. THOMAS BROWN, 1778–1820.—Metaphysics, moral essays, etc.

VII. THE OLD COUNTRY-SEAT (1).

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house. The whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and several parts of it so detached, one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the front; indeed I don't know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall, alas! nothing less! You find

(1) A letter to the duke of Buckingham.

STILL MOON-LIGHT = la luz tranquila de la luna.

COUNTRY-SEAT (eúntriset) = asiento de campo, quinta.

ANY MORE THAN, fr. = ni tampoco.

DETACHED = separado, despegado.

COUNTRY-DANCE = contradanza.

HAD BEEN ALL OUT = habian todas salido (del compás), se habian todas equivocado.

STONE-STILL = tranquilo como la piedra, petrificado.

DON'T = do not.

GRIEVOUSLY (grévusli) = tristemente ó dolorosamente.

PORCH = pórtico

HALL = salon.

yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking: but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken piques, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musket or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight, whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from is monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! And yet I can't but sigh to think that the most

HOUSE OF OFFICE = gabinete de despacho.

PARLOUR = locutorio, gabinete de tertulia.

STEP INTO = pasar dentro.

DRAWING-ROOM = sala de recepcion.

IRON-NAILED DOOR = puerta llena de clavos de hierro.

DUST = polvo.

PIGEON-HOUSE (pijun-hous) = palomar.

CHAPEL = capilla.

STEAMS (stems) = vapores.

KITCHEN = cocina.

HORNS = cuernos.

BLUNDERBUSSES = trabucos.

RUSTY = oxidado.

MATCH-LOCK = llave para mecha.

WINDOW = ventana.

DIVERS.

SCUTCHEONS = escudos.

PANE = uno de los cristales.

NOSE = nariz.

MOULDERED (mólderd) = deshacerse.

FRAIL = frágil.

CAN'T (cannot).

SIGH = suspirar.

authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights and noble dames, attended by ushers (1), servers, and seneschals (2); and yet it was but last night that an owl flew thither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you, up and down, over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken virginal (3), a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildew'd pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell, with all their brimstone about them: these are carefully set at the farther corner, for the windows being every where broken make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

(1) Persons whose business it was to introduce strangers, or walk before people of high rank.

(2) Those who had in great houses the care of feasts, or domestick ceremonies.

(3) A musical instrument used in the 16th century with one string (*cuerda*), jack (*martinete*) and quill (*pluma*), to each note, like a spinet (*espineta*), but in shape resembling the piano-forte.

AT THE MERCY OF=á merced de.

GÁRTERED=adornar con la órden de la Liga ó Jarretera.

USHERS=ugieres.

SÉRVER=bandejas ó salvilla, la persona que la llevaba ó servia.

OWL=buho.

BARN=grsnero ó era bajo cubierto.

LETS YOU, UP AND DOWN, OVER=le deja á V. pasar, subiendo y bajando.

THESHOLD=umbral.

COUPLE (cúpel)=par, dos.

CRIPPLED=estropeado, cojo.

VELVET=terciopelo.

CHAIRS=sillas.

MILDEW'D=tomado de añublo.

PICTURES=pinturas, cuadros.

MOULDY (móldy).

DISMALLY=triste (de aspecto mohino).

BRIMSTONE=piedra-szufre.

CORNER=rincon.

DRY=seco.

POPPIES (poppy)=adormidera.

MUSTARD SEED=semilla de mostaza.

Next this parlour, as I said before lies the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you, on one hand and th'other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther, on the right, the servant's hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions, which has a lattice into the hall, intended, as we imagine, that at the same time as she pray'd she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor, in all, twenty-six apartments, among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber that seems to have been a bedstead, or a cider-press.

The kitchen is built in the form of a rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house, where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast caldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polyphem, or the temple of Molock. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their sabbath here,

ENTRY = pasaje, pasillo.

BUTTERY = despensa.

HOLE = agujero, chiribitil, tabuco (habitacion).

CHAPLAIN'S = del capellan.

BREW-HOUSE (bruhous) = cuarto en que se hace la cerveza, etc., cervecería.

GILT (gild, gilt) = dorar.

DAIRY = lecheria.

CLOSET = piececita.

LATTICE = celosía.

HAVE AN EYE ON = estar á la mira.

MAIDS = jóvenes, doncellas.

GROUND-FLOOR = piso bajo.

BEDSTEAD = catre.

CIDER-PRESS = prensa ó lagar de sidra.

BLACKNESS = negrura.

CALDRONS = calderas.

YAWNING = bostezar. } boquerones an-
MOUTHS = bocas. . . } churosos.

OVENS = horno de casa.

FURNACES = horno de fábrica.

WITCHES = brujas.

SABBATH = dia festivo (propiamente de los judios ó sectas protestantes).

and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms; you never pass out of one into another, but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for its only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower, we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floor. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat; for the very rats of this venerable house are grey: since they have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm

ONCE A YEAR=una vez al año.

DEVIL (dívil)=demonio.

TREAT (tret)=tratar.
WITH=con. } convidar á.

VENISON (vénsun)=carne de ciervo.

RÓASTED TIGER (tíguer)=tigre asado.

STUFFED=relleno.

PENNY, *pence* pl.=penique (moneda de cobre de cuarenta céntimos).

TEN-PENNY NAILS=clavos de á diez peniques por libra, bellotes.

YOU=vos, se.

BAND-BOX=caja de carton.

HANGINGS=tapicería, colgaduras.

ARACHNE (arákne)=araña (palabra griega). *Spider* en inglés.

BÓWELS=entrañas.

FLAW'D=abierto en grietas ó rendijas.

LOCKS=cerraduras.

SHÓWER=chaparron.

CROP=cosecha.

MÚSHROOMS=setas.

CÁBINS=camarotes.

PACKET-BOATS=paquebots.

RATS=ratas.

AGE=edad.

QUITTED (quit)=dejar.

to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I had described, but for a starch'd grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture, walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in the morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: «This, says he, with tears, was poor sir Thomas! once master of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs.» He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking a piece, to shew us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up to the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another.

REMOVE = remover, mudarse.

LIBRARY = biblioteca.

STARCH'D = almidonado, tieso y ceremonioso.

STEWARD = mayordomo.

FRAME = marco.

CELLAR = bodega.

BUTTS = pipa.

SACK (de *seco* español) = vino seco de España de diversos puntos, que se consumia mucho en el siglo XVI en Inglaterra.

TENT (de *tinto* español) = vino tinto exportado de España por Málaga ó la Coruña.

TOAST = tostada, brindis ó cosa y persona á quien se echa el brindis.

IRON-HOOPED = con aros ó cercos de hierro.

HOGSHEADS (cabezas de buey) = cubas de cincuenta y cuatro galones.

BEER = cerveza.

LUGGED = (lug) coger de la oreja. . } sacar por la oreja ó arrastrando.

OUT = fuera. . . . }

TATTERED = andrajoso.

DRINK = bebida.

LEGS = piernas.

WINDING (wind) = serpentear, de caracol.

I must needs have tired you with this long description: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust; nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude, that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterruped study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore as soon as possible tell you in person, how much I am, etc.

POPE.

VIII. DESCRIPTION OF GRANADA.

This renowned kingdom was situated in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean sea, and defended on the land side by lofty and rugged mountains, locking up within their embraces, deep, rich, and verdant valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility.

NAY = no, aun mas.

HÁRBOURS = albergar, hospedar.

FIT = á propósito, adj.

DREAM (drem), *dreamt* (dremt) p. p. = soñar.

DINE = comer (la comida principal).

STAY (staid) = estarse ó permanecer.

OWN = reconocer, confesar.

MAD = demente.

GRACE = gracia, tratamiento de duque.

SENSE = sentido, juicio.

RENÓWNED = renombrar.

LOCKING UP = encerrar.

The city of Granada lay in the centre of the kingdom, sheltered as it were in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills and a deep valley that, divides them, through which flows the river Darro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. There is a Moorish tradition, that the king who built this mighty pile, was skilled in the occult sciences, and furnished himself with gold and silver for the purpose by means of alchimy. Certainly never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence, and the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty, in defiance of the ravages of time.

Opposite to the hill, on which stood the Alhambra, was its rival hill, on the summit of which was a spacious plain, covered with houses, and crowded with inhabitants. It was commanded by a fortress called the Alcazaba. The declivities and skirts of these hills were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares, according to the custom of Moorish cities. The houses had interior courts and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates; so that, as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove, delightful to the eye. The whole was

SHELTERED=resguardar.

LAP=seno, regazo.

BARBARIC=extranjero, oriental.

FRETTED=frotar, filetear ó adornar de filetes pequeños ó greeas, que se entrecortan formando ángulos rectos.

DOMES=bóvedas.

LUXURIOUS (lugzúrius)=lozano.

RAVAGES=destrozo.

CROWDED=atestar (de gentes).

COMMANDED=mandar, dominar.

SKIRTS=faldas.

SET OUT=adornar.

surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. The elevation of the city, and the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with perpetual snows tempered the fervid rays of summer; and thus, while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada.

The glory of the city, however, was its *vega*, or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Jenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, in the most elegant manner. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig and pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry-trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasant's cottage, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In

NEIGHBOURHOOD (nébŏrhud) = vecindad, vecindario.

PANTING = jadear.

SULTRY = bochornoso.

STÍFLING = ahogar.

SILVER = plata, de plata.

DIVÉRTED = separado, desviado.

RILLS = corrientes, arroyuelos ó acequias.

WROUGHT UP.... TO = trabajar arriba hasta, con el cultivo habian dejado en estado de.

VINEYARDS (vinyards) = viñas.

WAVING GRAIN = mies ó grano que ondea.

ORANGE = naranja.

FIG = higo.

MULBERRY-TREES = moreras.

CLAMBERED = subir ó trepar irregularmente.

GRAPES = uvas.

CLUSTERS = racimos.

NIGHTINGALE = ruiseñor.

a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their prophet to be situate in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

IX. THE PORTENTOUS TOWER OF TOLEDO.

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate of the city, at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that bestrides the deep rocky bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

This wondrous edifice was round, and of great height and grandeur; erected upon a lofty rock, and surrounded by crags and precipices. The foundation was supported by four brazen lions, each taller than a cavalier on horseback. The walls were built of small pieces of jasper, and various coloured marbles, not larger than a man's hand: so subtilely joined however, that, but for their different hues, they might be taken for one entire stone. They were arranged with marvellous cunning, so as to represent battles and warlike deeds of times and heroes long since passed away; and the whole surface was so admirably polished that the stones were as lustrous as glass, and reflected the rays of the sun with such resplendent brightness as to dazzle all beholders.

ISSUED = salir.

BESTRIDES (bestride, bestrode, bestrode ó bestrid, bestridden) = andar á horcajadas, cruzar.

WOUND (wind) UP = subir serpenteando.

CRAGS = riscos.

BRAZEN = de bronce.

TALLER = mas alto.

BUT = á no ser.

CUNNING = astucia, habilidad.

DEEDS = hechos.

BEHOLDERS = espectadores.

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here there was a narrow arched way cut through the living stone; the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and approaching the portals, ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary-headed men drew back with terror. «Alas!» cried they, «what is it your majesty requires of us. Would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound, and let loose to shake the earth to its foundations?»

The venerable archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation to generation, within the memory of man; and which even Cæsar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

«Come what come may,» exclaimed Don Roderick, «I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower.» So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portal. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling, but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys, the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that

WONDERING (wúndering)=extrañados.
WORKMANSHIP=obra, ejecucion.
ALIGHTED=apearse.
HOARY=blanco, canoso.
MISCHIEFS (mischefs)=diabluras, males.
UNBOUND (unbind)=desatar.
LET LOOSE=soltar.
ARCHBISHOP=arzobispo.
EAGER (éguer)=ansioso, vehemente.
ENCOURAGED (encúrejd)=animar.
RASH=temerario.
COME WHAT MAY=venga lo que viniere.
SHOOK (shake shaken)=estremecer.
KEYS (kés)=llave.

they resisted their feeble efforts; whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent their aid. Still the locks were so numerous and difficult, that, with all their eagerness and strength, a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

When the last bolt had yielded to the key, the guardians and the reverend archbishop again entreated the king to pause and reflect. «Whatever is within this tower,» said they, «is as yet harmless, and lies bound under a mighty spell: venture not then to open a door which may let forth a flood of evil upon the land.» But the anger of the king was roused, and he ordered that the portal should be instantly thrown open. In vain, however, did one after another exert his strength; and equally in vain did the cavaliers unite their forces, and apply their shoulders to the gate: though there was neither bar nor bolt remaining, it was perfectly immoveable.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate, when it swung slowly open, uttering, as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The hearts of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers, rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalise themselves in this redoubtable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by

LENT (lend) = prestar.

MASTERED = dominar

BÓLT = pestillo.

HARMLESS = Inocente, no dañoso.

SPELL = ensalmo, encanto.

SWUNG (swing) = vibrar balanceándose, oscilar.

UTTERING = proferir.

HINGES = quicios, goznes.

DAMP = húmedo.

QUAKED = temblar.

SMOTE (smite, smitten) = herir, chocar.

REDOUBTABLE (redóutable) = formidable.

RECOILED = recular (espantado ó rechazado).

the baleful air, or by some fearful vision. Upon this, the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness, and to correct the noxious and long imprisoned air. He then led the way into the interior; but, though stout of heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall, or antechamber, on the opposite side of which was a door; and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure, of the colour of bronze, and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at sight of this appalling figure; for whether it were a living being, or a statue of magic artifice, he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed, in large letters, «I do my duty.» After a little while Roderick plucked up heart, and addressed it with great solemnity: «Whatever thou be,» said he, «know that I come not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mystery it contains; I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety.»

Upon this the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber, of a rare ad sumptuous architecture, difficult to be described. The walls were incrusted with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studded with gems, lustrous as the stars of the firmament. There was neither wood, nor any other common or base material to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no windows or other openings to admit the day,

BALEFUL (bálful) = venenoso, dañino.

DISPÉL = hacer desaparecer.

NOXIOUS = nocivo.

WHIRLED = girar (con violencia).

APPÁLLING = espantable.

SCROLL = rollo de pergamino ó papel.

WHEREÓN = en donde.

PLUCKED UP = arrancar arriba, tomar ánimo (con un esfuerzo).

SMOOTH = terso.

GEMS = joyas.

WINDOWS.

yet a radiant light was spread throughout the place, which seemed to shine from the walls, and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the centre of this hall stood a table of alabaster, of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed in Greek characters, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set round with precious stones, and closed with a lock of mother-of-pearl; and on the lid were inscribed the following words:—

«In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvellous events will be revealed to him, which are to take place before his death.»

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. «Forbear, my son!» said he; «desist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed.»

«What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future!» replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. «If good be destined me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation: if evil, I shall arm myself, to meet it.» So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Within the coffer he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it, he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanour, clad in turbans and robes of various colours, after the fashion of the Arabs, with scimitars hanging from their necks, and crossbows at their saddle-backs, and they carried banners and pennons

CASKET = arquilla (para alhajas).
MOTHER-OF-PEAL = nácar.
LID = tapa.
BEWARE = tener cuidado.
FORBEAR (forbore, forborne) = detenerse.
REND (rent) = desgarrar.
FOLDED = plegado.
HORSEBACK = á caballo.
DEMEANOUR (deménur) = porte.
SADDLE-BACKS = respaldo de las sillas.
PENNONS = banderolas.

with divers devices. Above them was inscribed in Greek characters, «Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom!»

At sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and bray of trumpet, the neigh of steed and shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the motion, and the louder the noise; and the linen cloth rolled forth, amplified, and spread out, as it were, a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared as a transparent cloud: and the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture, or a vision, or an array of embodied spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trump and clarion, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords, and maces, and battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows, and the hurling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter

SUBDUE (subiú)=subyugar.

TROUBLED (trúbeld)=inquietar.

DISMÁY=espanto.

FAINT=desmayado, débil.

CLASH=choque como de dos metales anchos.

NEIGH (néi)=relinchar, s.

AFAR OFF=de lejos.

LÍNEN=lienzo.

SHÁDOWY=umbrío, fantasmagórico.

DIN=estrépito.

UPRÓAR=estruendo tumultuoso.

CÓNJURED UP=conjurar, evocar.

BLAST=soplar, resonar, s.

TRUMP=tromba.

DRUMS=tambores.

WHISTLING (whisling)=silbar.

QUAIL=acoquinarse de miedo, temblar con pavor.

ÚTTER=exterior ó extremo, completo.

rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foor, the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons, King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was turned towards him, but whose armour and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steep that resembled his own war-horse Orelia. In the confusion of the flight the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirling mace had disappeared from his pedestal; and on issuing into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air; and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The King ordered that the iron portal should be closed; but the door was immoveable; and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with the thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had issued forth and mingled

YELLS=abullidos ó rugidos.

BACK=espalda.

OUTÉR (comp. de out)=exterior.

DÉLUGED=diluviar.

HAIL=granizo.

RATTLING HAIL=ruidosa piedra.

TÛRMOIL=barahunda, fracaso tumultuoso.

PELTED=apedrear, hostigar incesantemente.

ÉCHOED=retumbar.

UPRÓOTED=arrancar de raiz.

with the storm; for amidst the claps of thunder and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of drums and trumpets, the shout of armies, and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by the tempest, and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo; clattering across the bridge of the Tagus, and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquillity. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door, and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But lo! on coming in sight of the tower, a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and lighting on the summit of the tower, fanned the fire with his wings. In a little while the edifice burst forth into a blaze as though it had been built of rosin, and the flames mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the whole was borne up into the air and scattered throughout all Spain, and wherever a particle of those ashes fell it was as

HOWLING = alaridos.

CLATTERING = resonar como la herradura chocando con la piedra.

CLATTERING ACROSS THE BRIDGE = pasando el puente con estrépito.

THREATENED (thrétend) = amenazar.

OVERWHELM = abrumar, inundar.

LO! = hé aquí que.

BEAK (bek) = pico, boca.

BRAND = tizon.

BLAZE = llamarada.

ROSIN = resina.

ASHES = cenizas.

SABLE = negro, lúgubre.

WHEELED = girar.

SCATTERED = esparcir.

a stain of blood. It is furthermore recorded by ancient men and writers of former days, that all those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle, when the country was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a sign and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

X. FIRST APPROACH OF AN AMERICAN TO EUROPE.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy, until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy, I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top, on a fine day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own. To watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

FÚRTHERMORE = además.
DUST = polvo.
SLAIN (slay, slew) = matar.
TÓKEN = muestra, prenda.
VÁCANCY = vacío.
LAUNCHED = botar al agua, lanzar.
BUSTLE (búsel) = bullicio.
DAY-DRÉAMING = sueños de día, ilusiones de la fantasía.
FOND = aficionado.
RÉVERIES = ensueños, delirios.
TO LOLL OVER = apoyarme descansadamente sobre.
QUARTER-RÁILING = empalizada de cuartel, antepecho del alcázar.
MAIN-TOP = cofa mayor.
BILLOWS = olas.
DIE AWAY = ir muriéndose.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep, at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship: the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth, and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of «land!» was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the New World, felt a more delicious throng

GIDDY = vertiginoso.

UNCOUTH (uncúth) = estrambótico, rudo.

GÁMBOLS = juegos y saltos.

SHOALS = cardúne, multitud de peces.

PORPOISE (de *porco pesce*) = puerco marino.

BOW = proa.

GRAMPUS = delfín gladiador.

HEAVING, reg. é irreg. (hove, hoven) = alzar, izár.

RÁVENOUS = voraz.

SHARK = tiburon.

FINNY (de *fin*) = aleteado.

ROAM = vagar, cruzar.

FATHOMLESS = sin brazas, insondable.

FISHERMEN = pescadores.

GLIDING = deslizarse.

KNOWLEDGE = conocimientos, ciencia.

THRILLING = vibrante, que hace latir.

MAST-HEAD = cabeza ó lo alto del mástil.

of sensations than rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the head-lands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grassplots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable, that the ship was enabled to come at once on the pier. It was thronged with people; some, idle lookers on; others, eager expectants of friends or relations. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations

ASSOCIATIONS = recuerdos.

TEEMING = que abunda, ó es fecunda.

CHILDHOOD = infancia.

PONDERED = meditar.

PROWLED = hacer la ronda, ir roudando.

HEADLANDS = promontorios.

CHANNEL = canal.

SAILED UP = subir navegando.

RECONNÓITRE = hacer un reconocimiento.

NEAT (net) = limpio, curioso.

TRIM = bien arreglado, esmerado.

SHRÚBBERIES = cercos de arbolillos ó arbustos.

IVY = hiedra.

TAPER SPIRE (espiral en forma de la llama de un cirio) = aguja de torre puntiaguda.

TIDE = marea.

PIER (per) = embarcadero.

WHISTLING (huisling) = silbar.

ACCORDED = conceder.

CHEERINGS = vivas, saludos con explosion (de alegria).

interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other. But I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was a poor sailor, who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features — it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers, but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

DEMEANOUR = porte.

HURRIED (hurry) OVER) = pasar con rapidez.

MESSMATES = compañeros (de rancho).

MÁTTRESS = colchon.

DECK = cubierta.

HAMMOCK = hamaca.

BREATHED A WISH = expresar el deseo con débil acento ó suspiro.

HELPED ON = ayudar á subir á.

SHROUDS = obenques.

CLASP = abrochar, juntar.

SHRIEK (shrek) = grito agudo.

WRINGING (wrung) = torcer, retorcer con angustia.

ACQUAINTANCES = conocidos.

XI. SCENERY OF THE CLYDE.

It was upon a delightful summer evening, that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which terminated in a view of the romantic ruins of Bothwell castle and the river Clyde, which winds so beautifully between rocks and woods, to sweep around the towers formerly built by Aymer de Valence. Bothwell bridge was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay as placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and bushes, which grew around in romantic variety of shade, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very murmur of the river seemed to soften itself in unison with the stillness of the scene around. The path through which the traveller descended, was occasionally shaded by detached trees of large size, and elsewhere by the hedges and boughs of flourishing orchards, now laden with summer fruits.

The nearest object of consequence was a farm-house, or it might be the abode of a small proprietor, situated on the side of a sunny bank, which was covered by apple and pear trees. At the foot of the path which led up to this modest mansion, was a small cottage, pretty much in the situation of a porter's lodge, though obviously not designed for that purpose. The hut seemed comfortable, and more neatly arranged than is usual in Scotland; it had its little garden, where some fruit-trees and bushes were mingled with kitchen herbs; a cow and six sheep

RODE (ride, ridden) DOWN=bajó á caballo.
SWEEP (swept)=barrer, girar.
STILLNESS=calma.
ELSEWHERE=en otras partes.
HEDGES=vallados ó setos.
CONSEQUENCE=nota.
PRETTY MUCH=bastante.
PORTER'S LODGE=porteria.
KITCHEN=cocina.
COW=vaca.
SHEEP=ovejas.

fed in a paddock hard-by; the cock strutted and crowed, and summoned his family around him before the door; a heap of brushwood and turf neatly done up, indicated that the winter fuel was provided; and the thin blue smoke which ascended from the straw-bound chimney, and winded slowly out from among the green trees, showed that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready. To complete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl of about five years old was fetching water in a pitcher from a beautiful fountain of the purest water, which bubbled up at the root of a decayed old oak-tree, about twenty yards from the end of the cottage.

WALTER SCOTT.

XII. SKETCH OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Is there any one who loves the sight of ice and snow? I imagine, now, that I always doubted this: I am quite sure of it at present. The thought of ice may possibly suggest agreeable sensations in a hot July day; the sight of a Swiss glacier, in the same weather, is «refresing» I doubt not. This also is picturesque, I admit, as are the frozen summits of the Alps, particularly under the rosy tints of a rising or a setting sun. These, and more, are beauties; and they are not the less beautiful that they are, to some, rarities while they are also character-

PADDOCK=cerca para pastos.
HARD-BY=tocando con.
STRUTTED (strut)=pavonearse.
CROWED (crew, irreg.)=cantar (el gallo).
BRUSHWOOD=brezo, retama ó leña.
TURF=turba.
DONE UP=hecho ó puesto.
FUEL.
STRAW-BOUND=rodeado de paja.
MEAL (mel)=comida.
CÓMFORT=comodidad.
FETCHING=traer.
PITCHER=cantarilla.
BUBBLED=burbujear.
SKETCH=bosquejo.
ICE=hielo.
SNOW=nieve.
GLACIER=ventisquero.
ROSY TINTS=tintas de rosa.

istic, and are portions of a general landscape, to which they give a new and peculiar interest, as they add to its varieties. In the present days, it is not also a little in praise of ice, that the traveller can say, I have visited Switzerland, I have scrambled across a glacier, I have seen the sun rise on Mont Blanc, while the earth below was still in shade, I have ascended it, I, even I, the fearless and enterprising, have ascended the father of mountains, yea, even when the guides hung back in fear. Even thus is ice beautiful, regaling, acceptable.

Thus, too, is snow the delight of schoolboys: have we not all hailed the falling feathers, because we should now make snowballs and pelt each other, and erect a statue of heaven knows who, a colossus of snow, to melt away, like the palace of the great female autocrat, before the sun. Is it not, too, the emblem of virgin purity and innocence, and might not much more be said in praise and admiration of snow? It is an evil, however, to balance against all this, that it deforms all landscape, destroys all «keeping,» by confounding distances, and with that, proportions, and with that, too, more and worse than all else, the harmony of colouring; giving us a motley patchwork of black and white, in place of those sweet gradations and combinations of colour which nature produces, in her summer mood, even amid the most deformed and harshest of landscapes.

There are objections to a snow landscape, which even the experience of a day may furnish: how much more, when,

LANDSCAPE=paisaje.

SCRAMBLED ACROSS=atravesar gateando.

YEA (yē)=si.

HUNG BACK=rezagarse.

FEATHER (fĕther)=pluma.

SNOWBALLS=bolas de nieve.

PELT=zurrar ó dar con rapidez.

MELT=derretirse.

KEEPING=armonia.

WORSE (bad, worse, worst)=peor.

MOTLEY=abigarrado, variado.

PATCHWORK=zurcido.

MOOD=estado de ánimo, humor.

HARSHEST=mas duro.

FÛRNISH=suplir, suscitar.

for more than half the year, all the element above head is snow, when the gale is a gale of snow, the fog a fog of snow, when the sun shines but to glitter on the snow which is, yet does not fall; when the breath of the mouth is snow, when snow settles on the hair, the dress, the eyelashes; where snow falls around us and fills our chambers, our beds, our dishes, should we open a door, should the external air get access to our «penetralia;» where the «crystal stream» in which we must quench our thirst is a kettle of snow with a lamp of oil; where our sofas are of snow, and our houses of snow; when snow was our decks, snow our awnings, snow our observatories, snow our larders, snow our salt: and, when all the other uses of snow should be at last of no more avail, our coffins and our graves were to be graves and coffins of snow.

Is this not more than enough of snow than suffices for admiration? Is it not worse, that during ten of the months in a year, the ground is snow, and ice, and «slush»; that during the whole year its tormenting, chilling, odious presence is ever before the eye? Who more than I has admired the glaciers of the extreme north; who more has loved to contemplate the icebergs (1) sailing from the Pole before the tide and the gale, floating along the ocean, through calm and through storm, like castles and towers and mountains, gorgeous in colouring and magnificent, if often capricious, in form; and have I too

(1) Insulated mountains of ice.

GALE=brisa huerto.

FOG=niebla.

GLITTER=brillar.

EYELASHES=pestañas.

QUENCH=apagar (la sed).

THIRST=sed.

KETTLE=perol.

LAMP OF OIL=lámpara de aceite.

AWNINGS=toldos.

LARDERS=despensas.

COFFIN=ataud, caja de muerto.

GRAVES=sepulcros.

SLUSH=nieve derretida, lodo.

CHILLING=frio, que traspasa de frio.

ICEBERGS (ísberg)=montañas de hielo, témpanos.

GORGEOUS (górjus)=lujoso, espléndido.

SPLITTING=desgajar, destrozar rajando.

not sought amid the crashing and the splitting and the thundering roarings of a sea of moving mountains, for the sublime, and felt that nature could do no more? In all this there has been beauty, horror, danger, every thing that could excite; they would have excited a poet even to the verge of madness. But to see, to have seen ice and snow, to have felt snow and ice for ever, and nothing for ever but snow and ice, during all the months of a year, to have seen and felt but uninterrupted and unceasing ice and snow during all the months of four years, this it is that made the sight of those most chilling and wearisome objects an evil which is still one in recollection, as if the remembrance would never cease.

CAPT. ROSS.

CAPTAIN ROSS, supposed to be still living.—Narrative of a voyage to the Arctic Regions. Style not particularly recommended.

XIII. AVALANCHE OF ICE.

An Avalanche of ice from the cliffs, intermixed with rocks and water, was a novel sight, and, in this dearth of events, would have been interesting, even had it been far less splendid as a spectacle. Falling into the sea, it carried all before it; breaking the flat ice to a great distance, and showing us, had that been now necessary, the manner in which the icebergs are sometimes found to be covered with fragments of rock and layers of earth.

So many of my countrymen have now seen the avalanches of the Alps, and so many more have read of them, in prose and in poetry, as there are some who can never forget the splendid picture of Loutherbourg on this subject, that any attempt on

CRASHING = ruido aplastador.
THÚNDERING = que truena.
VERGE = borde.
MADNESS = demencia.
WEARISOME (wérisum) = fatigoso.
NÓVEL = nuevo.
DEARTH (derth) = carestia.
LAYERS (leers) = capas.

my part to describe such an occurrence as this must be superfluous, as it cannot fail to be feeble. Yet there was a variety in this, which, could I adequately describe it, in even the plainest prose, or represent it in the meanest drawing, would not fail to strike even those who have witnessed what Switzerland can show. It was not the snow-ball, gigantic as that may be, detaching itself from the mountain summit, gaining in magnitude as in velocity during its progress, and then thundering down an irregular declivity, sliding, bounding, and breaking till it had safely lodged itself in the valley below, or in the bed of a torrent; there perchance to obstruct a stream, be scattered over a plain, or, if even overwhelming a cottage, to fall into repose among the ice that had received it. Here, all was as instantaneous as it was unexpected. The icy mountain that had towered over our heads so long, was gone before we could say, Behold, Be aware: the instant of its motion was that of its descent, and before it seemed to have commenced that descent, it had plunged into the sea: no, not into a sea of water, but a sea of ice; breaking up those glassy fields which had so long bound us in, as if indeed they were but a feeble mirror; scattering their fragments far and wide, with a noise exceeding thunder, and prolonged even like the reverberations of the thunderbolt, until all settled again into the dead and icy stillness of its former repose; yet to leave that new mountain in the waves, a record of this catastrophe, as long as record could be of those mountains which the sun would ere long melt, and the winds float off to other and far distant regions.

CAPT. ROSS.

XIV. TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF CONSTANTINE INTO ROME.

«No day, since its foundation,» says an eye-witness of the

FAIL=faltar, dejar de.
DRAWING=dibujo.
AWARE=avisado, tener cuidado.
THÚNDERBOLT=rayo.
STILLNESS=calma.
WAVES=olas.

sceue, «had ever diffused through Rome a joy so well founded and overflowing; nothing in the immense series of our annals to be compared to the exultation of that triumph. True, no captive princes and generals were driven with mockeries, and in fetters, before the conqueror's car; bnt instead of these, there went the Roman senators who had been liberated from prison. No prisoners of war were ordered to the Mamertine for execution; but men who had filled the consulship, were drawn forth to the enjoyment of liberty from where they lay in its dungeons, condemned to death. Instead of foreign captives, the senate and the Roman people, restored to liberty, adorned the procession; and instead of being enriched with spoils, the city itself gained deliverance from spoliation. The atrocious crimes that had so long trampled on the honours, and rioted in every excess at the expense of the citizens, were as if dragged like captives at the chariot wheels of him who triumphed.»

The destruction of the Milvian bridge had obliged Constantine to encamp on the Vatican fields beyond the Tiber, instead of entering Rome by the Flaminian way, the night of the battle; and thus the Roman emperor and his legions were compelled, as if by some invisible, all-ruling power, to carry the standard of the cross into the metropolis of paganism by that track, and no other, which had been marked out, from time immemorial, by the senate and the people, as the only legitimate way of triumphs. Having offered up vows at the tomb of St. Peter, instead of sacrificing to the idols, according to custom, the martial procession began to move across the Tiber into the plain of the Campus Martius.

This tract of level ground, expanding like an arena from the Capitoline, the Quirinal, and Pincian hills to the Tiber, was adorned in its entire extent with theatres, hippodromes, places for various warlike spectacles and games, with temples

MÓCKERIES=burla, escarnio.
FÉTTERS=grillos.
DELÍVERANCE=libertad.
TRAMPLED=pisotear.
RÍOTED=entregarse á los excesos.
TRACK=region, camino.

surrounded with groves of evergreens, and interwoven, one with the other, by shady walks and velvet lawns; while monuments and trophies, of snowy whiteness, and of every order, lined the river-side to the water's edge. The whole was populous with statues, inscribed to the most renowned characters in the Roman annals, and presented a scene so fascinating, «that it was almost impossible to tear one's eyes from beholding it.» But, towering above all, like an Alp of marble, rose the mausoleum, or tomb, of Augustus Cæsar, where the urns of the Julian family, and of many emperors, were placed. When any of them was to be deified, or added to the number of the gods, his body was carried with great pomp and ceremony upon a couch of gold, and placed on a pile of odoriferous wood upon its summit; and, as the flame began to ascend towards the corse, an eagle, fastened there for the purpose, was permitted to take wing, that it might be regarded by the applauding millions as the genius, or «mens divinior,» of the emperor soaring aloft to the skies.

Each terrace, and balcony, and rich veranda of this mighty pile, and of every other tomb, colonnade, and monument, along the line of procession, or within view of it, seemed to swarm with human beings, as the glorious sun poured his orient splendours over the temples and towers of the capitol, across the adjacent plain. All Rome, from the plebeian to the consular patrician, and of every age and sex, went forth in gala costume, and with hilarity of look, and voice, and feature, that radiated from the heart. Every eye had now been

VELVET = terciopelo.

LINED = forrar, cubrir.

TEAR (tear, tore, torn) = desgarrar. } separar la vista de.

ONE'S EYES FROM. }

DEIFIED = divinizar.

COUCH = lecho.

CORSE = cadáver (de hombre).

SOARING = remontar.

ALOFT = en lo alto.

VERANDA = veranda (galería ligera entoldada).

SWARM = abundar, hormiguear.

GALA = gala.

COSTÚME = traje.

FEATURE = faccion.

turned for some minutes to the gate of triumph, and every voice was hushed; but when the bronze portals flew open with a sound the instant they were struck by the first beams of morning, and gave ingress to the legions bearing that sign of conquest that Rome had never beheld till now, the plaudits and acclamations that shook the Campus Martius, and reverberated from the hills beyond the Tiber, back again, were taken up and prolonged, «like the sound of many waters,» by the millions crowded on every vantage ground, and roof, and along the entire extent of the triumphal way itself.

«After Constantine, who, in that juncture,» says Eusebius, «acted like Moses, that great servant of God, had offered up his vows and hymns of praise to the Author of victory, he made his entry in triumph into the imperial city. Whereupon all persons, as well those of the senatorial as of the equestrian order, feeling as 'twere suddenly liberated from prison; they, together with the entire population of Rome, received him with a joy in their countenances that proceeded from their very souls, with acclamations, and a gladness insatiable; and the men, together with the women, the children, and infinite numbers of slaves, hailed him as a redeemer, a benefactor, and a deliverer, with voices that could not be silenced. But both by proclamations and by signs, he intimated that these outpourings were due, not to him, but to that standard of salvation by which he had conquered.» The same symbol sanctified the arms of his soldiers; the cross glittered on their helmets, was engraved on their shields, and interwoven into their banners; and on the helmet and armour of the emperor they were composed of diamonds and precious stones, so that they sparkled and shone in the sun's rays with an enchanting brilliancy.

Passing the field of Mars, where the temples were thickest,

HUSHED = acallar.

VANTAGE GROUND = punto favorable.

WHEREUPON (whereupón) = en eso.

OUTPOURINGS = *rebosamientos*, ebullicion.

SPARKLED = chispear.

the procession of the Labarum moved along through the portico of Octavia, built by Pompey, into the Campus Flaminius; and on by where the triumphal gate stood in ancient times, between the Tarpeian cliff and the Tiber; thence by the theatre of Marcellus, through the portico of Octavia, sister of Augustus, the Velabrum, and the Forum Boarium, into the Circus Maximus. There the spectators, to the number of several hundreds of thousands, were ranged on the couches and marble benches of this Elysium of the Romans, occupying, as it did, the entire valley, from one end to the other, between the Palatine hill and the Aventine. Then wheeling to the left, the procession moved along between the Palatine and the Cœlian, towards the Coliseum, in the vicinity of which, at a place called the «Veteres Curiæ,» it passed under a temporary arch of triumph, built afterwards of marble. It was inscribed to the Liberator of the City, to the founder of tranquillity, and stated that all this he had effected «through the inspiration of the Divinity.» Wheeling again to the left, along the «sacred way,» before descending between the palace and the temple of Peace to the Roman forum, the triumph, midst ever-increasing throngs and acclamations, passed under the arch of Titus, of which the relievi, representing the sacred emblems and furniture of the Jewish temple, among the other spoils of conquest, bore perpetual testimony to the accomplishment of our Lord's denunciation against Jerusalem.

But that which, above all, distinguished this triumph, was its termination; for it ended not, as heretofore, in the murder of noble captives, and idolatrous sacrifices to Jupiter, but in the planting upon the capitol of that cross hitherto regarded with such bitter execration, and so long and cruelly persecuted by Rome. «And with a loud voice, and by inscription, «says Eusebius,» Constantine made known to all men the standard

BENCHES = bancos, asientos.

WHEELING = volver ó girar de pronto.

RELIEVI (relévi) = relieves.

ACCÓMPLISHMENT = cumplimiento.

BITTER = amargo.

HERETOFÓRE = hasta aquí.

of salvation, by erecting this great trophy in the midst of the imperial city, with a Latin inscription to the following effect: — «*By this salutary sign, the genuine type of fortitude, I have liberated and freed your city from the slavish yoke of the tyrant, and have set at liberty the senate and people of Rome, restoring them to their pristine splendour and dignity.*»

DR. MILEY.

DR. MILEY (bishop or missionary priest and preacher supposed to be still living). Style not particularly recommended.

XV. A WALK IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable.

I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in these two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon those registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of themselves, but that they were born, and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with

PRÍSTINE = antiguo.

WESTMÍNSTER ÁBBEY = abadía de Westminster en Lóndres.

AFTERNOON = tarde (despues de las doce).

CHÚRCHYARD = campo santo.

the digging of a grave; and saw, in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or scull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other, had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together, under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength and youth, with old age, weakness and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in a lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, ad by that means are not understood once in a twelve-month. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of those uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought; and which therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to con-

SHOVEL-FULL = azadonada.
SCULL = cráneo.
CRUMBLED = desmoronarse (la tierra).
SURVEYED = inspeccionar.
LUMP = pedazo.
BLUSH = ponerse colorado.

ceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put into execution.

Sir Cloudsley Shovel's monument has often given me great offence; instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguished character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is unanswerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste in their buildings and works of this nature, than we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells and coral.

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations: but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By these means I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I meet with the grief of

GALLANT = bizarro.

PÉRIWIG = peluca pequeña.

UNANSWERABLE = que no responde.

ACQUAINTS = enterar.

REAP (rep) = hacer la recoleccion, recoger.

DUTCH = holandés.

DESPÍSE = despreciar.

SEA-WEED = algas.

SHELL = mariscos.

IMPRÓVE = mejorar, perfeccionar, adelantar.

parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the great men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

ADDISON.

XVI. SCENERY AROUND JERUSALEM.

The most pleasing feature in the scenery around Jerusalem is the valley of Josaphat. Passing out of the gate of St. Stephen, you descend the hill to the torrent of the Cedron: a bridge leads over its dry and deep bed; it must have been very narrow, though in winter a rapid stream. A few steps beyond the Cedron, you come to the garden of Gethsemane, of all gardens the most interesting and hallowed, but how neglected and decayed! It is surrounded by a kind of low hedge, but the soil is bare; no verdure grows on it, save five or six fine venerable olive trees, which have stood here for many centuries. This spot is at the foot of Olivet, and is beautifully situated; you look up and down the romantic valley; close behind rises the mountain; before you are the walls of the devoted city. While lingering here, at evening and solitary—for it is not often a footstep passes by—that night of sorrow and dismay rushes on the imagination, when

WITS = ingenios.
STEPHEN (stéven) = Esteban.
HALLOWED = santo, sagrado.
SOIL = suelo.
BARE = desnudo, estéril.
DEVÓTED = destinado al sacrificio.
LINGERING = demorar, detenerse.
FOOTSTEP = huella, paso.

the Redeemer was betrayed, and forsaken by all, even by the loved disciple. Hence the path winds up the Mount of Olives: it is a beautiful hill. On the summit are the remains of a church, built by the empress S. Helena.

Descending Olivet to the narrow valley of Josaphat, you soon come to the pillar of Absalom: it has a very antique appearance, and it is a pleasing object in the valley; it is of a yellow stone, adorned with half columns, formed into three stages, and terminates in a cupola. The tomb of Zacharias, adjoining, is square, with four or five pillars, and is cut out of the rock. At the south-east of Sion, in the vale of Josaphat, they say the gardens of Salomon stood, and also on the sides of the hill adjoining that of Olivet. It was not a bad, though rather a confined site for them. The valley here is covered with a rich verdure, divided by hedges into a number of small gardens. The places within the walls of the city, which tradition would render sacred, are innumerable.

At a small distance within the gate of St. Stephen that fronts Olivet, is the pool of Bethsaida; it is deep and dry, the sides and bottom overgrown with grass, and containing two or three trees. A wretched street leads from this to the governor's palace, a spacious and rather ruinous building, of Roman architecture: it contains some good apartments, the windows of which command an excellent view of the mosque of Omar and its large area. In the palace the monks point out the room where our Redeemer was confined before his trial; and at a short distance is a dark and ruinous hall, shown as the judgment-hall of Pilate. A little further on is the arch where our Redeemer stood, as his judge exclaimed, «Behold the man.» You then proceed along the street where he bore his cross, in which, and in the street leading up to Calvary, are three places where,

BETRAYED=hacer traicion, vender.
ZACHARÍAS.
SÍON.
SÁCRED=sagrado.
POOL=charco, piscina.
WRETCHED (rétched)=mísero.
MOSQUE=mezquita.
TRÍAL=vista de causa, juicio.

staggering under the weight, he fell. These are marked by three small pillars, laid flat on the ground.

CARNE.

JOHN CARNE, died 1844. Travels, letters, lives.

XVII. ADVANTAGES OF COMMERCE.

There is no place in town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity as an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of my countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High Change to be a grand council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors, in the trading world, are what ambassadors are in the political world. They negociate affairs, conclude treaties and maintain a good correspondence, between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the distant extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London; or to see a subject of the great Mogul entering into a league with one of the czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, a Swede, or a Frenchman, at different times, or rather fancy

STAGGERING = bambolear, vacilar.

FLAT = aplanado, de plano.

ROYAL EXCHANGED = bolsa.

FACTORS = agentes.

ALDERMAN = regidor, concejal vitalicio.

JOSTLED (joseld) = dar de empellones ó codazos.

myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Nature seems to have taken particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interests. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes; the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippine Islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Hindoostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren and uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share. Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pignuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate, of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances towards a

WITH AN EYE TO=con la mira.
SAUCE=salsa.
PITH=sávia.
FLÁVOUR=aroma.
QUALITY=calidad, categoria.
MUFF=manguito.
SCARF=rebocillo, manteleta.
TIPPET=palatina.
PÉTTICOAT=enaguas.
DIAMOND (dímund)=diamante.
NECKLACE=collar.
BOWELS=entrañas.
HIPS=escaramujo.
HAWS=bayas de la espina blanca.
ACORNS=bellotas.
PIGNUTS=castaña de tierra.

plum than a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and our cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate, and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil.

Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are fitted with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan; our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America; and repose ourselves under indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew, calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice Islands, our hot-beds; the Persians, our silk-weavers; and the Chinese, our potters. Nature, indeed, furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that while we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons, there are not more useful members in

PLUM=ciruela.

SLOE=endrina.

CRAB=magullo.

APRICOTS=albaricoques.

CHERRIES=cerezas.

TRASH=porquerias.

STORED (store)=abastecer, cargar.

DRAUGHT (draft)=trago, bebida.

SPICE ISLANDS=Molucas.

HOT-BEDS=vivero, invernadero ó estufa.

SILK-WEAVERS (silk-wévers)=tejedores de seda.

POTTERS=alfarero.

a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frigid zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

ADDISON.

XVIII. DISTRESS AT SEA.

A long continued gale of wind drove us down towards the coast of New-Holland. When it had broken, and while we were labouring in the heavy swell which followed, we discerned a small boat, evidently in distress, and we were down to her aid. Owing to the swell, and the wind having moderated, it was some time ere the bark succeeded in getting alongside of her, to take her crew on board, which consisted of four sailors, and a master's mate. They belonged to an English frigate, which, having captured a small brigantine, had put them on board to take charge of her. The prize had been separated from the frigate by a white squall in the straits of Sunda, damaged in her masts and rigging. A northwester, against which they could

COMMONWEALTH (cómunwelth) = riqueza comun, cosa pública ó república (sentido no político).

KNIT = hacer calceta, unir ó entretejer.

TIN = hoja de lata.

WOOL = lana.

FLEECES = vellones.

HEAVY-SWELL = pesada hinchazon, mar gruesa.

WERE DOWN TO = bajamos, fuímos allá.

OWING TO = á causa de.

ALONGSIDE = al lado de.

GETTING ALONGSIDE = ponerse al lado.

CREW = tripulacion.

SAILORS = marineros.

MASTER'S MATE = comensal del patron, segundo.

WHITE SQUALL = racha ó ráfaga blanca, (es decir, sin aumento de la oscuridad).

DAMAGED = averiar.

RIGGING (rig) = aparejos.

NORTHWESTER = viento nordoeste.

make no head, had driven them a long way to the South-east. In this hapless, state, their frail and crazy bark had been struck abaft by a heavy sea, which had loosened her stern-post, and shattered the frame work of her stern. The water poured in so fast, that it was only by the greatest promptitude and dexterity they had succeeded in getting a clumsy boat, which lay amidship, afloat, just, as their vessel foundered. They had no time to secure any thing but themselves; a boy and two men were drowned, probably in attempting to save something. The boat was as old and worthless as the vessel to which she belonged; and, till she was somewhat seasoned in the water, they were all occupied in baling with their caps, and in stuffing, with rags and coir-oakum, the crevices and rents which the sun had made. Fortunately the boat, as she lay on board, had been used as a receptacle for old spare canvass, oars, light sails, the fag-ends of ropes, and what was now of far greater importance, a coop with six ducks, an old grisly he-goat, and a hen, that had demurely laid its egg, as an offering, for its undisturb-

HEAD=progreso.

HAPLES=desgraciado.

FRAIL=frágil.

CRAZY=que se deshace, ruinoso.

ABAFT=detrás, en popa.

HEAVY SEA=golpe de mar.

LOOSENED=soltar.

STERN-POST=codaste.

SHATTERED=hacer trizas.

FRAME WORK=marco ó peto de popa.

STERN=popa.

CLUMSY=tosco.

AMID-SHIP=en medio del buque.

FOUNDERED=irse á pique.

DROWNED=ahogar (en agua).

SEASONED=sazonar, atemperar (empapando).

BALING=achicar.

RAGS=trapos.

COIR-OAKUM=estopa de calafatear, hecha de las fibras del coco.

CRÉVICES=abertura.

RENTS=rajas.

SPARE=de sobra ó de repuesto.

CÁNVASS=lienzo, lona.

OARS=remos.

FAG-ENDS=cabos de desperdicios.

ROPES=cordaje.

COOP=caponera.

DUCKS=patos.

HE-GOAT=chivo.

HEN=gallina.

DEMURELY (demúrli)=con formulidad, con melindres.

ed sanctuary in the sheltered part of the bow, where it had probably roosted for years in solitary security. The seamen thanked Providence as they beheld their live-stock. Being up to their knees in water, dripping with water, water having destroyed their vessel, and now threatening to overwhelm them in its foaming billows, and with an ocean of water all around them, some time elapsed ere the awful words were uttered, «There is no fresh water in the boat!» Every voice echoed, in preternatural sound, «There is no fresh water!» Every eye wildly glanced at the boat, and around the sea, and again was despondingly muttered, «There is no water! Oh, God! we must perish!» — Such was the sad condition from which we rescued them. (*Anon.*)

XIX. TEMPEST AT SEA.

The Ocean swells with tremendous commotions. — The ponderous waves are heaved from their capacious bed, and almost lay bare the unfathomable deep. Flung into the most rapid agitation, they sweep over the rocks; they lash the lofty cliffs; and toss themselves into the clouds. Navies are rent from their anchors; and, with all their enormous load, are whirled, swift as the arrow, wild as the winds, along the vast abyss. — Now, they climb the rolling mountain; they plough the frightful ridge; and seem to skim the skies. Anon, they plunge into the

BOW = proa (la parte arqueada).
ROOSTED = pereharse ó posarse.
LIVE-STOCK = acopio de animales.
DRIPPING (drip) = gotear (como una prenda empapada), chorrear.
DESPONDINGLY = con desesperacion, abatimiento.
MUTTERED = decir entre dientes, murmurar.
LASH = azotar.
TOSS = agitar, tirar al aire.
NÁVIES = escuadras.
RENT (rend, rent) = desgajar, arrebatar.
WHIRLED = voltear ó girar con el movimiento del remolino.
PLOUGH (plou) = arar, surcar.
RIDGE = sierra.
SKIM = rozar (como la golondrina el agua).
ANÓN = y luego.

opening gulf; they lose the sight of day; and are lost themselves to every eye. How vain is the pilot's art! How impotent the mariner's strength! They reel to and fro, and stagger in the jarring hold; or cling to the cordage, while bursting seas foam over the deck. Despair is in every face, and Death sits threatening on every surge.—But why, O ye astonished mariners, why should you abandon yourselves to despair? Is the Lord's hand shortened, because the waves of the sea rage horribly? Is his ear deafened, by the roaring thunders, and the bellowing tempest? Cry, cry unto him, who «holdeth the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand.» He is all-gracious, to hear; and almighty, to save. If he commands, the storm shall be hushed to silence; the billows shall subside into a calm: the lightnings shall lay their fiery bolts aside: and, instead of sinking in a watery grave, you shall find yourselves brought to the desired haven.

HERVEY.

JAMES HERVEY, 1714–1758. — Meditations, Criticism, Dialogues, Letters.

XX. MONUMENT OF A YOUTH.

Here lies the grief of a foud mother, and the blasted expectation of an indulgent father.—The youth grew up, like a well-watered plant; he shot deep, rose high, and bid fair for

REEL=bambolear, ir dando vueltas.
STAGGER=mover con vértigo ó paso inseguro (haciendo eses).
JARRING=rechinar, sonar discorde.
BELLOWING=que bufa.
FIST=puño.
HOLLOW=hueco.
GRACIOUS=bondadoso, dadivoso.
FIERY BOLTS=cerrojos de fuego, rayos.
HAVEN=puerto.
BLASTED=hacer marchitar, destruir.
WELL-WATERED=bien regado.
SHOT DEEP=echó profunda raiz.
BID FAIR = ofrecer bellamente, dar fundadas esperanzas.

manhood. But just as the cedar began to tower, and promised, ere long, to be the pride of the wood, and prince among the neighbouring trees — Behold! the ax is laid unto the root; the fatal blow struck; and all its branching honours tumbled to the dust. — And did he fall alone? No, the hopes of his father that begat him, and the pleasing prospects of her that bare him, fell, and were crushed together with him.

Doubtless, it would have pierced one's heart, to have beheld the tender parents, following the breathless youth, to his long home. Perhaps, drowned in tears, and all overwhelmed with sorrows, they stood, like weeping statues, on this very spot. — Methinks, I see the deeply distressed mourners attending the sad solemnity. How they wring their hands, and pour floods from their eyes! — Is it fancy? or do I really hear the passionate mother, in an agony of affliction, taking her final leave of the darling of her soul? Dumb she remained, while the awful obsequies were performing; dumb with grief, and leaning upon the partner of her woes. But now the inward anguish struggles for vent; it grows too big to be repressed. She advances to the brink of the grave. All her soul is in her eyes. She fastens one more look upon the dear doleful object, before the pit shuts

MANHOOD = estado de hombre, edad viril.

AX = hacha.

BRANCHING HONOURS = adornos de ramaje.

TUMBLED = derruir.

DUST = polvo.

BEGAT por begó (beget, begot, begotten) = engendrar.

PROSPECTS = perspectiva, porvenir.

BARE (bear, bare, borne) = producir, parir.

PIERCE (pers) = penetrar.

CRUSHED = aplastar, anonadar.

HOME = hogar, morada.

LONG HOME = morada de mucho tiempo, sepulcro.

MOURNERS (mórnes) = lamentadores, los que van al duelo ó funerales.

LEAVE = licencia: *take leave* = despedirse.

DARLING = querido, ídolo.

DUMB (dum) = mudo.

OBSEQUIES = exequias.

WOES = penas, angustias.

VENT = salida.

BIG = grueso, grande.

FASTENS (fásens) = fijar, clavar.

DOLEFULL (dólful) = triste, lúgubre

PIT = hoyo.

its mouth upon him. And as she looks, she cries; — in broken accents, interrupted by many a rising sob, she cries: — «Farewell, my son! my son! my only beloved! Would to God I had died for thee! — Farewell, my child; and farewell all my earthly happiness! I shall never more see good, in the land of the living. — Attempt not to comfort me. — I will go mourning, all my days, till my grey hairs come down, with sorrow, to the grave.»

HERVEY.

XXI. A SUMMER MORNING WALK.

I lately walked in a beautiful flower-garden, where I at once regaled the sense, and indulged the fancy.

It was early in a summer morning, when the air was cool, the earth moist, the whole face of the creation fresh and gay. The noisy world was scarce awake. Business had not quite shook off his sound sleep; and riot had but just reclined his giddy head. All was serene, all was still: every thing tended to inspire tranquillity of mind, and invite to serious thought.

Only the wakeful lark had left her nest, and was mounting on high, to salute the opening day. Elevated in air, she seemed to call the laborious husbandman to his toil, and all her fellow-songsters to their notes. — Earliest of birds, said I, companion of the dawn, may I always rise at thy voice! Rise, to offer the matin-song; and adore that beneficent being, «who maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.»

SOB = sollozo.

FAREWELL = A Dios.

MOIST = húmedo.

SHOOK OFF (por *shaken off*) = sacudido.

SOUND SLEEP = profundo sueño.

GIDDY = atolondrado, atontado.

WAKEFUL LARK = despierta calandria.

HUSBANDMAN = labrador.

FELLOW-SONGSTERS = compañeros de canto.

MATIN-SONG = canto matinal.

MAKETH (estilo didáctico, por *makes*) = hace.

OUTGOINGS = salidas (derivado de *out* y *go* = ir fuera).

How charming to rove abroad, at this sweet hour of prime! To enjoy the calm of nature; to tread the dewy lawns; and taste the unrifled freshness of the air!

> Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
> With charm of earliest birds.

What a pleasure do the sons of Sloth lose? Little, ah! little is the sluggard sensible, how delicious an entertainment he foregoes, for the poorest of all animal gratifications.

The greyness of the dawn decays gradually. Abundance of ruddy streaks tinge the fleeces of the firmament, till at length, the dappled aspect of the east is lost, in one ardent and boundless blush.—Is it the surmise of imagination, or do the skies really redden with shame, to see so many supinely stretched on their drowsy pillows?—Shall man be lost in luxurious ease? Shall man waste these precious hours, in idle slumbers? While the vigorous sun is up, and going on his maker's errand? While all the feather'd choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their homage in harmony?—No. Let him heighten the melody of the tuneful tribes, by adding the rational strains of devotion. Let him improve the fragrant oblations of nature, by mingling, with the rising odours, the more refined breath of praise.

HERVEY.

PRIME=madrugada.
TASTE=probar.
UNRIFLED=no robado ó saqueado, puro, inlacto.
MORN=mañana.
HER RISING=su levantamiento, su salida.
SLOTH=pereza, indolencia.
SLUGGARD=haragan, indolente.
FOREGOES (forgó)=preceder, rennciar.
GREYNESS=lo pardo.
DAWN=alba.
RUDDY=rojizo.
STREAKS (streks)=rasgos.
TINGES=teñir ligeramente.
DAPPLED=varetear, rayar ó aborregarse, cubrirse el cielo de nubecillas que imitan vellones de lana.
BLUSH=sonrojo.
SURMISE=vaga sospecha.
DROWSY=soñoliento ó amodorrado, que tiene sueño pesado.
PILLOWS=almohada.
ERRAND=mensaje.
TUNEFUL (túnful)=cantor, lleno de música.

XXII. THE FRENCH CLERGY.

When my occasions took me into France, towards the close of the late reign, the clergy, under all their forms, engaged a considerable part of my curiosity. So far from finding (except from one set of men, not then very numerous, though very active) the complaints and discontents against that body, which some publications had given me reason to expect, I perceived little or no public or private uneasiness on their account. On further examination, I found the clergy, in general, persons of moderate minds and decorous manners; I include the seculars, and the regulars of both sexes. I had not the good fortune to know a great many of the parochial clergy; but in general I received a perfectly good account of their morals, and of their attention to their duties. With some of the higher clergy I had a personal acquaintance; and of the rest in that class very good means of information. They were, almost all of them, persons of noble birth. They resembled others of their own rank; and where there was any difference, it was in their favour. They were more fully educated than the military nobless; so as by no means to disgrace their profession by ignorance, or by want of fitness for the exercise of their authority. They seemed to me, beyond the clerical character, liberal and open; with the hearts of gentlemen and men of honour; neither insolent nor servile in their manners and conduct. They seemed to me rather a superior class; a set of men, amongst whom you would not be surprised to find a Fenelon. I saw among the clergy in Paris (many of the description are not to be met with any where) men of great learning and candour; and I had reason

CLÉRGY = clero.

DECOROUS (decórus) = decoroso.

BY NO MEANS (méns) = por ningun medio, de ningun modo.

DISGRÁCE = deshonrar.

LÍBERAL = ingénuo, franco.

SRT = clase.

ANY WHERE = parte alguna.

CÁNDOUR = despreocupacion, franqueza, candor, ingenuidad.

to believe that this description was not confined to Paris. What I found in other places, I know, was accidental; and therefore to be presumed a fair sample. I spent a few days in a provincial town, where in the absence of the bishop, I passed my evenings with three clergymen, his vicars-general, persons who would have done honour to any church. They were all well informed; two of them of deep, general, and extensive erudition, ancient and modern, oriental and western; particularly in their own profession. They had a more extensive knowledge of our English divines than I expected; and they entered into the genius of those writers with a critical accuracy. One of these gentlemen is since dead, the Abbé Morangis. I pay this tribute, without reluctance, to the memory of that noble, reverend, learned, and excellent person; and I should do the same, with equal cheerfulnes, to the merits of the others, who I believe are still living, if I did not fear to hurt those whom I am unable to serve.

Some of these ecclesiastics of rank are, by all titles, persons deserving of general respect. They are deserving of gratitude from me, and from many English. If this letter should ever come into their hands, I hopet hey will believe there are those of our nation who feel for their unmerited fall, and for the cruel confiscation of their fortunes, with no common sensibility. What I say of them is a testimony, as far as one feeble voice can go, which I owe to truth. Whenever the question of this unnatural persecution is concerned, I will pay it. No one shall prevent me from being just and grateful. The time is fitted for the duty; and it is particularly becoming to shew our justice and gratitude, when those who have deserved well of us and of mankind

SAMPLE = muestra: *fair sample* = no mala muestra.

BISHOP (bishup) = obispo.

CLERGYMEN = clérigos.

DIVINES = teólogos.

ENTERED INTO THE GENIUS = penetrar el espiritu.

RELÚCTANCE = mala gana ó grado.

HURT = lastimar, perjudicar.

IS CONCERNED = se trata de.

are labouring under popular obloquy and the persecutions of oppressive power.

BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE, 1730–1797. — Essays, Oratory, (Irelsnd).

XXIII. THE HEATHEN HOUSEHOLD.

While the scenes described in the three last chapters were taking place, a very different one presented itself in another house, situated in the valley between the Quirinal and Esquiline hills. It was that of Fabius, a man of the equestrian order, whose family, by farming the revenues of Asiatic provinces, had amassed immense wealth. His house was larger and more splendid than the one we have already visited.

It contained a third large peristyle, or court, surrounded by immense apartments; and besides possessing many treasures of European art, it abounded with the rarest productions of the East. Carpets from Persia were laid on the ground, silks from China, many coloured stuffs from Babylon, and gold embroidery from India and Phrygia covered the furniture, while curious works in ivory and in metals, scattered about, were attributed to the inhabitants of islands beyond the Indian ocean, of monstrous form and fabulous descent.

Fabius himself, the owner of all this treasure and of large estates was a true specimen of an easy-going Roman, who was determined thoroughly to enjoy this life. In fact, he never dreamt of any other. Believing in nothing, yet worshipping, as a matter of course, on all proper occasions, whatever deity

ÓBLOQUY = vituperio.
HÉATHEN = gentilico.
FARMING = arrendar.
RÉVENUES = rentas.
CÁRPETS = alfombras.
STUFFS = géneros.
IVORY = marfil.
OWNER = dueño.
SPÉCIMEN = muestra.
EÁSY-GOING = que va cómodo, que no se molesta por nada.
A MATTER OF COURSE = cosa natural.

happened to have its turn, he passed for a man as good as his neighbours, and no one had a right to exact more. The greater part of his day was passed at one or other of the great baths, which, besides the purposes implied in their name, comprised in their many adjuncts the equivalents of clubs, reading-rooms, gambling-houses, tennis-courts, and gymnasiums. There he took his bath, gossiped, read and whiled away his hours; or sauntered for a time into the Forum to hear some orator speaking, or some advocate pleading, or into one of the many public gardens, whither the fashionable world of Rome repaired. He returned home to an elegant supper, not later than our dinner; where he had daily guests, either previously invited, or picked up during the day, among the many parasites on the look out for good fare.

At home he was a kind and indulgent master. His house was well kept for him by an abundance of slaves; and, as trouble was what most he dreaded, so long as every thing was comfortable, handsome and well-served about him, he let things go on quietly, under the direction of his freedmen.

It is not, however, so much to him that we wish to introduce our reader, as to another inmate of his house, the sharer of its splendid luxury, and the sole heiress of his wealth. This is his daughter, who, according to Roman usage, bears the father's name, softened, however, into the diminutive Fabiola. As we have done before, we will conduct the reader at once into her apartment. A marble staircase leads to it from the second court, over the sides of which extends a suite of rooms, opening upon a terrace, refreshed and adorned by a graceful fountain, and covered with a profusion of the rarest exotic plants. In these chambers is concentrated whatever is most exquisite and curious, in native and foreign art. A refined taste

READING-ROOMS = gabinetes de lectura.

GAMBLING-HOUSES = casas de juego.

GOSSIPED = chismear.

WHILED AWAY = ir entreteniendo.

PLEADING = abogar, defender.

FARE = comida, trato.

FREEDMEN = libertos.

HEIRESS = heredera.

SUITE = série.

directing ample means, and peculiar opportunities, has evidently presided over the collection and arrangement of all around. At this moment, the hour of the evening repast is approaching; and we discover the mistress of this dainty abode engaged in preparing herself, to appear with becoming splendour.

She is reclining on a couch of Athenian workmanship, inlaid with silver, in a room of Cyzicene form; that is, having glass windows to the ground, and so opening on to the flowery terrace. Against the wall opposite to her hangs a mirror of polished silver, sufficient to reflect a whole standing figure; on a porphyry-table beside it is a collection of the innumerable rare cosmetics and perfumes, of which the Roman ladies had become so fond, and on which they lavished immense sums. On another, of Indian sandal-wood, was a rich display of jewels and trinkets in their precious caskets, from which to select for the day's use.

It is by no means our intention, nor our gift, to describe persons or features; we wish more to deal with minds. We will, therefore, content ourselves with saying, that Fabiola, now at the age of twenty, was not considered inferior in appearance to other ladies of her rank, age, and fortune, and had many aspirants for her hand. But she was a contrast to her father in temper and in character. Proud, haughty, imperious and irritable, she ruled like an empress all that surrounded her, with one or two exceptions, and exacted humble homage from all that approached her. An only child, whose mother had died in giving her birth, she had been nursed and brought up in indulgence by her careless, good-natured father; she had been provided with the best masters, had been adorned with every accomplishment, and allowed to gratify every extravagant wish. She had never known what it was to deny herself a desire.

REPÁST = comida.

COUCH = lecho.

WÓRKMANSHIP = trabajo.

SÍLVER = plata.

LÁVISHED = prodigar.

GIFT = don.

BIRTH = nacimiento.

DENY (deni) = negarse.

Having been left so much to herself, she had read much, and especially in profounder books. She had thus become a complete philosopher of the refined, that is, the infidel and intellectual, epicureanism, which had been long fashionable in Rome. Of Christianity she knew nothing, except that she understood it to be something very low, material, and vulgar. She despised it, in fact, too much to think of inquiring into it. And as to paganism with its gods, its vices, its fables, and its idolatry, she merely scorned it, though outwardly she followed it. In fact, she believed in nothing beyond the present life, and thought of nothing except its refined enjoyment. But her very pride threw a shield over her virtue; she loathed the wickedness of heathen society, as she despised the frivolous youths who paid her jealously exacted attention, for she found amusement in their follies. She was considered cold and selfish, but she was morally irreproachable.....

We find, then, Fabiola reclining on her couch, holding in her left hand a silver mirror with a handle, and in the other a strange instrument for so fair a hand. It is a sharp pointed stiletto, with a delicately carved ivory handle, and a gold ring, to hold it by. This was the favourite weapon with which Roman ladies punished their slaves, or vented their passion on them, upon suffering the least annoyance, or when irritated by pettish anger. Three female slaves are now engaged about their mistress. They belong to different races, and have been purchased at high prices, not merely on account of their appearance, but for some rare accomplishment they are supposed to possess. One is a black; not of the degraded negro stock, but from one of those races, such as the Abyssinians and Numidians, in whom the features are as regular as in the Asiatic people. She is supposed to have great skill in herbs, and in

SCORNED = hacer befa de.
SHIELD (sheld) = escudo.
FÓLLIES = locuras.
SELFISH = egoista.
HANDLE = mango.
CARVED = tallar.
VENTED = desahogar.
ANNOYANCE = incomodidad.
NÉGRO STOCK = raza negra.
HERBS (erbs) = yerbas.

their cosmetic ad healing properties, perhaps also in more dangerous uses—in compounding philtres, charms, and possibly poisons. She is merely known by her national designation as Afra. A Greek comes next, selected for her taste in dress, and for the elegance and purity of her accent; she is therefore called Graia. The name which the third bears, Syra, tells us that she comes from Asia; and she is distinguished for her exquisite embroidering, and for her assidnous deligence. She is quiet, silent, but completely engaged with the duties which now devolve upon her. The other two are garrulous, light, and make great pretence abont any little thing they do. Every moment they address the most extravagant flattery to their young mistress, or try to promote the suit of one or other of the profligate candidates for her hand, who has best or last bribed them.

CARDINAL WISEMAN — (*Fabiola*).

NICHOLAS WISEMAN, Cardinal archbishop of Westminster is still living. His writings are chiefly of a religious scientific or controversial character.

HEALING = sanar.
DEVÓLVE = recaer.
SUIT (sut) = pretension.
PRÓFLIGATE = perdido.
BRIBED = sobornar.
WRITINGS (ritings) = escritos.

CHARACTERS.

I. S. FRANCIS XAVIER.

§ I.

As the vessel in which the saint embarked for India fell down the Tagus and shook out her reefs to the wind, many an eye was dimmed with unwonted tears; for she bore a regiment of a thousand men, to reinforce the garrison of Goa; nor could the bravest of that gallant host gaze on the receding land without foreboding that he might never see again those dark chestnut forests and rich orange groves, with the peaceful convents and long-loved homes reposing in their bosom. The countenance of Xavier alone beamed with delight. He knew that he should never tread his native mountains more; but he was not an exile. He was to depend for food and raiment on the bounty of his fellow-passengers; but no thought for the morrow troubled him. He was going to convert nations, of which he knew not the language nor even the names; but he felt no misgivings. Worn by incessant sea-sickness, with the refuse food of the lowest seamen for his diet, and the cordage of the ship for

XAVIER (závyur).
FELL DOWN = fué bajando.
TÁGUS = Tajo.
REEFS = rizos (mar).
GALLANT = bizarro.
HOST = hueste.
FORBÓDING = pronosticar.
CHESTNUT (chésnut) = castaño —a.
RÁIMENT = vestimento.
FELLOW-PASSENGERS = compañeros de pasaje.
MORROW = mañana (el dia siguiente).
MISGIVINGS = recelos.
SEA-SICKNESS = mareo.
RÉFUSE FOOD = comida de desecho ó sobras.

his couch, he rendered to the diseased services to revolting to be described; and lived among the dying and the profligate, the unwearied minister of consolations and of peace. In the midst of that floating throng, he knew how to create for himself a sacred solitude, and how to mix in all their pursuits in the free spirit of the man of the world, a gentleman, and a scholar. With the viceroy and the officers he talked, as pleased them best, of war or trade, of politics or navigation; and to restrain the common soldiers from gambling, would invent for their amusement less dangerous pastimes, or even hold the stakes for which they played, that by his presence and his gay discourse, he might at least check the excesses which he could not prevent.

Five weary months (weary to all but him) brought the ship to Mozambique, where an endemic fever threatened a premature grave to the apostle of the Indies. But his was not a spirit to be quenched or allayed by the fiercest paroxysms of disease. At each remission of his malady, he crawled to the beds of his fellow-sufferers, to soothe their terrors, or assuage their pains. To the eye of any casual observer, the most wretched of mankind, in the esteem of his companions the happiest and the most holy, he reached Goa just thirteen months after his departure from Lisbon.

At Goa he was shocked, and, had fear been an element in his nature, would have been dismayed, by the almost universal depravity of the inhabitants. It exhibited itself in those offen-

DISEASED (disésd)=enfermo (de males contagiosos del cútis ó de los órgános).

REVOLTÍNG=que repugna.

PRÓFLIGATE=perdido, gentes de mal vivir.

MINISTER=el que reparte.

VÍCEROY=viroy.

TALKED (takt)=conversar.

GAMBLING=juego (mal sentido).

STAKES=puestas.

APOSTLE (apósel).

QUENCHED=apagar.

ALLÁY=calmar (fiebres, etc).

CRAWLED=ir como un gusano.

ASSUÁGE=endulzar, calmar ó mitigar.

SHOCKED=horrorizar (por el asco).

DISMAYED=intimidar.

sive forms which characterise the crimes of civilised men when settled among a feebler race, and released from even the conventional decencies of civilisation. Swinging in his hand a large bell, he traversed the streets of the city, and implored the astonished crowd to send their children to him, to be instructed in the religion which they still at least professed. Though he had never been addressed by the soul-stirring name of father, he knew that in the hardest and most dissolute heart which had once felt the parental instinct, there is one chord which can never be wholly out of tune. A crowd of little ones were quickly placed under his charge. He lived among them as the most laborious of teachers, and the gentlest and the gayest of friends; and then returned them to their homes, thatb y their more hallowed example they might there impart, with all the unconscious eloquence of filial love, the lessons of wisdom and of piety they had been taught. No cry of human misery reached him in vain. He became an inmate of the hospitals, selecting that of the lepros as the object of his peculiar care. Even at the tables of the profligate, he was to be seen an honoured and a welcome guest; delighting that most unmeet audience with the vivacity of his discourse, and sparing neither pungent jests to render vice ridiculous, nor sportive flatteries to allure the fallen back to the still distasteful paths of soberness and virtue.

RELEASED (reiésd) = poner en libertad, estar libre.

SWINGING (swing, swang, swung) = balancear ó columpiar, tocar.

BELL = campana.

SOUL-STIRRING = que conmueve el alma.

OUT OF TUNE = destemplado.

TEACHERS (téchers) = maestros.

HOMES = moradas, hogares.

HALLOWED = santificado.

UNCÓNSCIOUS = inconosciente, silencioso.

WÉLCOME = bien venido.

GUEST = huésped.

UBMÉET = quo no conviene, inconveniente.

SPÁRING = ahorrar, perdonar.

PUNGENT = que pica, picante.

SPÓRTIVE = jugueton, gracioso.

DISTASTEFUL (distástful) = desabrido.

PATHS = sendas.

Strong in purity of purpose, and stronger still in one sacred remembrance, he was content to be called the friend of publicans and sinners. He had in truth long since deserted the standard of prudence — the offspring of forethought, for the banners of wisdom — the child of love, and followed them through perils not to be hazarded under any less triumphant leader.

From the days of Saint Paul to our own, the annals of mankind exhibit no other example of a soul borne onward so triumphantly through distress and danger, in all their most appalling aspects. He battled with hunger and thirst and nakedness and assassination, and pursued his mission of love, with even increasing ardour, amidst the wildest war of the contending elements. At the island of Moro, (one of the group of the Moluccas), he took his stand at the foot of a volcano, and as the pillar of fire threw up its wreaths to heaven, and the earth tottered beneath him, and the firmament was rent by falling rocks and peals of unintermitting thunder, he pointed to the fierce lightnings, and the river of molten lava, and called on the agitated crowd which clung to him for safety, to repent and to obey the truth; figuring to them, at the same time, that the sounds which racked their ears were as the groans of the infernal world, and the sights which blasted their eyes, as an outbreak from the atmosphere of the place of torment. Repairing for the celebration of Mass to some edifice which he had consecrated for the purpose, an earthquake shook the

OFFSPRING = prole, producto.

FORETHOUGHT (forthot) = reflexion, premeditacion.

ONWARD = adelante.

APPÁLLING = que intimida ó espanta.

WREATHS (reths) = cosa que se tuerce, columna espiral.

TOTTERED = bambolear, conmoverse.

PEALS (pels) = estallidos

MOLTEN (de *melt*) = derretido.

CLUNG (cling, clang) = agarrarse.

RACKED = desgarrar.

GROANS = quejidos.

BLASTED = quemar ó abrasar.

OUTBREAK (oùtbrek) = erupcion.

REPAÍRING = dirigirse á.

MASS = misa.

EARTHQUAKE (erthquake) = terremoto (de *earth* tierra y *quake* temblar).

building to its base. The terrified worshippers fled; but Xavier, standing in meek composure before the rocking altar, deliberately completed that mysterious sacrifice, rejoicing, as he states in his description of the scene, to perceive that the demons of the island thus attested their flight before the archangel's sword, from the place where they had so long exercised their foul dominion. There is no schoolboy of our days who could not teach much, unsuspected by St. Francis Xavier, of the laws which govern the material and the spiritual worlds; but we have not many doctors who know as much as he did of the nature of Him, by whom the worlds of matter and of spirit were created; for he studied in the school of protracted martyrdom and active philanthropy, where are divulged secrets unknown and unimagined by the wisest and the most learned of ordinary men. Imparting everywhere such knowledge as he possessed, he ranged over no small part of the Indian archipelago, and at length retraced his steps to Malacca, if even yet his exhortations and his prayers might avert her threatened doom.

§ II.

The earthly toils and projects of the saint were now to cease for ever. The angel of death appeared with a summons, for which, since death first entered our world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board the vessel on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his

WORSHIPPERS = los que prestan culto, adoradores.

ROCKING = que se mueve como una cuna, oscilante.

ATTESTED = atestiguar.

PROTRACTED MARTYRDOM = martirio prolongado.

EVERYWHERE = por todas partes.

RANGED OVER = recorrer.

DOOM = sentencia, fallo.

REQUEST = peticion.

BEACH = playa.

vital power. It was a solitude and an agony for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society and the purest of the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful one endured for his deliverance; and a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the now unclouded eye of faith; and audible to the dying martyr through the yielding bars of his mortal prisonhouse, in strains of exulting joy till then unheard and unimagined. Tears burst from his fading eyes, tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a few brief moments irradiated, as with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself on his crucifix, and exclaiming, «In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in æternum,» he bowed his head and died.

He lived among men as if to show how little the grandeur of the human soul depends on mere intellectual power. His it was to demonstrate with what vivific rays a heart imbued with the love of God and man may warm and kindle the nations; dense as may be the exhalations through which the giant pursues his course from the one end of heaven to the other. Scholars criticised, wits jested, prudent men admonished, and kings opposed him; but on moved Francis Xavier, borne forward by an impulse which crushed and scattered to the winds all such puny obstacles. In ten short years, a solitary wanderer, destitute of all human aid, as if mercy had lent him wings, and faith an impenetrable armour, he traversed oceans, islands, and continents, through a tract equal to more than twice the circumference of our globe; everywhere preaching, disputing, baptizing, and founding Christian churches. It is miraculous that any mortal man should have sustained such toils as he did; and have sustained them too, not merely with

YIELDING BARS = barras que ceden ó doblan.

UTTERANCE = expresion.

WITS = hombres de chiste, ingenio.

PUNY = enclenque, débil.

PREACHING = predicar.

composure, but as if in obedience to some indestructible exigency of his nature.

«The Father Master Francis,» the words of his associate, Melchior Nuñez, «when labouring for the salvation of idolaters, seemed to act, not by any acquired power, but as by some natural instinct; for he could neither take pleasure, nor even exist, except in such employments. They were his repose; and when he was leading men to the knowledge and love of God, however much he exerted himself, he never appeared to be making any effort. Ten hundred thousand converts are numbered as the fruits of his mission. Kings, rajahs, and princes, were always, when possible, the first objects of his care. Some such conquests he certainly made; and as the flocks would often follow their shepherds, the Christian fold must have been entered by thousands and tens of thousands. But if Xavier taught the mighty of the earth, it was for the sake of the poor and miserable, and with them chiefly he dwelt. He dwelt with them on terms ill enough corresponding with the vulgar notions of a saint. «You, my friends,» said he to a band of soldiers who had hidden their cards at his approach, «belong to no religious order, nor can you pass whole days in devotion. Amuse yourselves. To you it is not forbidden, if you neither cheat, quarrel, nor swear, when you play.» Then good-humouredly sitting down in the midst of them, he challenged one of the party to a game at chess, and was found at the board by Don Diego Novagna, whose curiosity had brought him from afar to see so holy a man, and to catch some fragments of that solemn discourse which must ever be flowing from his lips. The grandee would have died in the belief that the saint was a hypocrite, unless, by good fortune, he had afterwards chanced to break in on his retirement, and to find him there suspended

SAKE = causa, amor.

CARDS = billetes, tarjetas, cartas.

CHEAT = engañar.

SWEAR = jurar.

CHALLENGED = desafiar, retar.

HYPOCRITE (hipocrite).

betwcen earth and heaven, in a rapture of devotion, with a halo of celestial glory encircling his head.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

II. ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

If we estimate the character of a sovereign by the test of popular affection, we must rank Edward among the best princes of his time. The goodness of his heart was adored by his subjects, who lamented his death with tears of undissembled grief, and bequeathed his memory as an object of veneration to their posterity. The blessings of his reign are the constant theme of our ancient writers: not, indeed, that he displayed any of those brilliant qualities, which attract admiration, while they inflict misery. He could not boast of the victories which he had achieved: but he exhibited the interesting spectacle of a king, negligent of his private interests, and totally devoted to the welfare of his people; and, by his labours to restore the dominion of the laws; his vigilance to ward off foreign aggression; his constant, and ultimately successful, solicitude to appease the feuds of his nobles; if he did not prevent the interruption, he secured, at least, a longer duration of public tranquillity, than had been enjoyed in England for half a century. He was pious, kind, and compassionate; the father of the poor, and the protector of the weak; more willing to give than to receive, and better pleased to pardon than to punish. Under the preceding kings, force generally supplied the place of justice, and the people were impoverished by the rapacity of the sovereign. But Edward enforced the laws of his Saxon predecessors, and disdained the riches which were wrung from the labours of his subjects. Temperate in his diet, unostenta-

HÁLO = auréola.

TEST = prueba, criterio.

ACHIEVED (achévd) = acabar.

WARD OFF = resguardarse contra.

FEUDS = enemistades.

WRUNG (wring) FROM = arrancará.

tious in his person, pursuing no pleasures but those which his hawks and hounds afforded, he was content with the patrimonial demesnes of the crown; and was able to assert; even after the abolition of that fruitful source of revenue, the Dane-gelt; that he possessed a greater portion of wealth, than any of his predecessors had enjoyed. To him, the principle that the king can do no wrong, was literally applied by the gratitude of his people, who, if they occasionally complained of the measures of the government, attributed the blame not to the monarch himself, of whose benevolence they entertained no doubt, but to the ministers, who had abused his confidence, or deceived his credulity. It was, however, a fortunate circumstance for the memory of Edward, that he occupied the interval between the Danish and Norman conquests. Writers were induced to view his character with more partiality, from the hatred with which they looked on his successors and prédecessors. They were foreigners; he was a native: they held the crown by conquest; he by descent: they ground to the dust the slaves whom they had made; he became known to his countrymen only by his benefits. Hence he appeared to shine with purer light amid the gloom with which he was surrounded; and whenever the people under the despotism of the Norman kings, had any opportunity of expressing their real wishes, they constantly called for «the laws and customs of the good King Edward.»

LINGARD.

JOHN LINGARD. — Still living; distinguished historian.

III. SHAKESPEARE.

The character which Dryden has drawn of Shakespeare, is

HAWKS = halcones.

HOUNDS = perros de caza.

DEMESNES (deméns) = estados.

DANE-GELT = contribucion para resistir á los daneses.

WRONG = mal.

HATRED = odio.

GROUND (grind) = moler.

DUST = polvo.

SHAKESPEARE (Shákspер.)

not only just, but uncommonly elegant and happy. «He was »the man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had »the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of »nature were still present to him, and he drew them not la»boriously, but luckily. When he describes any thing you more »than see it, you feel it too. They who accuse him of wanting »learning, give him the greatest commendation. He was natu»rally learned. He needed not the spectacles of books to read »nature. He looked inward and found her there. I cannot say »he is every-where alike. Were he so, I should do him injury »to compare him to the greatest of mankind. He is many times »flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his »serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when »some great occasion is presented to him.»

Great he may be justly called, as the extent and force of his natural genius both for tragedy and comedy, are altogether unrivalled. But, at the same time, it is a genius shooting wild, deficient in just taste, and altogether unassisted by knowledge or art. Long has he been idolized by the British nation; much has been said, and much has been written concerning him. Criticism has been drawn to the very dregs in commentaries upon his words and witticisms; and yet it remains, to this day, in doubt, whether his beauties or his faults be greatest. Admirable scenes and passages, without number, there are in his plays; passages beyond what are to be found in any other dramatic writer; but there is hardly any one of his plays which can be read with uninterrupted pleasure from beginning to end.

LUCKILY = con suerte.

SPÉCTACLES = gafas.

FLAT = bajo, rastrero.

CLENCHES (clinches) = equivocos ó retruécanos.

BÓMBAST = algodon para ahuecar, estilo ampuloso y campanudo.

SHOOTING WILD = que se cria silvestre ó sin cultivo.

DREGS = heces.

WITTICISMS = gracias, chistes.

PLAYS = piezas de teatro, comedias.

UNINTERRUPTED (de *un*, *inter* y *rumpo*) = que nunca se interrumpe.

Besides extreme irregnlarity in conduct and a grotesque mixture of serions and comic in one piece, we are often interrupted by unnatural thoughts, harsh expressions, a certain obscure bombast and a play upon words, which he is fond of pursuing; and these interruptions to our pleasure too frequently occur on occasions when we would least wish to meet with them. All these faults, however, Shakespeare redeems by two of the greatest excellencies which any tragic poet can posséss; his lively and diversified paintings of character; his strong and natural expressions of passion. These are his two chief virtues; on these his merit rests. Notwithstanding his many absurdities, all the while we are reading his plays, we find ourselves in the midst of our fellows; we meet with men vulgar perhaps in their manners, coarse or harsh in their sentiments, but still they are men; they speak with human voices, and are actuated by human passions; we are interested in what they say or do because we feel that they are of the same nature with ourselves. It is, therefore, no matter of wonder, that fron the more polished and regular, but more cold and artificial performances of other poets, the public should return with pleasure to such warm and genuine representations of human nature. Shakespeare possesses likewise the merit of having created for himself a sort of world of præternatural beings. His witches, ghosts, fairies, and spirits of all kinds, are described with such circumstances of awful and mysterious solemnity, and speak a language so peculiar to themselves, as strongly to affect the imagination. His two master-pieces, and in which the strength of his genius chiefly appears, are Othello and Macbeth.

With regard to his historical plays, they are properly speaking, neither tragedies nor comedies; but a peculiar species of dramatic entertainment, calculated to describe the manners of the times of which he treats, to exhibit the principal charac-

PLAY=juego.

FELLOWS=semejantes, compañeros.

COARSE (cors)=ordinario, basto.

WITCHES=brujas.

GHOSTS=fantasmas.

FÁIRIES=hadas.

ters, and to fix our imagination on the most interesting events and revolutions of our own country,

ADAMS.

JOHN ADAMS, political writer and patriot born, United States, 1735, died 1826.

IV. MILTON.

Milton chalked out for himself a new, and very extraordinary road in poetry. As soon as we open his Paradise Lost, we find ourselves introduced all at once into an invisible world, and surrounded with celestial and infernal beings. Angels and devils are not the machinery, but principal actors in the poem; and what in any other composition would be the marvellous, is here only the natural course of events. A subject so remote from the affairs of this world, may furnish ground to those who think such discussions material, to bring it into doubt, whether Paradise Lost can properly be classed among epic poems. By whatever name it is to be called, it is, undoubtedly, one of the highest efforts of poetical genius; and in one great characteristic of the epic poem, majesty and sublimity, it is fully equal to any that bear that name.

The nature of the subject did not admit any great display of character; but such as could be introduced are supported with much propriety. Satan, in particular, makes a striking figure, and is, indeed, the best drawn character in the poem. Milton has not described him, such as we suppose an infernal spirit to be. He has, more suitably to his own purpose, given him a human, that is, a mixed character, not altogether void of some good qualities. He is brave and faithful to his troops. In the

CHALKED (chákt) out = dibujar con greda, trazar.

MACHINERY (mashénery) = maquinaria, tramoya.

STRIKING = que hiere, que llama la atencion, notable.

FAITHFUL (de *faith* y *full* = *lleno de fe*) = fiel, constante.

midst of his impiety, he is not without remorse. He is even touched with pity for our first parents; and justifies himself in his design against them, from the necessity of his situation. He is actuated by ambition and resentment, rather than by pure malice. In short, Milton's Satan is no worse than many a conspirator or factious chief that makes a figure in history. The different characters of Beelzebub, Moloch, Belial are exceedingly well painted in those eloquent speeches which they make in the second book. The good angels, though always described with dignity and propriety, have more uniformity than the infernal spirits in their appearance; though among them too, the dignity of Michael, the mild condescension of Raphael, and the tried fidelity of Abdiel, form proper characteristical distinctions. The attempt to describe God Almighty himself, and to recount dialogues between the Father and the Son, was too bold and arduous, and is that wherein our poet, as was to have been expected, has been most unsuccessful.

Milton's great and distinguishing excellence is his sublimity. In this, perhaps, he excels Homer; as there is no doubt of his leaving Virgil, and every other poet, far behind him. Almost the whole of the first and second books of Paradise Lost, are continued instances of the sublime. The prospect of hell and of the fallen host, the appearance and behaviour of Satan, the consultation of the infernal chiefs, and Satan's flight through Chaos to the borders of this world, discover the most lofty ideas that ever entered into the conception of any poet. In the sixth book also, there is much grandeur, particularly in the appearance of the Messiah; though some parts of that book are censurable, and the witticisms of the devils upon the effect of their artillery form an intolerable blemish. Milton's sublimity is of a different kind from that of Homer. Homer's is generally accompanied with fire and impetuosity; Milton's possesses more of a calm and amazing grandeur. Homer warms and hurries us

UNSUCCESSFUL = infeliz.

CHAOS (kaos).

BLÉMISH = falta, defecto.

CALM (cam).

AMAZING = sorprendente.

HURRIES = apresurar.

along; Milton fixes us in a state of astonishment and elevation. Homer's sublimity appears most in the description of actions; Milton's in that of wonderful and stupendous objects. But though Milton is most distinguished for his sublimity, yet there is also much of the beautiful, the tender, and the pleasing, in many parts of his work. When the scene is laid in Paradise, the imagery is always of the most gay and smiling kind. His descriptions shew an uncommonly fertile imagination; and in his similies, he is for the most part, remarkably happy. They are seldom improperly introduced; seldom either low or trite. They generally present to us images taken from the sublime or the beautiful class of objects; if they have any faults, it is their alluding too frequently to matters of learning and to fables of antiquity. In the latter part of Paradise Lost, there must be confessed to be a falling off. With the fall of our first parents, Milton's genius seems to decline. Beauties, however, there are, in the concluding books, of the tragic kind. The remorse and contrition of the guilty pair, and their lamentations over Paradise, when they are obliged to leave it, are very moving. The last episode of the angel's shewing Adam the fate of his posterity is happily imagined; but, in many places, the execution is languid.

Milton's language and versification have high merit. His style is full of majesty, and wonderfully adapted to his subject. His blank verse is harmonious and diversified, and affords the most complete example of the elevation which our language is capable of attaining by the force of numbers. It does not flow like the French verse, in tame, regular, uniform melody, which soon tires the ear; but is sometimes smooth and flowing, sometimes rough, varied in its cadence, and intermixed with discords, so as to suit the strength and freedom of epic composition. Neglected and prosaic lines, indeed, we sometimes meet

IMAGERY (imajry)=imágenes.
TRITE=gastado, comun.
FALLING OFF=decaimienlo.
GUILTY PAIR=pareja culpable.
TIRES=fatigar.
SMOOTH=lerso, suave.

with; but, in a work so long, and in the main so harmonious, these may be forgiven.

On the whole, Paradise Lost is a poem that abounds with beauties of every kind, and that justly entitles its author to a degree of fame not inferior to any poet; though it must be also admitted to have many inequalities. It is the lot of almost every high and daring genius, not to be uniform and correct. Milton is too frequently theological and metaphysical, sometimes harsh in his language; often too technical in his words, and affectedly ostentatious of his learning. Many of his faults must be attributed to the pedantry of the age in which he lived. He discovers a vigour, a grasp of genius equal to every thing that is great; if at some times he falls much below himself, at other times he rises above every poet of the ancient or modern world. BLAIR.

V. ADDISON.

As a describer of life and manners, Addison must be allowed to stand perhaps the first in the first rank. His humour is peculiar to himself, and is so happily diffused, as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never *oversteps the modesty of nature*, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures never divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His morality is neither dangerously lax, nor implacably rigid.

THE MAIN = lo principal.
GRASP = abarcamiento, extension ó fuerza.
OVERSTÉPS = saltar por encima.
DISTORTION = dislocacion.
TEACHER = maestro.
LAX = flojo, relajado.
RIGID = rígido.

All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest—the care of pleasing the author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision, sometimes appears half veiled in an allegory, sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without, apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. It seems to have been his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are valuable and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

JOHNSON.

VI. THOMSON.

As a writer, he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind;

VEILED=con velo puesto, encubrir.
ROBES=vestimentos.
STEPS FORTH=salir.
GRÓVELLING=rastrero.
ÉQUABLE=igual, suave y uniforme.
POINTED = epigramático, que tiene la punta y forma de epigrama.
STAGNATES=estancarse.

his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius. He looks round on nature and life, with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet, the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the Seasons wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses. His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects, bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gayety of spring, the splendour of summer, the tranquillity of autumn, and the horror of winter, take in their turn possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things, as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments.

JOHNSON.

VII. HENRY THE EIGHTH.

To form a just estimate of the character of Henry, we must distinguish between the young king, guided by the counsels of Wolsey, and the monarch of more mature age, governing by his own judgment, and with the aid of ministers selected and fashioned by himself. In his youth the beauty of his person,

BLANK = en blanco, libre.

GROWTH = produccion, creacion.

TRAIN = órden, giro.

IMPÁRTS = dar, comunicar.

KINDLE = encender.

FÁSHIONED = formados (sobre un modelo).

YOUTH (yuth).

the elegance of his manners, and his adroitness in every martial and fashionable exercise, were calculated to attract the admiration of his subjects. His court was gay and splendid: a succession of amusements seemed to absorb his attention; yet his pleasures were not permitted to encroach on his more important duties: he assisted at the council, perused the dispatches, and corresponded with his generals and ambassadors: nor did the minister, trusted and powerful as he was, dare to act, till he had asked the opinion, and taken the pleasure of his sovereign. His natural abilities had been improved by study: and his esteem for literature may be inferred from the learned education which he gave to his children, and from the number of eminent scholars to whom he granted pensions, in foreign states, or on whom he conferred promotion in his own. The immense treasure which he inherited from his father, was perhaps a misfortune; because it engendered habits of expense not to be supported from the ordinary revenue of the crown: and the soundness of his politics may be doubted, which, under the pretence of supporting the balance of power, repeatedly involved the nation in continental hostilities. Yet even these errors served to throw a lustre round the English throne, and raised its possessor in the eyes of his own subjects and of the different nations of Europe. But as the king advanced in age, his vices gradually developed themselves: after the death of Wolsey they were indulged without restraint. He became as rapacious as he was prodigal: as obstinate as he was capricious: as fickle in his friendships, as he was merciless in his resentments. Though liberal of his confidence, he soon grew suspicious of those whom he had ever trusted: and, as if he possessed no other right to the crown than that which he derived from the very questionable claim of his father, he viewed with an evil eye every remote descendant of the Plantagenets; and

ADRÓITNESS = destreza.

FÁSHIONABLE = de moda.

CÁLCULÁTED = calculado, á propósito.

ENCRÓACH ON = ir cogiendo el terreno.

SOUNDNESS = lo sano.

DEVÉLOPED = desenvolver.

FICKLE = inconstante.

eagerly embraced the slightest pretexts to remove those whom his jealousy represented as future rivals to himself or his posterity. In pride and vanity he was perhaps without a parallel. Inflated with the praises of interested admirers, he despised the judgment of others: acted as if he deemed himself infallible in matters of policy and religion; and seemed to look upon dissent from his opinion as equivalent to a breach of allegiance. In his estimation, to submit and to obey, were the great, the paramount duties of subjects: and this persuasion steeled his breast against remorse for the blood which he shed, and led him to trample without scruple on the liberties of the nation.

When he ascended the throne, there still existed a spirit of freedom, which on more than one occasion defeated the arbitrary measures of the court, though directed by an able minister, and supported by the authority of the sovereign: but in the lapse of a few years that spirit had fled, and before the death of Henry, the king of England had grown into a despot, the people had shrunk into a nation of slaves. The causes of this important change in the relations between the sovereign and his subjects, may be found not so much in the abilities or passions of the former, as in the obsequiousness of his parliaments, the assumption of the ecclesiastical supremacy, and the servility of the two religious parties which divided the nation.

The house of peers no longer consisted of those powerful lords and prelates, who in former periods had so often and so successfully resisted the encroachments of the sovereign. The reader has already witnessed the successive steps, by which most of the great families of the preceding reigns had become extinct, and their immense possessions had been frittered away among the favourites and dependants of the court. The most opulent of the peers under Henry were poor in comparison with their predecessors: and by the operation of the statute

BREACH OF ALLEGIANCE = falta de fidelidad.

STEELED = volver acero, empedernir.

FRITTERED AWAY = ir mermando.

WITNESSED = notar.

PEERS = pares.

against liveries, they had lost the accustomed means of arming their retainers in support of their quarrels. In general they were new men, indebted for their present honours and estates to the bounty of Henry or of his father: and the proudest among the rest, by witnessing the attainders and executions of others, had been taught to tremble for themselves, and to crouch in submission at the foot of a master, whose policy it was to depress the great, and punish their errors without mercy, while he selected his favourites from the lowest classes, heaping on them honours and riches, and confiding to them the exercise of his authority.

By the separation of the realm from the see of Rome, the dependence of the spiritual had been rendered still more complete than that of the temporal peers. Their riches had been diminished, their immunities taken away: the support which they might have derived from the protection of the pontiff, was gone: they were nothing more than the delegates of the king, exercising a precarious authority determinable at his pleasure. The ecclesiastical constitutions, which had so long formed part of the law of the land, now depended on his breath, and were executed only by his sufferance. The convocation indeed continued to be summoned: but its legislative authority was no more. Its principal business was to grant money: yet even these grants now owed their force, not to the consent of the grantors, but to the approbation of the other two houses, and the assent of the crown.

As for the third branch of the legislature, the commons of England, they had not yet acquired sufficient importance to oppose any effectual barrier to the power of the sovereign, yet care was taken that among them the leading members should be devoted to the crown, and that the speaker should be one holding office, or high in the confidence of the ministers. Freedom of debate was, indeed, granted: but with a qualification

LIVERIES = acto ó escrito legal para la toma de posesion.

ATTAINDERS = secuestraciones.

CROUCH = agacharse.

SEE = sede.

SPEAKER = el que habla, presidente.

which in reality amounted to a refusal. It was only a *decent* freedom: and as the king reserved to himself the right of deciding what was or was not decent, he frequently put down the opponents of the court, by reprimanding the «varlets» in person, or by sending to them a threatening message.

It is plain that from parliaments thus constituted, the crown had little to fear: and though Wolsey had sought to govern without their aid, Henry found them so obsequious to his will, that he convoked them repeatedly, and was careful to have his most wanton and despotic measures sanctioned with their approbation. The parliament, as often as it was opened or closed, by the king in person, offered a scene not unworthy of an oriental divan. The form indeed differed but little from our present usage. The king sat on his throne: on the right hand stood the chancellor, on the left the lord treasurer: whilst the peers were placed on their benches, and the commons stood at the bar. But the addresses made on these occasions by the chancellor or the speaker, usually lasted more than an hour; and their constant theme was the character of the king. The orators, in their efforts to surpass each other, fed his vanity with the most hyperbolical praise. Cromwell was unable, he believed all men were unable, to describe the unutterable qualities of the royal mind, the sublime virtues of the royal heart. Rich told him that in wisdom he was equal to Solomon, in strength and courage to Sampson, in beauty and address to Absalom: and Audeley declared before his face, that God had anointed him with the oil of wisdom above his fellows, above the other kings of the earth, above all his predecessors; had given him a perfect knowledge of the scriptures, with which he had prostrated the Roman Goliath; a perfect knowledge of the art of war, by which he had gained the most brilliant victories at the same time in remote places; and a perfect knowledge of the art of government, by which he had for thirty years secured to his own realm the blessings of peace,

VARLETS = pillastres, bellacos.

FÉLLOWS = compañeros, semejantes.

UNÚTTERABLE = indecible.

GOLÍATH.

while all the other nations of Europe suffered the calamities of war.

During these harangues, as often as the words «most sacred majesty,» were repeated, or as any emphatic expression was pronounced, the lords rose, and the whole assembly, in token of respect and assent, bowed profoundly to the demi-god on the throne. Henry himself affected to hear such fulsome adulation with indifference. His answer was invariably the same: that he laid no claim to superior excellence; but that, if he did possess it, he gave the glory to God, the author of all good gifts: it was, however, a pleasure to him to witness the affection of his subjects, and to learn that they were not insensible of the blessings which they enjoyed under his government.

It is evident that the new dignity of head of the church, by transferring to the king that authority which had been hitherto exercised by the pontiff, must have considerably augmented the influence of the crown: but in addition, the arguments by which it was supported, tended to debase the spirit of the people, and to exalt the royal prerogative above law and equity. When the adversaries of the supremacy asked in what passage of the sacred writings the government of the church was given to a layman, its advocates boldly appealed to those texts, which prescribe obedience to the established authorities. The king, they maintained, was the image of God upon earth: to disobey his command was to disobey God himself: to limit his authority, when no limit was laid down, was an offence against the sovereign: and to make distinctions, when the scripture made none, was an impiety against God. It was indeed acknowledged that this supreme authority might be employed unreasonably and unjustly: but even then to resist was a crime: it became the duty of the sufferer to submit; and his only resource was to pray that the heart of his oppressor might be

TOKEN = prenda, señal.

BOWED = bajar la cabeza.

DEMI-GOD = semidios.

FULSOME = nauseabundo.

DEBASE = rebajar, degradar.

LAYMAN = lego, seglar.

PRAY = rezar, rogar.

ACKNOWLEDGED = reconocer.

changed; his only consolation to reflect, that the king himself would hereafter be summoned to answer for his conduct before an unerring tribunal. Henry became a sincere believer in a doctrine so flattering to his pride; and easily persuaded himself that he did no more than his duty in punishing with severity the least opposition to his will. To impress it on the minds of the people, it was perpetually inculcated from the pulpit: it was enforced in books of controversy, and instruction: it was promulgated with authority in the «Institution,» and afterwards in the «Erudition of a Christian Man.» From that period the doctrine of passive obedience formed a leading trait in the orthodox creed.

The two great parties, into which religious disputes had separated the nation, contributed also to strengthen the despotic power of Henry. They were too jealous of each other, to watch, much less to resist, the encroachments of the crown. The great object of both was the same: to win the favour of the king, that they might crush the power of their adversaries: and with this view they flattered his vanity, submitted to his caprice, and became the obsequious slaves of his pleasure. Henry, on the other hand, whether it were through policy or accident, played them off against each other: sometimes appearing to lean to the old, sometimes to the new doctrines, alternately raising and depressing the hopes of each, but never suffering either party to obtain the complete ascendency over its opponent. Thus he kept them in a state of dependence on his will, and secured their concurrence to every measure, which his passion or caprice might suggest, without regard to reason or justice, or the fundamental laws of the land. Of the extraordinary enactments which followed, a few instances may suffice. 1. The succession to the crown was repeatedly altered, and at length left to the king's private judgment or affection. The right was first taken from Mary, and given to Elizabeth; then

HEREAFTER = despues.

PLAYED THEM OFF = jugaba con ellos, el uno contra el otro.

LEAN = inclinarse.

ENACTMENTS = leyes promulgadas.

SUFFICE = bastar.

transferred from Elizabeth to the king's issue by Jane Seymour or any future queen; next restored, on the failure of issue by prince Edward, to both Mary and Elizabeth: and lastly, failing issue by them, was secured to any person or persons to whom it should please him to assure it in remainder by his last will. 2. Treasons were multiplied by the most vexatious, and often, if ridicule could attach to so grave a matter, by the most ridiculous laws. It was once treason to dispute, it was afterwards treason to maintain, the validity of the marriege with Anne Boleyn, or the legitimacy of her daughter. It became treason to marry without the royal licence any of the king's children, whether legitimate or natural, or his paternal brothers or sisters, or their issue; or for any woman to marry the king himself, unless she were a maid, or had previously revealed to him her former incontinence. It was made treason to call the king a heretic or schismatic, openly to wish him harm, or to slander him, his wife, or his issue. This, the most heinous of crimes in the eye of the law, was extended from deeds and assertions to the very thoughts of men. Its guilt was incurred by any person who should by words, writing, imprinting, or any other exterior act, directly or indirectly accept or take, judge or believe, that either of the royal marriages, that with Catharine, or that with Anne Boleyn, was valid, or who should protest that he was not bound, to declare his opinion, or should refuse to swear that he would answer truly such questions as should be asked him on those dangerous subjects. It would be difficult to discover, under the most dispotic governments, a law more cruel and absurd. The validity or invalidity of the two marriages was certainly matter of opinion, supported and opposed on each side by so many contradictory arguments, that men of the soundest judgment might reasonably be expected to differ from each other. Yet Henry, by this statute, was authorized to dive into the breast of every individual,

ISSUE=prolo, hijos.
MAID=doncella (virgen).
SCHISMATIC (sismatic).
SLANDER=calumniar.
HEINOUS=horrible, nefando.
DIVE=chapuzar, profundizar.

to extort from him his secret sentiments upon oath, and to subject him to the penalty of treason, if those sentiments did not accord with the royal pleasure. 3. The king was made in a great measure independent of parliament, by two statutes, one of which gave to his proclamations the force of laws, the other appointed a tribunal, consisting of nine privy counsellors, with power to punish all transgressors of such proclamations. 4. The dreadful punishment of heresy was not confined to those who rejected the doctrines which had already been declared orthodox, but it was extended beforehand to all persons who should teach or maintain any opinion contrary to such doctrines as the king might afterwards publish. If the criminal were a clergyman, he was to expiate his third offence at the stake; if a layman, to forfeit his personal property, and be imprisoned for life. Thus was Henry invested, by act of parliament, with the high prerogative of theological infallibility, and an obligation was laid on all men, without exception, whether of the new or of the old learning, to model their religious opinions and religious practice by the sole judgment of their sovereign. 5. By an ex post-facto law, those who had taken the first oath against the papal authority, were reputed to have taken, and to be bound by, a second and much more comprehensive oath, which was afterwards enacted, and which, perhaps, had it been tendered to them, they would have refused.

But that which made the severity of these statutes the more terrible, was the manner in which criminal prosecutions were then conducted. The crown could hardly fail in convicting the prisoner, whatever were his guilt or his innocence. He was first interrogated in his cell, urged with the hope of pardon to make a confession, or artfully led by ensnaring questions into dangerous admissions. When the materials of the prosecution were completed, they were laid before the grand inquest: and,

PARLIAMENT (párlament).
STAKE=el poste de la hoguera.
EX POST-FACTO=retroactivo.
OATH=juramento.
TENDERED=ofrecer (proponiendo).
ENSNARING=que tendia lazos.

if the bill was found, the conviction of the accused might be pronounced certain: for in the trial which followed, the real question submitted to the decision of the petit jury was, which of the two were more worthy of credit, the prisoner who maintained his innocence, or the grand inquest which had pronounced his guilt. With this view the indictment, with a summary of the proofs on which it had been found, was read; and the accused, now perhaps for the first time acquainted with the nature of the evidence against him, was indulged with the liberty of speaking in his own defence. Still he could not insist on the production of his accusers, that he might obtain the benefit of cross-examination: nor claim the aid of counsel to repel the taunts, and unravel the sophistry, which was too often employed at that period by the advocates for the crown. In this method of trial, every chance was in favour of the prosecution: and yet it was gladly exchanged for the expedient discovered by Cromwell, and afterwards employed against its author. Instead of a public trial, the minister introduced a bill of attainder into parliament, accompanied with such documents as he thought proper to submit. It was passed by the two houses with all convenient expedition; and the unfortunate prisoner found himself condemned to the scaffold or the gallows, without the opportunity of opening his mouth in his own vindication.

To proceed by attainder became the usual practice in the latter portions of the king's reign. It was more certain in the result, by depriving the accused of the few advantages which

BILL WAS FOUND=quedaron admitidos los capítulos de acusacion.

PETIT ó PETTY JURY=jurado de doce jueces de hecho.

INDICTMENT (indítment)=acusacion.

CROSS-EXAMINATION=exámen contradictorio.

COUNSEL=consejo, abogado.

TAUNTS=burlas, befas.

UNRAVEL=desenmarañar.

BILL OF ATTAINDER=proyecto de privacion de los derechos civiles, acusacion y penas consiguientes á la traicion.

PASSED=sancionar, votar.

SCAFFOLD=cadalso.

GALLOWS=horca (tambien se llama *gibbet*).

he possessed in the ordinary courts: it enabled the minister to gratify the royal suspicion or resentment without the danger of refutation, or of unpleasant disclosures: and it satisfied the minds of the people, who, unacquainted with the real merits of the case, could not dispute the equity of a judgment given with the unanimous assent of the whole legislature.

Thus it was that by the obsequiousness of the parliament, the assumption of the ecclesiastical supremacy, and the servility of religious factions, Henry acquired and exercised the most despotic sway over the lives, the fortunes, and the liberties of his subjects. Happily, the forms of a free government were still suffered to exist: into these forms a spirit of resistance to arbitrary power gradually infused itself: the pretensions of the crown were opposed by the claims of the people: and the result of a long and arduous struggle was that constitution, which for more than a century has excited the envy and the admiration of Europe.

LINGARD.

DISCLOSURES = confesiones, revelaciones.

MISCELLANY OF FICTION (1).

I. THE WINDSOR WITCHFINDER.

A good many years have passed away since old John Podgers lived in the town of Windsor, where he was born, and where in course of time he came to be comfortably and snugly buried. You may be sure that in the time of king James the First (2), Windsor was a very quaint queer old town, and you may take it upon my authority, that John Podgers was a very quaint queer old fellow; consequently he and Windsor fitted each other to a nicety, and seldom parted company even for a day.

John Podgers was broad, sturdy, dutch-built, short, and a very hard eater, as men of his figure often are. Being a hard sleeper, likewise, he divided his time pretty equally between these two recreations, always falling asleep when he had done eating, and always taking another turn at the trencher when he had done sleeping; by which means he grew more corpulent and more drowsy every day of his life. Indeed, it used to

(1) Introduced merely with a view of familiarizing the learner with the more difficult idioms of the language.

(2) *James the First* = Jaime I: tenia cualidades de vieja.

WITCHFINDER = descubridor de brujas.

PODGERS = apellido que significa el que mete los piés en charcos ó cenagales, como los patos.

SNUGLY = de un modo *cuco* ó cómodo.

QUAINT = raro (por lo antiguo).

QUEER = raro, extraño.

TO A NICETY (náisty) = á una delicadeza, perfectamente ó *pintado*.

STURDY = fuerte, fornido.

DUTCH-BUILT = construido á la holandesa, cuadrado.

HARD = duro. . . . } tenia buen diente.
EATER = comedor. }

DONE EATING = acabado de comer.

TRENCHER = plato (de madera).

be currently reported, that when he sauntered up and down the sunny side of the street before dinner (as he never failed to do in fair weather), he enjoyed his soundest nap; but many people held this to be a fiction, as he had several times been seen to look after fat oxen on market days, and even been heard, by persons of good credit and reputation, to chuckle at the sight, and say to himself with great glee, « Live beef, live beef! » It was upon this evidence that the wisest people in Windsor (beginning with the local authorities of course) held John Podgers was a man of strong sound sense — not what is called smart, perhaps, and it might be of a rather lazy and apoplectic turn, but still a man of solid parts, and one who meant much more than he cared to show. This impression was confirmed by a very dignified way he had of shaking his head and imparting at the same time a pendulous motion to his double chin; in short, he passed for one of those people, who, being plunged into the Thames, would make no vain efforts to set it afire (1), but would straightway flop down to the bottom with a deal of gravity, and be highly respected in consequence by all good men.

Being well to do in the world, and a peaceful widower— having a great appetite, which, as he could afford to satisfy it, was a luxury and no great inconvenience, and a power of going to sleep, which, as he had no occasion to keep awake, was a most enviable faculty — you will readily suppose that John Podgers was a happy man. But appearances are often deceptive when they least seem so, and the truth is, that notwithstanding his extreme sleekness, he was rendered uneasy in his mind, and exceedingly uncomfortable, by a constant apprehension that beset him night and day.

(1) *A saying.*

SAUNTERED UP AND DOWN = subir y bajar vagando.
SUNNY = bañado de sol.
NAP = sueño.
CHUCKLE = reirse con fruicion interior.
GLEE = gozo (de una fiesta).
SMART = listo, despierto.
PARTS = prendas.
FLOP DOWN = bajar batiendo las alas.
WELL TO DO = bien acomodado.
WIDOWER = viudo.
SLEEKNESS = aspecto luciente.

You know very well that in those times there flourished divers evil old women, who, under the name of witches, spread great disorder through the land, and inflicted various dismal tortures upon Christian men: sticking pins and needles into them when they least expected it, and causing them to walk in the air, with their feet upwards, to the great terror of their wives and families, who were naturally very much disconcerted when the master of the house unexpectedly came home, knocking at the door with his heels and combing his hair on the scraper.

These were their commonest pranks, but they every day played a hundred others, of which none were less objectionable, and many were much more so, being improper besides; the result was that vengeance was denounced against all old women, with whom even the king himself had no sympathy (as he certainly ought to have had); for, with his own most gracious hand he penned a most gracious consignment of them to everlasting wrath, and devised most gracious means for their confusion and slaughter, in virtue whereof scarcely a day passed but one witch at the least was most graciously hanged, drowned, or roasted, in some part of his dominions. Still the press teemed with strong and terrible news from the north or the south, or the east or the west, relative to witches and their unhappy victims in some corner of the country, and the public's hair stood on end to that degree that it lifted its hat off its head, and made its face pale with terror.

You may believe that the little town of Windsor did not escape the general contagion. The inhabitants boiled a witch on

PINS AND NEEDLES=agujas y alfileres.

HEELS=talones y taconea.

SCRAPER = raspador (de hierro para limpiar los piés).

PRANKS=inocentadas, gracias.

PENNED (pen)=escribir.

MOST GRACIOUS (*calificativo de los reyes de Inglaterra*)=muy gracioso ó lleno de gracias y bondades.

PRESS=prensa.

TEEMED=venir preñado ó lleno de.

STOOD ON END=se puso sobre punta, se erizó.

LIFTED... OFF=quitar alzando.

BOILED=hervir.

the king's birthday, and sent a bottle of the broth to court, with a dutiful address expressive of their loyalty. The king, being rather frightened by the present, piously bestowed it upon the archbishop of Canterbury, and returned an answer to the address, wherein he gave them golden rules for discovering witches, and laid great stress upon certain protecting charms, and especially horse-shoes. Immediately the town's people went to work, nailing up horse-shoes over every door, and so many anxious parents apprenticed their children to farriers, to keep them out of harm's way, that it became quite a genteel trade and flourished exceedingly.

In the midst of all this bustle, John Podgers eat and slept as usual, but shook his head a great deal oftener than was his custom, and was observed to look at the oxen less and the old women more. He had a little shelf put up in his sitting room, whereon was displayed in a row, which grew longer every week, all the witchcraft literature of the time; he grew learned in charms and exorcisms, hinted at certain questionable females on broomsticks whom he had seen from his chamber window riding in the air at night, and was in constant terror of being bewitched.

At length, from perpetually dwelling upon this one idea, which, being alone in his head, had it all its own way, the fear of witches became the single passion of his life. He, who up to that time had never known what it was to dream, began to have visions of witches whenever he fell asleep; waking, they

BROTH=caldo.

DÚTIFUL=respetuoso.

STRESS=énfasis.

HORSE-SHOES=herraduras.

NAILING UP=clavar en la parte alta.

APPRÉNTICED=poner de aprendiz.

FARRIERS=herreros.

HARM'S WAY=camino del mal.

GENTEEL=decente, elegante.

BUSTLE (búsel)=ruido activo.

OXEN (*ox*, sing.)=bueyes.

SHELF=estante.

WITCHCRAFT=tretas ó mañas de las brujas, brujería.

BROOMSTICKS=palos de escoba.

HAD IT ALL ITS ONE WAY=todo lo tenia (por) su propio camino, todo lo gobernaba á su antojo.

were incessantly present to his imagination likewise, and sleeping or waking, he had not a moment's peace. He began to set witch-traps in the highway, and was often seen lying in wait round the corner for hours together, to watch their effect.

These engines were of simple construction, usually consisting of two straws disposed in the form of a cross, or a piece of a bible cover with a pinch of salt on it; but they were infallible, and if an old woman chanced to stumble over them (as not unfrequently happened, the chosen spot being a broken and stony place), John started from a doze, pounced out upon her, and hung round her neck till assistance arrived, when she was immediately carried away and drowned.

By dint of constantly inveigling old ladies and disposing of them in this summary manner, he acquired the reputation of a great public character, and as he received no harm in these pursuits beyond a scratched face or so, he came in course of time to be considered witchproof.

There was but one person who entertained the least doubt of John Podgers's gifts, and that person was his own nephew, a wild roving young fellow of twenty, who had been brought up in his uncle's house, and lived there still—that is to say, when he was at home, which was not so often as it might have been. As he was an apt scholar, it was he who read aloud every fresh piece of strange and terrible intelligence that John Podgers bought; and this he always did of an evening, in the little porch in front of the house, round which the neighbours would

WITCH TRAPS = trampa ó artimaña para coger á las brujas.
STRAWS = paja.
COVER (cúver) = cubierta.
PINCH = polvito.
SALT = sal.
STUMBLE = tropezar.
BRÓKEN = quebrado.
STONY = pedregoso.
DOZE = sueño en que se da cabezadas.
POUNCED = echarse de pronto sobre, como un ave de rapiña.
INVEIGLING = coger en lazos.
SUMMARY = breve.
SCRATCHED = arañar.
WITCH-PROOF = á prueba de brujas.
ROVING = que corretea.
TWENTY = veinte años.
PIECE OF... INTELLIGENCE = noticia.
OF AN EVENING = de noche.

flock in crowds to hear the direful news, for people like to be frightened, and when they can be frightened for nothing, and at another man's expense, they like it all the better.

One fine Midsummer evening, a group of persons were gathered in this place, listening attentively to Will Marks (that was the nephew's name), as with his cap very much on one side, and his face screwed into a comical expression, intended to represent extreme gravity, he read—with Heaven knows how many embellishments of his own—a dismal account of a gentleman down in Northamptonshire under the influence of witchcraft, and taken forcible possession of by the devil, who was playing his very self with him.

John Podgers, in a high sugar-loaf hat and short cloak, filled the opposite seat, and surveyed the auditory with a look of mingled pride and horror very edifying to see; while the hearers, with their heads thrust forward and their mouths open, listened and trembled, and hoped there was a great deal more to come. Sometimes Will stopped for an instant, to look round upon his eager audience, and then, with a more comical expression of face than before, and a settling of himself comfortably, he launched into some new wonder surpassing all the others.

The setting sun shed his last golden rays upon this little party, who, absorbed in their present occupation, took no heed of the approach of night or the glory in which the day went down, when the sound of a horse approaching at a good round trot, invading the silence of the hour, caused the reader to make a sudden stop, and the listeners to raise their heads in wonder. Nor was their wonder diminished when a horseman dashed up to the porch, and abruptly checking his steed, in-

DIREFUL=tremendas, espantables.
MIDSUMMER=medio verano, San Juan.
CAP=gorra.
SCREWED INTO=retorcido (como espiral) dentro, formando con su gesto.
DOWN IN=allá bajo.
PLAYING HIS VERY SELF=haciendo de las suyas (diablurss).
SUGAR-LOAF=de pilon de azúcar.
CLOAK=capa.
HEED=caso.
CHECKING=contener.

quired where one John Podgers dwelt. «Here!» cried a dozen voices, while a dozen hands pointed out sturdy John, still basking in the terrors of the pamphlet.

The rider, giving his bridle to one of those who surrounded him, dismounted, and approached John hat in hand, but with great haste.

«Whence come you?» said John.

«From Kingston, master.»

«And wherefore?»

«On most pressing business.»

«Of what nature?»

«Witchcraft.»

Witchcraft! Everybody looked aghast at the breathless messenger,—and the breathless messenger looked equally aghast at everybody—except Will Marks, who, with an air of incredulity, exclaimed, «Witchcraft!»

The messenger turned towards him, and with a frown repeated the word more solemnly than before, then told his errand, which was, in brief, that the people of Kingston had been greatly terrified for some nights past by hideous revels, held by witches beneath the gibbet within a mile of the town, and related and deposed to by chance wayfarers, who had passed within ear-shot of the spot—that the sound of their voices in their wild orgies had been plainly heard by many persons—that three old women laboured under strong suspicion, and that precedents had been consulted and solemn counsel had, and it was found that to identify the hags, some single person must watch upon the spot alone—that no single person had the courage to perform the task—and that he had been despatched express to solicit John Podgers to undertake it that

BASKING = tomar el sol, solazarse.

PAMPHLET = escrito, folleto.

AGHÁST = espantado (como quien ve una fantasma).

HIDEOUS (hidyus) = horroroso.

GIBBET (jibbet) = horca.

WAYFARERS = caminantes.

EAR-SHOT = á tiro de oido, hasta donde se puede oir.

HAGS = viejas descarnadas y enjutas que parecen brujas.

TASK = tarea.

very night, as being a man of great renown, who bore a charmed life, and was proof against unholy spells.

John received this communication with much composure, and said in a few words, that it would have afforded him inexpressible pleasure to do the Kingston people so slight a service, if it were not for his unfortunate propensity to fall asleep, which no man regretted more than himself upon the present occasion, but which quite settled the question. Nevertheless, he said, there was a gentleman present (and here he looked very hard at a tall farrier), who, having been engaged all his life in the manufacture of horse-shoes, must be quite invulnerable to the power of witches, and who, he had no doubt, from his known reputation for bravery and good nature, would readily accept the commission. The farrier politely thanked him for his good opinion, which it would always be his study to deserve; but added, that with regard to the present little matter, he couldn't think of it on any account, as his departing on such an errand would certainly occasion the instant death of his wife, to whom, as they all knew, he was tenderly attached. Now, so far from this circumstance being notorious, everybody had suspected the reverse, as the farrier was in the habit of beating his lady rather more than tender husbands usually do; all the married men present, however, applauded his resolution with great vehemence, and one and all declared that they would stop at home and die, if needful (which happily it was not), in defence of their lawful partners.

This burst of enthusiasm over, they began to look, as by one consent, toward Will Marks, who, with his cap more on one side than ever, sat watching the proceedings with extraordinary unconcern. He had never been heard openly to express his disbelief in witches, but had often cut such jokes at their expense, as he left it to be inferred; publicly stating, on several occasions, that he considered a broomstick an inconvenient charger, and one especially unsuited to the dignity of the fe-

SPELLS = ensalmos, encantos.

UNCONCERN = indiferencia.

JOKES = chanzas, gracias.

CHARGER = bridon.

male character, and indulging in other free remarks of the same tendency, to the great amusement of his wild companions.

As they looked on Will, they began to whisper and murmur among themselves; and at length one man cried, «Why don't you ask Will Marks?»

«He don't care,» said the farrier.

«Not he,» added another voice in the crowd.

«He don't believe in it, you know,» sneered a little man with a yellow face, and a taunting nose and chin, which he thrust out from under the arm of a long man before him.

«Besides,» said a red-faced man with a gruff voice, «he's a single man.»

«That's the point,» said the farrier; and all the married men murmured, Ah! that was it, and they only wished they were single themselves; they would show him what spirit was, very soon.

The messenger looked towards Will Marks beseechingly.

It will be a wet night, friend, and my gray nag is tired after yesterday's work — »

Here there was a general titter.

«But,» resumed Will, looking about him with a smile, «if nobody else puts in a better claim to go for the credit of the town, I am your man, and I would be if I had to go afoot. In five minutes I shall be in the saddle, unless I am depriving any worthy gentleman here, of the honour of the adventure, which I wouldn't do for the world.»

But here arose a double difficulty, for not only did John Podgers combat the resolution with all the words he had, which were not many, but a young lady combated it too, with all the tears she had, which were very many indeed. Will, however, being inflexible, parried his uncle's objections with a joke, and coaxed the young lady into a smile with three

HE DON'T (does not) CARE=no tiene inconveniente.

TAUNTING=provocativo.

GRUFF=bronco.

NAG=jaca.

TITTER=risita (abogada).

COAX INTO=atraer á fuerza de halagos.

short whispers. As it was plain that he would go, and had set his mind upon it, John Podgers offered him a few first-rate charms out of his own pocket, which he dutifully declined to accept.

«You see what a rare thing it is to be married,» said Will, «and how careful and considerate all these husbands are. There's not a man among them but his heart is leaping to forestall me in this adventure, and yet a strong sense of duty keeps him back. The husbands in this little town are a pattern to the world, and so must the wives be too, for that matter, or they could never boast half the influence they have.»

Waiting for no reply to this sarcasm, he snapped his fingers and withdrew into the house, and thence into the stable, while some busied themselves in refreshing the messenger, and others in baiting his steed. In less than the specified time, he returned by another way, with a good cloak hanging over his arm, a good sword girded by his side, and leading his good horse caparisoned for the journey.

«Now,» said Will, leaping into the saddle at a bound, «up and away. Upon your mettle, friend, and push on. Good night.»

He kissed his hand to the young lady, nodded to his drowsy uncle, waved his cap to the rest—and off they flew, pell-mell, as if all the witches in England were in their horses' legs. They were out of sight in a minute.

The men who were left behind shook their heads doubtfully, stroked their chins, and shook their heads again. The farrier said, that certainly Will Marks was a good horseman; nobody should ever say he denied that; but he was rash, very rash, and there was no telling what the end of it might be; what did he go for, that was what he wanted to know? He wished the young fellow no harm, but why did he go? Every body echoed these words, and shook their heads again; having done which, they wished John Podgers good night, and straggled home to bed.

SNAPPED=tocar los dedos con chasquidos ó castañeteo.

BAITING=dar de comer.

METTLE=brios, caballo brioso.

The Kingston people were in their first sleep, when Will Marks and his conductor rode through the town and up to the door of a house, where sundry grave functionaries were assembled, anxiously expecting the arrival of the renowned John Podgers. They were a little disappointed to find a gay young man in his place, but they put the best face upon the matter, and gave him full instructions how he was to conceal himself behind the gibbet, and watch and listen to the witches, and how at a certain time he was to burst forth and cut and slash among them vigorously, so that the suspected parties might be found bleeding in their beds next day, and thoroughly confounded. They gave him a great quantity of wholesome advice, besides, and—which was more to the purpose with Will—a good supper. All these things being done, and midnight nearly come, they sallied forth to show him the spot where he was to keep his dreary vigil.

The night was by this time dark and threatening; there was a rumbling of distant thunder, and a low sighing of the wind among the trees, which was very dismal. The potentates of the town kept so uncommonly close to Will, that they trod upon his toes, or stumbled against his ancles, or nearly tripped up his heels at every step he took; and besides these annoyances, their teeth chattered so with fear, that he seemed to be accompanied by a dirge of castanets.

At last they made a halt at the opening of a lonely desolate space, and pointing to a black object at some distance, asked Will if he saw that yonder.

«Yes,» he replied. «What then?»

Informing him abruptly that it was the gibbet where he was to watch, they wished him good night in an extremely

SLASH = dar cuchilladas.

RUMBLING = sonido del lejano trueno que repica.

TRIPPED (trip) UP = hacer que se dé un traspié.

HEELS = talones.

TEETH (*tooth* sing.) = dientes.

CHATTERED = castañetear.

YONDER = allá.

ABRUPTLY = bruscamente.

friendly manner, and ran back as fast as their feet would carry them.

Will walked boldly to the gibbet, and glancing upward when he came under it, saw—certainly with satisfaction—that it was empty, and that nothing dangled from the top but some iron chains, which swung mournfully to and fro as they were moved by the breeze. After a careful survey of every quarter, he determined to take his station with his face towards the town; both because that would place him with his back to the wind, and because if any trick or surprise were attempted, it would probably come from that direction in the first instance. Having taken these precautions, he wrapped his cloak about him, so that it left the handle of his sword free, and ready to his hand, and leaning against the gallows-tree, with his cap not quite so much on one side as it had been before, took up his position for the night.

Will Marks stood leaning against the gibbet, with his face towards the town, scanning the distance with a keen eye, which sought to pierce the darkness, and catch the earliest glimpse of any person or persons that might approach towards him. But all was quiet, and, save the howling of the wind as it swept across the heath in gusts, and the creaking of the chains that dangled above his head, there was no sound to break the sullen stillness of the night. After an hour or so, this monotony became more disconcerting to Will than the most furious uproar would have been, and he heartily wished for some one antagonist with whom he might have a fair stand-up fight, if it were only to warm himself.

Truth to tell, it was a bitter wind, and seemed to blow to the very heart of a man whose blood, heated but now with rapid riding, was the more sensitive to the chilling blast. Will

DANGLED = oscilar.

TRICK = jugada.

SCANNING = medir, escudriñar.

HEATH = brezal.

GUSTS = ráfagas.

FAIR STAND-UP FIGHT = pelea ó combate á brazo partido.

CHILLING BLAST = viento que hiela.

was a daring fellow, and cared not a jot for hard knocks or sharp blades, but he could not persuade himself to move or walk about, having just that vague expectation of a sudden assault which made it a comfortable thing to have something at his back, even though that something was a gallows-tree. He had no great faith in the superstitions of the age; still, such of them as occurred to him did not serve to lighten the time or render his situation the more endurable. He remembered how witches were said to repair at that ghostly hour to churchyards and gibbets, and such-like dismal spots, to pluck the bleeding mandrake, or scrape the flesh from dead men's bones, as choice ingredients for their spells; how, stealing by night to lonely places, they dug graves with their finger-nails, or anointed themselves, before riding in their air, with a delicate pomatum made of the fat of infants newly boiled.

These and many other fabled practices of a no less agreeable nature, and all having some reference to the circumstances in which he was placed, passed and repassed in quick succession through the mind of Will Marks, and adding a shadowy dread to that distrust and watchfulness which his situation inspired, rendered it upon the whole sufficiently uncomfortable. As he had foreseen, too, the rain began to descend heavily, and driving before the wind in a thick mist, obscured even those few objects which the darkness of the night had before imperfectly revealed.

«Look!» shrieked a voice. «Great Heaven, it has fallen down and stands erect as if it lived!»

The speaker was close behind him—the voice almost at his ear. Will threw off his cloak, drew his sword, and darting swiftly round, seized a woman by the wrist, who, recoiling from him with a dreadful shriek, fell struggling upon her knees. Another woman clad, like her whom he had grasped,

CARED NOT A JOT=no le importaba un comino.

PLUCK=arrancar.

MANDRAKE=mandrágora.

POMATUM=pomada.

FAT=lo gordo.

WRIST (rist)=muñeca.

CLAD (clothe)=vestir.

in mourning garments, stood rooted to the spot on which they were, gazing upon his face with wild and glaring eyes that quite appalled him.

«Say,» cried Will, when they had confronted each other thus, for some time—«what are you?»

«Say what are you?» returned the woman, «who tronble even this obscene resting place of the dead, and strip the gibbet of its honoured burden?—Where is the body?»

He looked in wonder and affright from the woman who questioned him, to the other whose arm he clutched.

«Where is the body?» repeated his questioner, more firmly than before; «you wear no livery which marks you for the hireling of the government. You are no friend to us, or I should recognise you; for the friends of such as we are few in number. What are you then, and wherefore are you here?»

«I am no foe to the distressed and helpless,» said Will.—«Are you among that number? You should be by your looks.»

«We are,» was the answer.

«It is you who have been wailing and weeping here, under cover of the night?»

«It is,» replied the woman sternly, and pointing, as she spoke, towards her companion; «she mourns a husband and I a brother. Even the bloody law that reeks its vengeance on the dead, does not make that a crime; and if it did, it would be alike to us, who are past its fear or favour.»

Will glanced at the two females, and could barely discern that the one whom he addressed was much the elder, and that the other was young and of a slight figure. Both were deadly pale, their garments wet and torn, their hair dishevelled and streaming in the wind, themselves bowed down with grief and misery; their whole appearance most dejected, wretched, and

APPALLED = espantar.

CLUTCH = coger ó tener entre sus garras ó con violencia.

HIRELING = mercenario.

WAILING = lamentar.

BARELY = apenas.

REEKS VENGEANCE = castigar tomando venganza.

DISHEVELLED = desgreñado.

BOWED DOWN = encorvar.

forlorn. A sight so different from any he had expected to encounter touched him to the quick, and all idea of anything but their pitiable condition vanished before it.

«I am a rough, blunt yeoman,» said Will; «why I came here is told in a word; you have been overheard at a distance in the silence of the night, and I have undertaken a watch for hags or spirits. I came here expecting an adventure, and prepared to go through with any. If there be aught that I can do to aid you, name it; and on the faith of a man who can be secret and trusty, I will stand by you to the death.»

«How comes this gibbet to be empty?» asked the elder female.

«I swear to you,» replied Will, «that I know as little as yourself. But this I know, that when I came here an hour ago, or so, it was as it is now; and if, as I gather from your question, it was not so last night, sure I am that it has been secretly disturbed without the knowledge of the folks in yonder town. Bethink you, therefore, whether you may have no friends in league with you, or with him on whom the law has done its worst, by whom these sad remains have been removed for burial.»

The women spoke together, and Will retired a pace or two while they conversed apart. He could hear them sob and moan, and saw that they wring their hands in fruitless agony. He could hear little that they said, but between whiles he gathered enough to assure him that his suggestion was not very wide of the mark, and that they not only suspected by whom the body had been removed, but also whither it had been conveyed. When they had been in conversation a long time, they turned towards him once more. This time the younger female spoke.

«You have offered us your help.»

FORLORN = abandonado.

BLUNT YEOMAN = brusco pechero (individuo respetable de la clase media).

GO TROUGH WITH = ir á través con, llevar á cabo.

ITS WORST = lo peor que puede.

BURIAL (bérial) = entierro.

SOB = sollozar.

MOAN = gemir.

FEMALE = mujer.

«I have.»

«And given a pledge that you are still willing to redeem?»

«Yes. So far as I may, keeping all plots and conspiracies at arm's length.»

«Follow us, friend.»

Will, whose self-possession was now quite restored, needed no second bidding, but, with his drawn sword in his hand, and his cloak so muffled over his left arm as to serve for a kind of shield without offering any impediment to its free action, suffered them to lead the way. Through mud and mire and wind and rain, they walked in silence a full mile. At length they turned into a dark lane, where suddenly starting out from beneath some trees where he had taken shelter, a man appeared having in his charge three saddled horses. One of these (his own apparently), in obedience to a whisper from the women, he consigned to Will, who, seeing that they were mounted, mounted also. Then without a word spoken they rode on together, leaving the attendant behind.

They made no halt nor slackened their pace until they arrived near Putney. At a large wooden house which stood apart from any other, they alighted, and giving their horses to one who was already waiting, passed in by a side door, and so up some narrow creaking stairs into a small panelled chamber, where Will was left alone. He had not been here very long, when the door was softly opened, and there entered to him a cavalier whose face was concealed beneath a black mask.

Will stood upon his guard, and scrutinized this figure from head to foot. The form was that of a man pretty far advanced in life, but of a firm and stately carriage. His dress was of a rich and costly kind, but so soiled and disordered that it was scarcely to be recognized for one of those gorgeous suits which the expensive taste and fashion of the time prescribed for men of any rank or station. He was booted and spurred, and bore

MIRE=lodo.

SLACKENED=aflojar.

CREAKING=que rechina.

PRETTY FAR=bastante.

BOOTED AND SPURRED=con botas y espuelas.

about him even as many tokens of the state of the roads as Will himself. All this he noted, while the eyes behind the mask regarded him with equal attention. This survey over, the cavalier broke silence.

«You're young and bold, and would be richer than you are?»

«The two first I am,» returned Will. «The last I have scarcely thought of. But be it so. Say that I would be richer than I am; what then?»

«The way lies before you now,» replied the mask.

«Show it me.»

«First let me inform you, that you were brought here to-night lest you should too soon have told your tale to those who placed you on the watch.»

«I thought as much when I followed,» said Will. «But I am no blab, not I.»

«Good,» returned the mask. «Now listen. He who was to have executed the enterprise of burying that body, which, as you suspected, was taken down to-night, has left us in our need.»

Will nodded, and thought within himself that if the mask were to attempt to play any tricks, the first eyelet-hole on the left hand side of his doublet, counting from the buttons up the front, would be a very good place in which to pink him nicely.

«You are here, and the emergency is desperate. I propose this task to you. Convey the body (now coffined in this house), by means that I shall show, to the church of Saint Dunstan, in London, to-morrow night, and the service shall be richly paid. You're about to ask whose corpse it is. Seek not to know. I warn you, seek not to know. Felons hang in chains on every moor and heath. Believe, as others do, that this was one, and ask no further. The murders of state policy, its victims or avengers, had best remain unknown to such as you.»

BLAB=charlatan de secretos.

LEFT US IN OUR NEED=nos ha dejado en el momento preciso.

EYELET HOLE=ojal.

DOUBLET (dŭblet)=chupa, jubon.

MOOR=erial.

«The mistery of this service,» said Will, «bespeaks its danger. What is the reward?»

«One hundred golden unities,» replied the cavalier. «The danger to one who cannot be recognized as the friend of a fallen cause is not great, but there is some hazard to be run. Decide betweeu that and the reward.»

«What if I refuse?» said Will.

«Depart in peace; in God's name,» returned the mask in a melancholy tone, «and keep our secret: remembering that those who brought you here, were crushed and stricken women, and that those who bade you go free could have had your life with one word, and no man the wiser.»

Men were readier to undertake desperate adventures in those times, than they are now. In this case the temptation was great, and the punishment, even in case of detection, was not likely to be very severe, as Will came of a loyal stock, and his uncle was in good repute, and a passable tale to account for his possession of the body and his ignorance of the identity, might be easily devized. The cavalier explained that a covered cart had been prepared for the purpose; that the time of departure could be arranged so that he should reach London bridge at dusk, and proceed through the city after the day had closed in; that people would be ready at his journey's end to place the coffin in a vault without a minute's delay; that officious inquiries in the streets would be easily repelled by the tale that he was carrying for interment the corpse of one who had died of the plague; and in short showed him every reason why he should succeed, and none why he should not.

After a time they were joined by another gentleman, masked like the first, who added new arguments to those which had been already urged; the wretched wife, too, added her tears and prayers to their calmer representations; and in the end Will, moved by compassion and good nature, by a love of the

STOCK = prosapia, raza.

CART = carro.

DUSK = anochecido.

COFFIN = ataud.

CORPSE = cadáver.

IN SHORT = en breve.

marvellous, by a mischievous anticipation of the terrors of the Kingston people, when he should be missing next day, and finally by the prospect of gain, took upon himself the task, and devoted all his energies to its successful execution.

The following night, when it was quite dark, the hollow echoes of old London bridge responded to the rumbling of the cart which contained the ghastly load, the object of Will Marks's care. Sufficiently disguised to attract no attention by his garb, Will walked at the horse's head, as unconcerned as a man could be who was sensible that he had now arrived at the most dangerous part of his undertaking, but full of boldness and confidence.

It was now eight o'clock. After nine, none could walk the streets without danger of their lives; and even at this hour robberies and murder were of no uncommon occurrence. The shops upon the bridge were all closed; the low wooden arches thrown across the way were like so many black pits, in every one of which ill-favoured fellows lurked in knots of three or four; some standing upright against the wall lying in wait, others skulking in gateways and thrusting out their uncombed heads and scowling eyes, others crossing and recrossing, and constantly jostling both horse and man to provoke a quarrel, others stealing away and summoning their companions in a low whistle. Once, even in that short passage, there was a noise of scuffling and the clash of swords behind him; but Will, who knew the city and its ways, kept straight on and scarcely turned his head.

The streets being unpaved, the rain of the night before had

MISSING=echar de menos.

HOLLOW=hueco.

GARB=trage.

ILL-FAVOURED=de malas trazas.

KNOTS=nudos, grupos.

LYING IN WAIT=acechando.

SKULKING = andar huyendo de la luz.

UNCOMBED=sin peinar.

SCOWLING=arrugado el sobrecejo.

WHISTLE (huisl)=silbido.

SCUFFLING=lucha cuerpo á cuerpo.

CLASH=choque.

KEPT STRAIGHT ON=siguió todo derecho.

UNPAVED=sin empedrar.

converted them into a perfect quagmire, which the splashing water spouts from the gables, and the filth and offal cast from the different houses swelled in no small degree. Many parts even of the main streets, with their projecting stories tottering overhead and nearly shutting out the sky, were more like huge chimneys than open ways. At the corners of some of these, great bonfires were burning to prevent infection from the plague, of which it was rumoured that some citizens had lately died; and few who, availing themselves of the light thus afforded, paused for a moment to look around them, would have been disposed to doubt the existence of the disease, or wondered at its dreadful visitations.

But it was not in such scenes as these, or even in the deep and miry road that Will Marks found the chief obstacles to his progress. There were kites and ravens feeding in the streets (the only scavengers the city kept), who scented what he carried, followed the cart or fluttered on its top, and croaked their knowledge of its burden and their ravenous appetite for prey. There were distant fires, where the poor wood and plaster tenements waisted fiercely, and whither crowds made their way, clamouring eagerly for plunder, beating down all who came within their reach, and yelling like devils let loose. There were single-handed men flying from bands of ruffians, who pursued them with naked weapons, and hunted them savagely;

QUAGMIRE = tremedal, todazal.
SPLASHING = que salpica.
WATER SPOUTS = canalones.
GABLES = aleros.
FILTH = porqueria.
OFFAL = deshechos, despojos.
PROJECTING = que sobresalia } volan-
STORIES = pisos. } tes.
TOTTERED = vacilar, oscilar.
KITES = milanos.
SCAVENGERS = barrenderos.
SCENTED = olfatear.
FLUTTERED = revolotear.
CROAKED = graznar.
RAVENOUS = voraz.
PLASTER TENEMENTS = viviendas de yeso.
YELLING = dar ahullidos.
SINGLE-HANDED = solo ó sin mas recurso, indefenso.

there were drunken desperate robbers issuing from their dens and staggering through the open public streets, where no man dared molest them; there were vagabond servitors returning from the Bear Garden, where had been good sport that day, dragging after them their torn and bleeding dogs, or leaving them to die and rot upon the road. Nothing was abroad but cruelty, violence, and disorder.

Many were the interruptions which Will Marks encountered from these stragglers, and many the narrow escapes he made. Now some stout bully would take his seat upon the cart, insisting to be driven to his own home; and now two or three men would come down upon him together, and demand that, on peril of his life, he showed them what he had inside. Then a party of the city watch upon their rounds would draw across the road, and, not satisfied with his tale, question him closely, and revenge themselves by a little cuffing and hustling for maltreatment sustained at other hands that night. All these assailants had to be rebutted, some by fair words; some by foul, and some by blows. But Will Marks was not the man to be stopped or turned back now he had penetrated so far, and though he got on slowly, still he made his way down Fleet-street, and reached the church at last.

As he had been forewarned, all was in readiness. Directly he stopped, the coffin was removed by four men, who appeared so suddenly, that they seemed to have started from the earth. A fifth mounted the cart, and scarcely allowing Will time to snatch from it a little bundle containing such of his own clothes as he had thrown off on assuming his disguise, drove briskly away. Will never saw man or cart again.

He followed the body into the church, and it was well he lost no time in doing so, for the door was immediately closed. There was no light in the building, save that which came from a couple of torches borne by two men, in cloaks, who stood

SERVITORS = dependientes.
BULLY = matón.
REBUTTED = rechazar.
FOREWARNED = advertir.
BUNDLE = lío.
BRISKLY = vivamente.

upon the brink of a vault. Each supported a female figure, and all observed a perfect silence.

By this dim and solemn glare, which made Will feel as though light itself were dead, and its tomb the dreary arches that frowned above, they placed the coffin in the vault with uncovered heads, and closed it up. One of the torch-bearers then turned to Will and stretched forth his hand, in which was a purse of goold. Something told him directly that those were the same eyes he had seen beneath the mask.

«Take it,» said the cavalier, in a low voice, «and be happy. Though these have been hasty obsequies, and no priest has blessed the work, there will not be the less peace with thee hereafter, for having laid his bones beside those of his little children. Keep thy own counsel, for thy sake no less than ours, and God be with thee!»

«The blessing of a widowed mother on thy head, good friend!» cried the younger lady through her tears; «the blessing of one who has now no hope or rest but in the grave!»

Will stood with the purse in his hand, and involuntarily made a gesture as though he would return it, for though a thoughtless fellow, he was of a frank and generous nature. But the two gentlemen extinguishing their torches, cautioned him to be gone, as their common safety would be endangered by a longer delay; and at the same time their retreating footsteps sounded through the church. He turned, therefore, towards the point at which he had entered, and seeing by a faint gleam in the distance that the door was again partially open, groped his way towards it, and so passed into the street.

Meantime the local authorities of Kingston had kept watch and ward all the previous night, francying every now and then that dismal shrieks were borne towards them on the wind, and frequently winking to each other and drawing closer to the fire as they drank the health of the lonely sentinel, upon whom a

BRINK=borde.

GLARE=brillo rojizo.

DREARY=largos, pesados.

GLEAM=resplandor rápido.

GROPED=ir á tientas.

WINKING=guiñar.

clerical (1) gentleman present was especially severe by reason of his levity and youthful folly. Two or three of the gravest of the company, who were of a theological turn, propounded to him the question whether such a character was not but poorly armed for single combat with the devil, and whether he himself would not have been a stronger opponent; but the clerical gentleman, sharply reproving them for their presumption in discussing such questions, clearly showed that a fitter champion than Will could scarcely have been selected, not only for that being a child of Satan, he was the less likely to be alarmed by the appearance of his own father, but because Satan himself would be at his ease in such company, and would not scruple to kick up his heels to an extent which it was quite certain he would never venture before clerical eyes, under whose influence (as was notorious) he became quite a tame and milk and water character.

But when next morning arrived, and with it no Will Marks, and when a strong party repairing to the spot, as a strong party ventured to do in broad day, found Will gone and the gibbet empty, matters grew serious indeed. The day passing away and no news arriving, and the night going on also without any intelligence, the thing grew more tremendous still; in short, the neighbourhood worked itself up to such a comfortable pitch of mystery and horror, that it is a great question whether the general feeling wasn't one of excessive disappointment when, on the second morning, Will Marks returned.

However this may be, back Will came in a very cool and collected state, and appearing not to trouble himself much about any body except John Podgers, who, having been sent for, was sitting in the Town Hall, crying slowly and dozing

(1) *A Protestant clergyman.*

AT HIS EASE = á sus anchuras.

KICK UP HIS HEELS = levantar los talones, hacer de las suyas.

MILK AND WATER = de leche y agua, de horchata de chufas.

DOZING = cabecear.

between whiles. Having embraced his uncle and assured him of his safety, Will mounted on a table and told his story to the crowd.

And surely they would have been the most unreasonable crowd that ever assembled together, if they had been in the least respect disappointed with the tale he told them; for, besides describing the Witches' Dance to the minutest motion of their legs, and performing it in character on the table, with the assistance of a broomstick, he related how they had carried off the body in a copper cauldron, and so bewitched him that he lost his senses, until he found himself lying under a hedge at least ten miles off, whence he had straightway returned as they then beheld. The story gained such universal applause, that it soon afterwards brought down express from London, the great witchfinder of the age, the heaven-born Hopkins, who, having examined Will closely on several points, pronounced it the most extraordinary and the best accredited witch story ever known, under which title it was published at the Three Bibles, on London bridge, in small quarto, with a view of the cauldron from an original drawing, and a portrait of the clerical gentleman as he sat by the fire.

On one point, Will was particularly careful; and that was to describe for the witches he had seen, three impossible old females whose likenesses never were or will be. Thus he saved the lives of the suspected parties, and of all other old women who were dragged before him to be identified.

This circumstance occasioned John Podgers much grief and sorrow, until happening one day to cast his eyes upon his housekeeper, and observing her to be plainly afflicted with rheumatism, he procured her to be burnt as an undoubted witch. For this service to the state, he was immediately knighted, and became from that time Sir John Podgers.

Will Marks never gained any clue to the mystery in which he had been an actor, nor did any inscription in the church,

KNIGHTED=armar de caballero. CLUE=ovillo, hilo.

which he often visited afterwards, nor any of the limited inquiries that he dared to make, yield him the least assistance. As he kept his own secret, he was compelled to spend the gold discreetly and sparingly. In course of time he married the young lady of whom I have already told you, whose name is not recorded, with whom he led a prosperous and happy life. Years and years after this adventure, it was his wont to tell her upon a stormy night, that it was a great comfort to him to thin kthat those bones, to whomsoever they might have belonged, were not bleaching in the troubled air, but were mouldering away with the dust of their own kith and kindred in a quiet grave.

Marley (1) was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands

(1) The partner of Scrooge, both grasping merchant-bankers.

SPARINGLY=parcamente.

BLEACHING=blanquear.

KITH AND KINDRED=intimos amigos y parientes, los suyos.

UNDERTAKER = encargado del entierro.

CHIEF MOURNER (mórner) = el que preside el duelo.

UPON 'CHANGE (*upon the Royal Exchange*)=en la bolsa.

HÁND=firma.

AS DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL = tan muerto como el clavo de una puerta (*prov. inglés*).

MIND!=mire V. que.

IRONMÓNGERY=comercio de fierro.

shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I dont't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced (1) that Hamlet's Father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot — say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance — literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Some-

(1) Shakespeare's trsgedy of Hsmlet where the ghost of Hamlet's father sppears to his son.

COUNTRY'S DONE FOR (the country is, etc.)=se acabó con la patria.

EXÉCUTOR, ASSIGN, RESIDUARY LEGATE=albacea, cesionario y legatario del residuo.

CUT UP=cortar arriba, destrozar (el corazon).

BUT THAT=que no.

STROLL=paseo por ahi.

SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH YARD=cementerio de S. Pablo en Londres (muy expuesto al viento).

PAINTED OUT=borrar (el nombre de la muestra ó plancha).

FIRM=cssa (de comercio).

times people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often «came down» handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

TIGHT-FISTED = de puño apretado (tacaño).

GRINDSTONE = piedra de afilar, trabajo duro y constante.

FLINT = pedernal.

FROZEN (*freeze*, *frozen*) = helar.

NIPPED (nip) = morder, picar los extremos (con el frio).

SHRIVELLED = encogido (como un pergamino).

STIFFEN = poner tieso.

GAIT = el andar.

SHREWEDLY = con habilidad ó inteligencia.

FROSTY RIME = escarcha, hielo.

WIRY = de alambre.

DOG-DAYS = canicula.

CHILL = enfriar, helar.

BITTERER = mas penetrante, cruel.

SNOW = nieve.

PELTING RAIN = lluvia que azota á impulso del viento.

TO HAVE HIM = cogerle.

«CAME DOWN» = bajar, ser dadivoso.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, «My dear Scrooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?» No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts, and then would wag their tails as though they said, «no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!»

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call «nuts» to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already: it had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring eve-

THE WAY TO = por donde se iba á.

TUG = llevar con un tiron.

DOORWAYS = portales.

COURTS = patios, plazuelas ó callejuelas sin salida.

WAG = menear.

TAILS = rabos.

EDGE = ir de refilon.

KNOWING ONES = inteligentes, listos.

«NUTS» = cascajo, nueces (*miel sobre hojuelas*).

WITHAL = *ainda mais.*

WHEEZING = respirar de un modo difícil y sooro.

FLARING = echar llama rojiza.

SMEARS = rasgos ó manchones.

DINGY = blanco sucio.

DROOPING = caer poco á poco.

rything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slily down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowings sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where

HARD BY=al lado.

BREWING=hacer cerbeza.

CLERK (clark)=dependiente.

TANK=estanque ó piscina,

COAL-BOX=carbonera.

SHOVEL=pala, badila ó cogedor.

COMFORTER=chalina.

LINKS=hachones de viento.

PEEPING=asomar la cabeza.

CHATTERING=dar diente con diente.

GAS-PIPES=cañería del gas.

RAGGED=andrajosos.

WINKING=hacer guiños.

WATER-PLUG=tapon ó piston de agua, ó fuente, fuente pública.

CONGEALED=helar.

holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp-heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke: a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the strong-hold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol: but at the first sound of—

> «God bless you merry gentleman!
> May nothing you dismay!»

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the

HOLLY SPRIGS = ramitas de acebo (que se usan en la navidad como en Madrid la albahaca en las verbenas).

CRACKLED = chisporrotear.

POULTERERS'..... GROCERS' = de los polleros..... tenderos de comestibles.

LORD MAYOR (mair) = corregidor.

MANSION HOUSE = palacio del Lord mayor en Londres.

BUTLERS = despenseros, reposteros.

FINED = multar.

BLOOD-THIRSTY = sanguinario, pendenciero.

PUDDING = budin.

BÁBY = criatura.

TO LUSTY PURPOSE = con vigorosa eficacia, con el alma.

GNAWED (nad) = roer.

MUMBLED = comer (con los labios cerrados).

KEYHOLE = ojo de la llave.

CAROL = villancico, coplas.

RULER = regla.

singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat. . . .

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's-book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house, that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the City of London, even including — which is a bold word — the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley,

STOOL = banqueta.

SNUFFED..... OUT = apagó despabilando.

TAVERN = taberna, hosteria.

UP A YARD = en lo alto de un patio ó plazueleta sin salida.

HIDE-AND-SEEK = escondite.

FAIN = obligado,

GATEWAY = portalon.

KNOCKER = aldabon.

FANCY = imaginacion (en ambos sentidos).

since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change: not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid colour, made it horrible: but its horror seemed to be, in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half-expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pig-tail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on; so he said «Pooh, pooh!» and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own.

SEVEN-YEARS' DEAD = muerto hace siete años.

LOBSTER = langosta.

CELLAR = bodega.

PIG-TAIL = rabo de cochino, coleta de peluca.

SCREWS AND NUTS = tornillos y tuercas.

BANG = estruendo.

Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly too: trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up (1) a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter-bar towards the wall, and the door towards the balustrades: and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas-lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in;

(1) Alluding to two familiar sayings or comparisons.

COACH-AND-SIX = coche y seis caballos.

HEARSE = féretro, carro fúnebre.

SPLINTER-BAR = lanza.

TO SPARE = de sobra.

DIP = vela de sebo.

SAUCEPAN = cazuela-sarten (de hierro).

GRUEL = bebida confortante.

HOB = plancha fija en las rejas ó chimeneas inglesas en un lado y otro, para arrimar algo á la lumbre.

POKER = furgon.

double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his night-cap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it; and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fire-place was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

«Humbug!» said Scrooge; and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, toge-

SLIPPERS = chinelas.

TILES = azulejos.

SHEBA = Sabá.

FEATHER-BEDS = colchones de pluma.

BUTTER-BOATS = mantequera.

BLANK = en blanco.

HUMBUG = disparate, necedad.

SWING (swung) = oscilar.

ther. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floor below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

«It 's humbug still!» said Scrooge. «I won't believe it.»

His colour changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried «I know him! Marley's Ghost!» and fell again.

The same face: the very same. Marley in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pig-tail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent: so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its

CLANKING=sonido como de grillos ó esposas.

BOOMING=que resuena ó retumba.

WON'T=*will not*.

THOUGH=con todo.

WAISTCOAT=chaleco.

TIGHTS=pantalon ajustado.

TASSELS=borlas.

BRISTLING (brisling)=erizarse.

CASH-BOXES=cajas de guardar dinero.

PADLOCKS=candados.

LEDGERS=libros mayores.

DEEDS=escrituras.

BOWELS=entrañas (en ambos sentidos).

head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before: he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

«How now!» said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. «What do you want with me?»

«Much!»—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

«Who are you?»

«Ask me who I *was*.»

«Who *were* you then?» said Scrooge, raising his voice. «You're particular—for a shade.» He was going to say «*to* a shade,» but substituted this, as more appropriate.

«In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.»

«Can you—can you sit down?» asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

«I can.»

«Do it then.»

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fire-place, as if he were quite used to it.

«You don't believe in me,» observed the Ghost.

«I don't,» said Scrooge.

«What evidence would you have of my reality, beyond that of your senses?»

«I don't know,» said Scrooge.

«Why do you doubt your senses?»

«Because,» said Scrooge, «a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!»

WRAPPER=envoltorio.

PARTICULAR=escrupuloso.

SHADE=sombra, manes.

TO A SHADE=á una sombra, hasta la nimiedad.

BLOT=manchon, borron.

CRUMB=miga.

POTATO=patata.

UNDERDONE=mal cocido.

GRAVY=jugo, salsa.

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels, were still agitated as by the hot vapour from an oven.

«You see this toothpick?» said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

«I do,» replied the Ghost.

«You are not looking at it,» said Scrooge.

«But I see it,» said the Ghost, «notwithstanding.»

«Well!» returned Scrooge. «I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!»

At this, the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling into a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

«Mercy!» he said. «Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?»

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge

CRACKING = rajar, producir explosion, gastar.

GOBLINS = duendes.

SWOON = desmayo.

knew this, by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience, as in surprise and fear: for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window: desperate in his curiosity, he looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ancle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a door-step. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power for ever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which

SAFE = arca (de comerciante, etc.) ENSHROUDED = amortajado, envuelto.

the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say «Humbug!» but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose; went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

There are not many people—and as it is desirable that a story-teller and a story-reader should establish a mutual understanding as soon as possible, I beg it to be noticed that I confine this observation neither to young people nor to little people, but extend it to all conditions of people: little and big, young and old: yet growing up, or already growing down again—there are not, I say, many people who would care to sleep in a church. I don't mean at sermon-time in warm weather (when the thing has actually been done, once or twice), but in the night, and alone. A great multitude of persons will be violently astonished, I know, by this position, in the broad bold Day. But it applies to Night. It must be argued by night. And I will undertake to maintain it successfully on any gusty winter's night appointed for the purpose, with any one opponent chosen from the rest, who will meet me singly in an old churchyard, before an old church door; and will previously empower me to lock him in, if needful to his satisfaction, until morning.

For the night-wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes; and of trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors; and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in; as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that

GUSTY = ventoso.

LOCK HIM IN = encerrarle bajo llave.

TRICK = jugada, maña, modo.

CREVICES = rendijas.

may be; it wails and howls to issue fort again: and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters: then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. Anon, it comes up stealthily, and creeps along the walls: seeming to read, in whispers, the inscriptions sacred to the dead. At some of these, it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter; and at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound too, lingering within the altar; where it seems to chaunt, in its will way, of wrong and murder done, and false gods worshipped beyond its sacred precincts, in defiance of the Tables of the Law, which look so fair and smooth, but are so flawed and broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at midnight, singing in a church!

But high up in the steeple! There the foul blast roars and whistles! High up in the steeple, where it is free to come and go through many an airy arch and loophole, and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair, and twirl the groaning weather-cock, and make the very tower shake and shiver! High up in the steeple, where the belfry is; and iron rails are ragged with rust; and sheets of lead and copper, shrivelled by the changing weather, crackle and heave beneath the unaccustomed tread; and birds stuff shabby nests into corners of old oaken joists and beams; and dust grows old and grey; and speckled spiders, indolent and fat with long security, swing idly to and fro in the vibration of the bells, and never loose their hold

WAILS = llorar lamentando.

REND = desgajar.

RAFTERS = vigas.

SHRILLY = chillando, vociferando.

FLAWED = rajado.

TWIST AND TWINE = torcer y retorcerse.

GIDDY = que pierde ó hace perder la cabeza.

GROANING = gemir.

WEATHER-COCK = gallo del tiempo, veleta.

BELFRY = campanario.

SHABBY = semi-elegante, *tronado*.

JOISTS = justas ó juntas (de madera).

BEAMS = vigas.

SPECKLED = que tiene pintas.

upon their thread-spun castles in the air, or climb up sailor-like in quick alarm, or drop upon the ground and ply a score of nimble legs to save a life! High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night: and high up in the steeple of an old church, dwelt the Chimes I tell of.

They were old Chimes, trust me. Centuries ago, these Bells had been baptized by bishops: so many centuries ago, that the register of their baptism was lost long, long before the memory of man: and no one knew their names. They had had their Godfathers and Godmothers, these Bells (for my own part, by the way, I would rather incur the responsibility of being Godfather to a Bell than a Boy): and had had their silver mugs no doubt, besides. But Time had mowed down their sponsors, and Henry the Eighth had melted down their mugs: and they now hung, nameless and mugless, in the church tower.

Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes were they, to be dependent on the pleasure of the wind, moreover; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard, on stormy nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat even a blustering Nor'-Wester.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed,

THREAD-SPUN (spin, span, spun)=hilado, (hecho) de hilo.

CHIMES=repique ó tañido acompasado (de campanas).

BISHOPS=obispos.

SILVER MUGS=vasos de plata (regalo de bautizo).

BENT=resuelto.

BEAT=vencer.

BLUSTERING NOR'-WESTER=ruidoso vendabal.

GOOSE-SKINNED=de ganso desplumado (operacion ejecutada cinco veces al año; que mata á muchos en la temporada del frio).

stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was, to wait in, in the winter time, as Toby Veck (1) well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner — especially the east wind — as if it had sallied forth, express, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected, for bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried «Why, here he is!» Incontinently his little white apron would be caught up over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself all aslant, and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged and buffeted, and touzled, and worried, and hustled, and lifted off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle, that he wasn't carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails or other portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown.

But windy weather, in spite of its using him so roughly, was, after all, a sort of holiday for Toby. That's the fact. He didn't seem to wait so long for a sixpence in the wind, as at other times; for the having to fight with that boisterous element took off his attention, and quite freshened him up, when he was getting hungry and low-spirited. A hard frost too, or a

(1) Un mozo de cordel.

STONY-TOED = de dedos (*del pié*) de piedra (hechos una piedra por el hielo).

BOUNCING ROUND = saltar (como una pelota) al rededor, dar la vuelta de pronto.

APRON = delantal.

ASLANT = sesgado.

BANGED = cerrar con un portazo, baquetear.

TOUZLE = tirar de ceca en meca.

WORRIED = maltratar (como los perros cuando están riñendo).

HUSTLED (husld) = sacudir chocando.

FROGS AND SNAILS = ranas y caracoles.

TICKET-PORTERS = mozos de cordel con licencia (*ticket*).

fall of snow, was an Event; and it seemed to do him good, somehow or other—it would have been hard to say in what respect though, Toby! So wind and frost and snow, and perhaps a good stiff storm of hail, were Toby Veck's red-letter days.

Wet weather was the worst: the cold damp, clammy wet, that wrapped him up like a moist great-coat: the only kind of great-coat Toby owned, or could have added to his comfort by dispensing with. Wet days, when the rain came slowly, thickly, obstinately down; when the street's throat, like his own, was choked with mist; when smoking umbrellas passed and repassed, spinning round and round like so many teetotums, as they knocked against each other on the crowded footway, throwing off a little whirlpool of uncomfortable sprinklings; when gutters brawled and water-spouts were full and noisy; when the wet from the projecting stones and ledges of the church fell drip, drip, drip, on Toby, making the wisp of straw on which he stood mere mud in no time; those were the days that tried him. Then indeed you might see Toby looking anxiously out from his shelter in an angle of the church wall—such a meagre shelter that in summer time it never cast a shadow thicker than a good-sized walking stick upon the sunny pavement—with a disconsolate and lengthened face. But coming out, a minute afterwards, to warm himself by exercise: and trotting up and down some dozen times: he would brighten even then, and go back more brightly to his niche.

They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps, most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to

RED-LETTER DAYS = dias de letra encarnada (*las fiestas se marcaban así*), dias felices.

CLAMMY = pegajoso.

THROAT = garganta.

SPINNING = hilar, bailar ó dar vueltas rápidas.

TEETOTUMS = perinolas.

SPRINKLINGS = salpicaduras.

GUTTERS = arroyos (de la calle).

BRAWLED = hablar gordo, meter bulla.

WATER-SPOUTS = canalones.

DRIP = gota (de una cosa que se asa ó que está empapada).

WISP = manojito.

MEAGRE = magro.

his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast Postmen ahead of him, to get out of the way; devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire; and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers; Toby, with his knees bent and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the Chimes resounded, Toby trotted still.

We commenced our last chapter with the beadle of our parish, because we are deeply sensible of the importance and dignity of his office. We will begin the present, with the clergyman.

BESPATTERED = salpicar.

EARN = ganar.

WORTH HIS SALT (*common saying*) = valia su sal.

AHEAD OF = que le llevaba la delantera.

RUN..... DOWN = correr abajo, vencer dejando muy atrás.

MUFFLERS = *embozadores*, guantes de lana gorda (*worsted*).

TAP = espita, cuarto donde se sirven refrescos ó licores en público.

BEADLE = bedel, síndico.

CLERGYMAN = el clérigo, cura (los curas protestantes se casan).

Our curate is a young gentleman of such prepossessing appearance, and fascinating manners, that within one month after his first appearance in the parish, half the young-lady inhabitants were melancholy with religion, and the other half, desponding with love. Never were so many young ladies seen in our parish-church on Sunday before; and never had the little round angels' faces on Mr. Tomkins's monument in the side aisle, beheld such devotion on earth as they all exhibited. He was about five-and-twenty when he first came to astonish the parishioners. He parted his hair on the centre of his forehead in the form of a Norman arch, wore a brilliant of the first water on the fourth finger of his left hand (which he always applied to his left cheek when he read prayers), and had a deep sepulchral voice of unusual solemnity. Innumerable were the calls made by prudent mammas on our new curate, and innumerable the invitations with which he was assailed, and which, to do him justice, he readily accepted. If his manner in the pulpit had created an impression in his favour, the sensation was increased tenfold, by his appearance in private circles. Pews in the immediate vicinity of the pulpit or reading-desk rose in value; sittings in the centre aisle were at a premium: an inch of room in the front row of the gallery could not be procured for love or money; and some people even went so far as to assert, that the three Miss Browns, who had an obscure family pew just behind the churchwardens', were detected, one Sunday, in the free seats by the communion-table, actually lying in wait for the curate as he passed to the vestry! He began to preach extempore sermons, and even grave

DESPONDING = abatidas, enfermas.

AISLE (il) = nave.

PARTED HIS HAIR = sacaba la raya.

FOREHEAD = frente.

CALLS = visitas.

PULPIT = púlpito.

TENFOLD = décuplo.

READING-DESK = púlpito pequeño desde donde leen los curas protestantes las oraciones y salmos.

PEW = asiento en la iglesia.

CHURCHWARDENS' = de mayordomo de iglesia.

COMMUNION-TABLE = altar protestante.

VESTRY = sacristía.

papas caught the infection. He got out of bed at half-past twelve o'clock one winter's night, to half-baptize a washerwoman's child in a slop-basin, and the gratitude of the parishioners knew no bounds—the very churchwardens grew generous, and insisted on the parish defraying the expense of the watch-box on wheels, which the new curate had ordered for himself, to perform the funeral service in, in wet weather. He sent three pints of gruel and a quarter of a pound of tea to a poor woman who had been brought to bed of four small children, all at ance—the parish were charmed. He got up a subscription for her—the woman's fortune was made. He spoke for one hour and twenty-five minutes, at an anti-slavery meeting at the Goat and Boots—the enthusiasm was at its height. A proposal was set on foot for presenting the curate with a piece of plate, as a mark of esteem for his valuable services rendered to the parish. The list of subscriptions was filled up in no time; the contest was, not who should escape the contribution, but who should be the foremost to subscribe. A splendid silver inkstand was made, and engraved with an appropriate inscription; the curate was invited to a public breakfast, at the before-mentioned Goat and Boot; the inkstand was presented in a neat speech by Mr. Gubbins, the ex-churchwarden, and acknowledged by the curate in terms which drew tears into the eyes of all present—the very waiters were melted.

One would have supposed that, by this time, the theme of universal admiration was lifted to the very pinnacle of popularity. No such thing. The curate began to cough; four fits of coughing one morning between the Litany and the Epistle, and five in the afternoon service. Here was a discovery—the curate was consumptive. How interestingly melancholy! If the young

SLOP-BASIN=tazon para sopitas.
WATCH-BOX=lagarito (para resguardarse de la lluvia).
BROUGHT TO BED=parlear.
HEIGHT (hit)=apogeo.
PLATE=vajilla.
INKSTAND=tintero.
GOAT AND BOOTS=Cabra y Botas (posada).
WAITERS=mozos.
MELTED=enternecidos.
COUGH (cof)=toser.
AFTERNOON SERVICE=oficio de la tarde.

ladies were energetic before, their sympathy and solicitude now knew no bounds. Such a man as the curate—such a dear—such a perfect love—to be consumptive! It was too much. Anonymous presents of black-currant jam, and lozenges, elastic waistcoats, bosom friends, and warm stockings, poured in upon the curate until he was as completely fitted out, with winter clothing, as if he were on the verge of an expedition to the North Pole: verbal bulletins of the state of his health were circulated throughout the parish half a-dozen times a day; and the curate was in the very zenith of his popularity.

About this period, a change came over (1) the spirit of the parish. A very quiet, respectable, dozing old gentleman, who had officiated in our chapel of ease for twelve years previously, died one fine morning, without having given any notice whatever of his intention. This circumstance gave rise to counter-sensation the first; and the arrival of his successor occasioned counter-sensation the second. He was a pale, thin, cadaverous man, with large black eyes, and long straggling black hair: his dress was slovenly in the extreme, his manner ungainly, his doctrines startling; in short, he was in every respect the antipodes of the curate. Crowds of our female parishioners flocked to hear him: at first, because he was *so* odd-looking, then because his face was *so* expressive, then because he preached *so* well; and at last, because they really thought that, after all, there was something about him which it was quite impossible to describe. As to the curate, he was all very well; but certainly, after all, there was no denying that—that—in short, the curate wasn't a novelty, and the other clergyman was. The

(1) An allusion to Lord Byron's *Dream*.

BLACK-CURRANT = grosella negra ó tinta.

JAM = conservas.

LOZENGES = pastillas.

BOSOM FRIENDS = amigos de pecho (corazon), abrigos.

STOCKINGS = medias.

CHAPEL OF EASE = capilla aneja á la parroquial.

SLOVENLY (slŭvenli) = desaliñado.

UNGÁINLY = poco gracioso.

WASN'T = *was not*.

inconstancy of public opinion is proverbial: the congregation migrated one by one. The curate coughed till he was black in the face—it was in vain. He respired with difficulty—it was equally ineffectual in awakening sympathy. Seats are once again to be had in any part of our parish church, and the chapel-of-ease is going to be enlarged as it is crowded to suffocation every Sunday!

The best known and most respected among our parishioners, is an old lady, who resided in our parish long before our name was registered in the list of baptisms. Our parish is a suburban one, and the old lady lives in a neat row of houses in the most airy and pleasant part of it. The house is her own; and it, and every thing about it, except the old lady herself, who looks a little older than she did ten years ago, is in just the same state as when the old gentleman was living. The little front parlour, which is the old lady's ordinary sitting-room, is a perfect picture of quiet neatness: the carpet is covered with brown Holland, the glass and picture-frames are carefully enveloped in yellow muslin; the table-covers are never taken off, except when the leaves are turpentined and bees-waxed, an operation which is regularly commenced every other morning at half-past nine o'clock—and the little nicnacs are always arranged in precisely the same manner. The greater part of these are presents from little girls whose parents live in the same row; but some of them, such as the two old fashioned watches (which never keep the same time, one being always a quarter of an hour too slow, and the other a quarter of an hour too fast), the little picture of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold as they appeared in the Royal Box at Drury-lane Theatre, and others of the same class, have been in the old lady's possession for many years. Here the old lady sits with her spectacles on, busily engaged in needle-work—near the window in summer time; and if she sees you coming up the steps, and you happen to be

BROWN HOLLAND=lienzo castaño de Holanda.

TURPÉNTINED=dar de trementina.

BEES-WAXED=dar de cera.

NICNACS=frusterias.

NEEDLE-WORK=labor.

a favourite, she trots out to open the street door for you before you knock, and as you must be fatigued after that hot walk, insists on your swallowing two glasses of sherry before you exert yourself by talking. If you call in the evening you will find her cheerful, but rather more serious than usual, with an open Prayer-book on the table, before her, of which «Sarah,» who is just as neat and methodical as her mistress, regularly reads two or three pages in the parlour aloud.

The old lady sees scarcely any company, except the little girls before noticed, each of whom has always a regular fixed day for a periodical tea-drinking with her, to which the child looks forward as the greatest treat of its existence. She seldom visits at a greater distance than the next door but one on either side; and when she drinks tea here, Sarah runs out first and knocks a double-knoch, to prevent the possibility of her «Missis's» catching cold by having to wait at the door. She is very scrupulous in returning these little invitations, and when she asks Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Somebody-else, Sarah and she dust the urn, and the best china service, and the tea-board; and the visitors are received in the drawing-room in great state. She has but few relations, and they are scattered about in different parts of the country, and she seldom sees them. She has a son in India, whom she always describes to you as a fine, handsome fellow—so like the profile of his poor dear father over the sideboard, but the old lady adds, with a mournful shake of the head, that he has always been one of her greatest trials, and that indeed he once almost broke her heart; but it pleased God to enable her to get the better of it, and she would prefer your never mentioning the subject to her, again. She has a great number of pensioners: and on Saturday, after she comes back from market, there is a regular levee of old men and women in the passage,

SHERRY = vino de Jerez.

TREAT = convite, diversion.

MISSIS'S = de señora (abreviatura de *mistress*).

DUST = quitar el polvo.

PROFILE = perfil.

TO GET THE BETTER OF = vencer.

LEVEE = recepcion.

waiting for their weekly gratuity. Her name always heads the list of any benevolent subscriptions, and hers are always the most liberal donations to the Winter Coal and Soup Distribution Society. She subscribed twenty pounds towards the erection of an organ in our parish church; and was so overcome the first Sunday the children sang to it, that she was obliged to be carried out by the pew-opener. Her entrance into church on Sunday is always the signal for a little bustle in the side aisle, occasioned by a general rise among the poor people, who bow and curtsy until the pew-opener has ushered the old lady into her accustomed seat, dropped a respectful curtsy, and shut the door: and the same ceremony is repeated on her leaving church, when she walks home with the family next door but one, and talks about the sermon all the way, invariably opening the conversation by asking the youngest boy where the text was.

Thus, with the annual variation of a trip to some quiet place on the sea-coast, passes the old lady's life. It has rolled on in the same unvarying and benevolent course for many years now, and must at no distant period be brought to its final close. She looks forward to its termination, with calmness and without apprehension. She has every thing to hope and nothing to fear.

A very different personage, but one who has rendered himself very conspicuous in our parish, is one of the old lady's next door neighbours. He is an old naval officer on half-pay, and his bluff and unceremonious behaviour, distnrbs the old lady's domestic economy, not a little. In the first place he *will* smoke cigars in the front court, and when he wants something to drink with them—which is by no means an nncommon circumstance—he lifts up the old lady's knocker with his walking-stick, and demands to have a glass of table ale, handed over the rails. In addition to this cool proceeding, he is a bit of a Jack of all trades, or to use his own words, «A regular Robinson Crusoe;» and nothing delights him better, than to experimentalize on the old lady's property. One morning he got up

TRIP=viajecito.

BLUFF=rústico ó áspero, nada etiquetero.

JACK OF ALL TRADES=entendido en todo un poco.

early, and planted three or four roots of fullgrown marigolds in every bed of her front garden, to the inconceivable astonishment of the old lady, who actually thought when she got up and looked out of the window, that it was some strange eruption which had come out in the night. Another time he took to pieces the eight-day clock on the front landing, under pretence of cleaning the works, which he put together again, by some undiscovered process in so wonderful a manner, that the large hand has done nothing but trip up the little one ever since. Then he took to breeding silk-worms, which he *would* bring in two or three times a day, in little paper boxes, to show the old lady, generally dropping a worm or two at every visit. The consequence was, that one morning a very stout silk-worm was discovered in the act of walking up stairs — probably with the view of inquiring after his friends, for, on further inspection, it appeared that some of his companions had already found their way to every room in the house. The old lady went to the sea-side in despair, and during her absence he completely effaced the name from her brass door-plate, in his attempts to polish it with aqua-fortis.

But all this, is nothing to his seditious conduct in public life. He attends every vestry meeting that is held: always opposes the constituted authorities of the parish, denounces the profligacy of the churchwardens, contests legal points against the vestry-clerk, *will* make the tax-gatherer call for his money till he won't call any longer, and then he sends it: finds fault with the sermon every Sunday, says that the organist ought to be ashamed of himself, offers to back himself for any amount to sing the psalms better than all the children put together, male and female; and, in short, conducts himself in the most turbulent and uproarious manner. The worst of it is, that hav-

MARIGOLDS=caléndulas.

EIGHT-DAY CLOCK=reloj con cuerda para ocho dias.

VESTRY MEETING=junta de la parroquia.

TAX-GATHERER=recaudador.

WON'T (*will not*) CALL=no querer pasar por casa.

BACK=ser partidario activo, hacer una apuesta por.....

ing a high regard for the old lady, he wants to make her a convert to his views, and therefore walks into her little parlour with his newspaper in his hand, and talks violent politics by the hour. He is a charitable, open-hearted old fellow at bottom, after all; so, although he puts the old lady a little out occasionally, they agree very well in the main, and she laughs as much at each feat of his handiwork when it is all over, as anybody else.

(1) The first of May! There is a merry freshness in the sound, recalling to our minds a thousand thoughts of all that is pleasant and beautiful in nature, in her sweetest and most delightful form. What man is there, over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence—carrying him back to the days of his childish sports, and conjuring up before him the old green field with its gently-waving trees, where the birds sang as he has never heard them since—where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than he ever sees him now, in all his ramblings—where the sky seemed bluer, and the sun shone more brightly—where the air blew more freshly over greener grass, and sweeter-smelling flowers—where every thing wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now! Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon its heart. The hardy traveller wanders through the maze of thick and pathless woods, where the sun's rays never shone, and heaven's pure air never played: he stands on the brink of the roaring waterfall, and, giddy and bewildered, watches the foaming mass as it leaps from stone to stone, and from crag to crag; he lingers in the fertile plains of a land of perpetual sunshine, and revels in the luxury of their balmy breath. But what are the

(1) The vocabulary will be henceforward purposely omitted.

HANDIWORK = obra de ingenio. ALL OVER = todo acabado.

deep forests, or the thundering waters, or the richest landscapes that bounteous nature ever spread, to charm the eyes, and captivate the senses of man, compared with the recollection of the old scenes of his early youth?—Magic scenes indeed; for the fairy thoughts of infancy dressed them in colours brighter than the rainbow, and almost as fleeting; colours which are the reflection only of the sparkling sunbeams of childhood, and can never be called into existence in the dark and cloudy days of after-life!

In former times, spring brought with it not only such associations as these, connected with the past, but sports and games for the present—merry dances round rustic pillars, adorned with emblems of the seasons, and reared in honour of its coming. Where are they now! Pillars we have, but they are no longer rustic ones; and as to dancers, they are used to rooms, and lights, and would not show well in the open air. Think of the immorality, too! What would your sabbath enthusiasts say, to an aristocratic ring encircling the Duke of York's column in Carlton-terrace—a grand *poussette* of the middle classes, round Alderman Waithman's monument in Fleet-street, —or a general hands-four-round of ten-pound householders, at the foot of the Obelisk in St. George's-fields? Alas! romance can make no head against the riot act; and pastoral simplicity is not understood by the police.

Well; many years ago we began to be a steady and matter-of-fact sort of people, and dancing in spring being beneath our dignity, we gave it up, and in course of time it descended to the sweeps—a fall certainly; because, though sweeps are very good fellows in their way, and moreover very useful in a civilized community, they are not exactly the sort of people to give the tone to the little elegances of society. The sweeps, however, got the dancing to themselves, and they kept it up, and handed it down. This was a severe blow to the romance of spring-time, but it did not entirely destroy it either; for a portion of it descended to the sweeps with the dancing, and rendered them objects of great interest. A mystery hung over the sweeps in those days. Legends were in existence of wealthy gentlemen who had lost children, and who, after many years

of sorrow and suffering, had found them in the character of sweeps. Stories were related of a young boy who, having been stolen from his parents in his infancy, and devoted to the occupation of chimney-sweeping, was sent, in the course of his professional career, to sweep the chimney of his mother's bedroom; and how, being hot and tired when he came out of the chimney, he got into the bed he had so often slept in as an infant, and was discovered and recognised therein by his mother, who once every year of her life, thereafter, requested the pleasure of the company of every London sweep, at half-past one o'clock, to roast beef, plum-pudding, porter, and sixpence.

Such stories as these, and there were many such, threw an air of mystery round the sweeps, and produced for them some of those good effects which animals derive from the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. No one, except the masters, thought of ill-treating a sweep, because no one knew who he might be, or what nobleman's or gentleman's son he might turn out. Chimney-sweeping was, by many believers in the marvellous, considered as a sort of probationary term, at an earlier or later period of which, divers young noblemen were to come into possession of their rank and titles: and the profession was held by them in great respect accordingly.

We remember, in our young days, a little sweep about our own age, with curly hair and white teeth, whom we devoutly and sincerely believed to be the lost son and heir of some illustrious personage—an impression which was resolved into an unchangeable conviction on our infant mind, by the subject of our speculations informing us, one day, in reply to our question, propounded a few moments before his ascent to the summit of the kitchen chimney, «that he believed he 'd been born in the vurkis (1), but he 'd never know'd his father.» We felt certain from that time forth that he would one day be owned by a lord, at least; and we never heard the church-bells ring, or saw a flag hoisted in the neighbourhood, without thinking that the happy event had at last occurred, and that his long-lost parent had arrived in a coach and six, to take him home

(1) *Workhouse, hospicio*: he'd=*he had*: know'd=known.

to Grosvenor-square. He never came, however; and, at the present moment, the young gentleman in question is settled down as a master sweep in the neighbourhood of Battle Bridge, his distinguishing characteristics being a decided antipathy to washing himself, and the possession of a pair of legs very inadequate to the support of his somewhat unwieldy and corpulent body.

The romance of spring having gone out before our time, we were faln to console ourselves as we best could with the uncertainty that enveloped the birth and parentage of its attendant dancers, the sweeps; and we *did* console ourselves with it, for many years. But even this wretched source of comfort received a shock, from which it has never recovered — a shock, which has been, in reality, its death-blow. We could not disguise from ourselves the fact that whole families of sweeps were regularly born of sweeps, in the rural districts of Somers Town and Camden Town — that the eldest son succeeded to the father's business, that the other branches assisted him therein, and commenced on their own account; that their children again, were educated to the profession; and that about their identity there could be no mistake whatever. We could not be blind, we say, to this melancholy truth, but we could not bring ourselves to admit it, nevertheless, and we lived on for some years in a state of voluntary ignorance. We were roused from our pleasant slumber by certain dark insinuations thrown out by a friend of ours, to the effect that children in the lower ranks of life were beginning to *choose* chimney-sweeping as their particular walk; that applications had been made by various boys to the constituted authorities, to allow them to pursue the object of their ambition with the full concurrence and sanction of the law; that the affair, in short, was becoming one of mere legal contract. We turned a deaf ear to these rumours at first, but slowly and surely they stole upon us. Month after month, week after week, nay, day after day, at last, did we meet with accounts of similiar applications. The veil was removed, all mystery was at an end, and chimney-sweeping had become a favourite and chosen pursuit. There is no longer any occasion to steal boys; for boys flock in crowds

to bind themselves. The romance of the trade has fled, and the chimney-sweeper of the present day, is no more like unto him of thirty years ago, than is a Fleet-street pickpocket to a Spanish brigand, or Paul Pry to Caleb Williams.

The gradual decay and disuse of the practice of leading noble youths into captivity, and compelling them to ascend chimneys, was a severe blow, if we may so speak, to the romance of chimney-sweeping, and to the romance of spring at the same time. But even this was not all, for some few years ago the dancing on May-day began to decline; small sweeps were observed to congregate in twos or threes, unsupported by a «green,» with no «My Lord» to act as master of the ceremonies, and no «My Lady» to preside over the exchequer. Even in companies where there was a «green» it was an absolute nothing—a mere sprout; and the instrumental accompaniments rarely extended beyond the shovels and a set of Pan-pipes, better known to the many, as a «mouth-organ.»

These were signs of the times, portentous omens of a coming-change; and what was the result which they shadowed forth? Why, the master sweeps, influenced by a restless spirit of innovation, actually interposed their authority, in opposition to the dancing, and substituted a dinner—an anniversary dinner at White Conduit House—where clean faces appeared in lieu of black ones smeared with rose pink; and knee cords and tops, superseded nankeen drawers and rosetted shoes.

From this day, we date the total fall of the last lingering remnant of May-day dancing, among the *élite* of the profession: and from this period we commence a new era in that portion of our spring associations, which relates to the 1st of May.

We are aware that the unthinking part of the population will meet us here, with the assertion, that dancing on May-day still continues—that «greens» are annually seen to roll along the streets—that youths in the garb of clowns, precede them, giving vent to the ebullitions of their sportive fancies; and that lords and ladies follow in their wake.

Granted. We are ready to acknowledge that in outward show, these processions have greatly improved: we do not deny the introduction of solos on the drum; we will even go so far as to

admit an occasional fantasia on the triangle, but here our admissions end. We positively deny that the sweeps have art or part in these proceedings. We distinctly charge the dustmen with throwing what they ought to clear away, into the eyes of the public. We accuse scavengers, brickmakers, and gentlemen who devote their energies to the costermongering line, with obtaining money once a-year, under false pretences. We cling with peculiar fondness to the custom of days gone by, and have shut out conviction as long as we could, but it has forced itself upon us; and we now proclaim to a deluded public, that the May-day dancers are *not* sweeps. The size of them, alone, is sufficient to repudiate the idea. It is a notorious fact that the widely-spread taste for register-stoves has materially increased the demand for small boys; whereas the men, who, under a fictitious character, dance about the streets on the first of May now-a-days, would be a tight fit in a kitchen flue, to say nothing of the parlour. This is strong presumptive evidence, but we have positive proof—the evidence of our own senses. And here is our testimony.

Upon the morning of the second of the merry month of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, we went out for a stroll, with a kind of forlorn hope of seeing something or other which might induce us to believe that it was really spring, and not Christmas: and after wandering as far as Copenhagen House, without meeting any thing calculated to dispel our impression that there was a mistake in the almanacks, we turned back down Maiden-lane, with the intention of passing through the extensive colony lying between it and Battle-bridge, which is inhabited by proprietors of donkey-carts, boilers of horse-flesh, makers of tiles, and sifters of cinders; and through this colony we should have passed, without stoppage or interruption, if a little crowd gathered round a shed had not attracted our attention, and induced us to pause.

When we say a «shed,» we do not mean the conservatory sort of building, which, according to the old song, Love tenanted when he was a young man, but a wooden house with windows stuffed with rags and paper, and a small yard at the

side; with one dust-cart, two baskets, a few shovels, and little heaps of cinders, and fragments of china and tiles scattered about it. Before this inviting spot we paused; and the longer we looked, the more we wondered what exciting circumstance it could be, that induced the foremost members of the crowd to flatten their noses against the parlour window, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of what was going on inside. After staring vacantly about us for some minutes, we appealed, touching the cause of this assemblage, to a gentleman in a suit of tarpaulin, who was smoking his pipe on our right hand; but as the only answer we obtained was a playful inquiry whether our maternal parent had disposed of her mangle, we determined to await the issue in silence.

Judge of our virtuous indignation, when the street-door of the shed opened, and a party emerged therefrom, clad in the costume and emulating the appearance of May-day sweeps!

The first person who appeared was «my lord,» habited in a blue coat and bright-buttons, with gilt paper tacked over the seams, yellow knee-breeches, pink cotton stockings, and shoes; a cocked hat, ornamented with shreds of various-coloured paper, on his head, a *bouquet* the size of a prize cauliflower in his buttonhole, a long Belcher handkerchief in his right hand, and a thin cane in his left. A murmur of applause ran through the crowd (which was chiefly composed of his lordship's personal friends), when this graceful figure made his appearance, which swelled into a burst of applause as his fair partner in the dance bounded forth to join him. Her ladyship was attired in pink crape over bed-furniture, with a low body and short sleeves. The symmetry of her ankles was partially concealed by a very perceptible pair of frilled trowsers; and the inconvenience which might have resulted from the circumstance of her white satin shoes being a few sizes too large, was obviated by their being firmly attached to her legs with strong tape sandals.

Her head was ornamented with a profusion of artificial flowers; and in her hand she bore a large brass ladle, wherein to receive what she figuratively denominated «the tin.» The other characters were a young gentleman in girl's clothes and

a widow's cap: two clowns who walked upon their hands in the mud, to the immeasurable delight of all the spectators; a man with a drum; another man with a flagelet; a dirty woman in a large shawl, with a box under her arm for the money,—and last, though not least, the «green,» animated by no less a personage then our identical friend in the tarpaulin suit.

The man hammered away at the drum, the flagelet squeaked, the shovels rattled, the «green» rolled about, pitching first on one side and then on the other—my lady threw her right foot over her left ankle, and her left foot over her right ankle, alternately; and my lord ran a few paces forward, and butted at the «green,» and then a few paces backward upon the toes of the crowd, and then went to the right, and then to the left, and then dodged my lady round the «green;» and finally drew her arm through his, and called upon the boys to shout, which they did lustily—for this was the dancing.

We passed the same group accidentally in the evening. We never saw a «green» so drunk, a lord so quarrelsome (no: not even in the house of peers after dinner), a pair of clowns so melancholy, a lady so muddy, or a party so miserable.

How has May-day decayed! How many merry sports, such as dancing round the Maypole, have fallen into desuetude! And, apparently trifling as their loss may appear, with how many profligate and vicious customs have they been replaced! How much of cheerfulness, and simplicity of character, have they carried away with them, and how much of degradation and discontent have they left behind!

In our rambles through the streets of London after evening has set in, we often pause beneath the windows of some public hospital, and picture to ourself the gloomy and mournful scenes that are passing within. The sudden moving of a taper as its feeble ray shoots from window after window, until its light gradually disappears, as if it were carried further back into the room to the bedside of some suffering patient, is enough to awaken a whole crowd of reflections; the mere glimmering of the low-burning lamps, which, when all other habitations are

wrapped in darkness and slumber, denote the chamber where so many forms are writhing with pain, or wasting with disease, is sufficient to check the most boisterous merriment.

Who can tell the anguish of those weary hours, when the only sound the sick man hears, is the disjointed wanderings of some feverish slumberer near him; the low moan of pain, or perhaps the muttered, long-forgotten prayer of a dying man? Who but those who have felt it, can imagine the sense of loneliness and desolation which must be the portion of those who in the hour of dangerous illness are left to be tended by strangers; for what hands, be they ever so gentle, can wipe the clammy brow, or smooth the restless bed, like those of mother, wife, or child?

Impressed with these thoughts, we have turned away, through the nearly-deserted streets; and the sight of the few miserable creatures still hovering about them, has not tended to lessen the pain which such meditations awaken. The hospital is a refuge and resting-place for hundreds, who but for such institutions must die in the streets and doorways; but what can be the feelings of outcasts like these, when they are stretched on the bed of sickness with scarcely a hope of recovery? The wretched woman who lingers about the pavement, hours after midnight, and the miserable shadow of a man — the ghastly remnant that want and drunkenness have left — which crouches beneath a window-ledge, to sleep where there is some shelter from the rain, have little to bind them to life, but what have they to look back upon, in death? What are the unwonted comforts of a roof and a bed to them, when the recollections of a whole life of debasement stalk before them; when repentance seems a mockery, and sorrow comes too late?

About a twelvemonth ago, as we were strolling through Covent Garden (we had been thinking about these things overnight) we were attracted by the very prepossessing appearance of a pickpocket, who having declined to take the trouble of walking to the Police-office, on the ground that he hadn't the slightest wish to go there at all, was being conveyed thither in a wheel-barrow, to the huge delight of a crowd, but apparently not very much to his own gratification.

Somehow we never can resist joining a crowd, so we turned back with the mob, and entered the office, in company with our friend the pickpocket, a couple of policemen, and as many dirty-faced spectators as could squeeze their way in.

There was a powerful, ill-looking young fellow at the bar, who was undergoing an examination, on the very common charge of having, on the previous night, ill-treated a woman, with whom he lived in some court hard by. Several witnesses bore testimony to acts of the grossest brutality; and a certificate was read from the house-surgeon of a neighbouring hospital, describing the nature of the injuries the woman had received, and intimating that her recovery was extremely doubtful.

Some question appeared to have been raised about the identity of the prisoner; for when it was agreed that the two magistrates should visit the hospital at eight o'clock that evening, to take her deposition, it was settled that the man should be taken there also. He turned deadly pale at this, and we saw him clench the bar very hard when the order was given. He was removed directly afterwards, and he spoke not a word.

We felt an irrepressible curiosity to witness this interview, although it is hard to tell why, at this instant, for we knew it must be a painful one. It was no very difficult matter for us to gain permission, and we obtained it.

The prisoner, and the officer who had him in custody, were already at the hospital when we reached it, and waiting the arrival of the magistrates in a small room below stairs. The man was handcuffed, and his hat was pulled forward over his eyes. It was easy to see, though, by the livid whiteness of his countenance, and the constant twitching of the muscles of his face, that he dreaded what was to come. After a short interval, the magistrates and clerk were bowed in by the house-surgeon and a couple of young men who smelt very strong of tobacco-smoke—they were introduced as «dressers»—and after one magistrate had complained bitterly of the cold, and the other of the absence of any news in the evening papers, it was announced that the patient was prepared: and we were conducted to the «casualty ward» in which she was lying.

The dim light which burnt in the spacious room, increased

rather than diminished the ghastly appearance of the hapless creatures in the beds, which were ranged in two long rows on either side. In one bed lay a child enveloped in bandages, with its body half consumed by fire; in another, a female, rendered hideous by some dreadful accident, was wildly beating her clenched fists on the coverlet, in an agony of pain; on a third, there lay stretched a young girl, apparently in that heavy stupor so often the immediate precursor of death: her face was stained with blood, and her breast and arms were bound up in folds of linen. Two or three of the beds were empty, and their recent occupants were sitting beside them, but with faces so wan, and eyes so bright and glassy, that it was fearful to meet their gaze. On every face was stamped the expression of anguish and suffering.

The object of the visit was lying at the upper end of the room. She was a fine young woman of about two or three and twenty. Her long black hair had been hastily cut from about the wounds on her head, and streamed over the pillow in jagged and matted locks. Her face bore frightful marks of the ill-usage she had received: her hand was pressed upon her side, as if her chief pain were there; her breathing was short and heavy; and it was plain to see that she was dying fast. She murmured a few words in reply to the magistrate's inquiry whether she was in great pain; and having been raised on the pillow by the nurse, looked vacantly upon the strange countenances that surrounded her bed. The magistrate nodded to the officer, to bring the man forward. He did so, and stationed him at the bedside. The girl looked on, with a wild and troubled expression of face; but her sight was dim, and she did not know him.

«Take off his hat,» said the magistrate. The officer did as he was desired, and the man's features were fully disclosed.

The girl started up, with an energy quite preternatural; the fire gleamed in her heavy eyes, and the blood rushed to her pale and sunken cheeks. It was a convulsive effort. She fell back upon her pillow, and covering her scarred and bruised face with her hands, burst into tears. The man cast an anxious look towards her; but otherwise appeared wholly unmoved.

After a brief pause the nature of their errand was explained, and the oath tendered.

«Oh, no, gentlemen,» said the girl, raising herself once more, and folding her hands together; «no, gentlemen for God's sake! I did it myself—it was nobody's fault—it was an accident. He didn't hurt me; he wouldn't for all the world. Jack, dear Jack, you know you wouldn't.»

Her sight was fast failing her, and her hand groped over the bed-clothes in search of his. Brute as the man was, he was not prepared for this. He turned his face from the bed, and sobbed aloud. The girl's colour changed, and her breathing grew more difficult. She was evidently dying.

«We respect the feelings which prompt you to this,» said the gentleman who had spoken first, «but let me warn you, not to persist in what you know to be untrue, until it is too late. It cannot save him.»

«Jack,» murmured the girl, laying her hand upon his arm, «they shall not persuade me to swear your life away. He didn't do it, gentlemen. He never hurt me.» She grasped his arm tightly, and added, in a broken whisper, «I hope God Almighty will forgive me all the wrong I have done, and the life I have led. God bless you, Jack. Some kind gentleman take my love to my poor old father. Five years ago, he said he wished I had died a child. Oh, I wish I had! I wish I had!»

The nurse bent over the girl for a few seconds, and then drew the sheet over her face. It covered a corpse.

CHARLES DICKENS.
(Still living.)

THE STORY OF HUDUSI.

Most sublime pacha, allow me first to observe, that, although I have latterly adhered to my own opinions, I am not so intolerant as not to permit the same licence to others: I do not mean to say that there are not such things as facts in this world, nor to find fault with those who believe in them. I am told that there are also such things as flying dragons, griffins and other wondrous animals; but surely it is quite sufficient for me, or any one else, to believe that these animals exist,

when it may have been our fortune to see them; in the same manner, I am willing to believe in a fact, when it is cleared from the mists of doubt; but up to the present, I can safely say, that I seldom have fallen in with a fact, unaccompanied by *doubts*, and every year adds to my belief, that there are few genuine facts in existence. So interwoven in my frame is doubt, that I sometimes am unwilling to admit, as a fact, that I exist. I believe it to be the case, but I feel that I have no right to assert it, until I know what death is, and may from thence draw an inference, which may lead me to a just conclusion.

My name is Hudusi. Of my parents I can say little. My father asserted that he was the bravest janissary in the sultan's employ, and had greatly distinguished himself. He was always talking of Rustam, as being a fool compared to him; of the number of battles he had fought, and of the wounds which he had received in leading his corps on all desperate occasions; but as my father often bathed before me, and the only wound I could ever perceive was one in his rear, when he spoke of bravery, I *very much doubted the fact*.

An old mollah taught me to read and write, and repeat the verses of the Koran—and I was as much advanced as any boy under his charge—but he disliked me very much for reasons which I never could understand, and was eternally giving me the slipper. He declared that I was a reprobate, an unbeliever, a son of Jehanum, who would be impaled before I was much older; but here I am, without a stake through my body, at the age of forty-five; and your highness must acknowledge that when he railed all this in my ears, I was justified in *very much doubting the fact*.

When I was grown up, my father wanted me to enrol myself in the corps of janissaries, and become a lion-killer like himself; I remonstrated, but in vain; he applied, and I was accepted, and received the mark on my arm, which constituted me a janissary. I put on the dress, swaggered and bullied with many other young men of my acquaintance, who were all ready, as they swore, to eat their enemies alive, and who curled their mustachios to prove the truth of what they said. We were dispatched to quell a rebellious pacha—we bore down upon

his troops with a shout enough to frighten the devil, but the devil a bit were they frightened, they stood their ground; and as they would not run, we did, leaving those who were not so wise, to be cut to pieces. After this, when any of my companions talked of their bravery, or my father declared that he should be soon promoted to the rank of a Spahi, and that I was a lion's whelp, I *very much doubted the fact.*

The pasha held out much longer than was at first anticipated: indeed, so long as to cause no little degree of anxiety in the capital. More troops were dispatched to subdue him; and success not attending our efforts, the vizier, according to the custom, was under the disagreeable necessity of parting with his head, which was demanded because we turned tail. Indeed, it was to oblige us, that the sultan consented to deprive himself of the services of a very able man; for we surrounded the palace, and insisted that it was all his fault, but, considering our behaviour in the field of battle, your highness must admit that there was reason to *doubt the fact.*

We were again dispatched against this rebellious pacha, who sat upon the parapets of his stronghold, paying down thirty sequins for the head of every janissary brought to him by his own troops, and I am afraid a great deal of money was spent in that way. We fell into an ambuscade, and one half of the corps to which my father belonged were cut to pieces, before we could receive any assistance. At last the enemy retired. I looked for my father, and found him expiring; as before, he had received a wound on the wrong side, a spear having transfixed him between the shoulders. «Tell how I died like a brave man,» said he, «and tell your mother that I am gone to paradise.» From an intimate knowledge of my honoured father's character, in the qualities of thief, liar and coward, although I promised to deliver the message, *I very much doubted these facts.*

That your highness may understand how it was that I happened to be left alone, and alive on the field of battle, I must inform you, that I inherited a considerable portion of my father's courageous temper, and not much liking the snapping of the pistols in my face, I had thrown myself down on the ground,

and had remained there very quietly, preferring to be trampled on, rather than interfere with what was going on above.

«By the sword of the prophet! there is one fact—you were a very great coward,» observed the pacha.

«Among my other doubts, your highness, I certainly have some doubts as to my bravery.»

«By the beard of the pacha, I have no doubts on the subject,» observed Mustapha.

«Without attempting to defend my courage, may I observe to your highness, that it was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether the sultan or the pacha was victorious; and I did no much admire hard blows, without having an opportunity of putting a few sequins in my pocket. I never knew of any man, however brave he might be, who fought for love of fighting, or amusement; we are all trying in this world to get money; and that is, I believe, the secret spring of all our actions.»

«Is that true, Mustapha?» inquired the pacha.

«May it please your sublime highness, if not the truth, it is not very far from it.—Proceed, Hudusi.»

The ideas which I have ventured to express before your sublime highness, were running in my mind, as I sat down among the dead and dying, and I thought how much better off were the pacha's soldiers than those of our sublime sultan, who had nothing but hard blows, while the pacha's soldiers received thirty sequins for the head of every one of our corps of janissaries; and one idea breeding another, I reflected that it would be very prudent, now that the pacha appeared to be gaining the advantage, to be on the right side. Having made up my mind upon this point, it then occurred to me, that I might as well get a few sequins by the exchange, and make my appearance before the pacha, with one or two of the heads of the janissaries, who were lying close to me. I therefore divested myself of whatever might give the idea of my belonging to the corps, took off the heads and rifled the pockets of three janissaries, and was about to depart, when I thought of my honoured father, and turned back to take a last farewell. It was cruel to part with a parent, and I could not make up my mind to

part with him altogether, so I added his head, and the contents of his sash, to those of the other three, and smearing my face and person with blood, with my scimitar in my hand and the four heads tied up in a bundle, made my way for the pacha's stronghold; but the skirmishing was still going on outside of the walls, and I narrowly escaped a corps of janissaries, who would have recognised me. As it was, two of them followed me as I made for the gate of the fortress; and, encumbered as I was, I was forced to turn at bay. No man fights better then, and even a man who otherwise would not fight at all, will fight well, when he can't help it. I never was so brave in my life. I cut down one, and the other ran away, and this in the presence of the pacha, who was seated on the embrasure at the top of the wall; and thus I gained my entrance into the fort, I hastened to the pacha's presence, and laid at his feet the four heads. The pacha was so pleased at my extraordinary valour, that the threw me a purse of five hundred pieces of gold and ordered me to be promoted, asking me to what division of his troops I belonged. I replied, that I was a volunteer. I was made an officer, and thus did I find myself a rich man and a man of consequence by merely changing sides.

«That 's not quite so uncommon a method of getting on in the world as you may imagine,» observed Mustapha, drily.

«Mustapha,» said the pacha, almost gasping, «all these are words, wind-bosh. By the fountains that play round the throne of Mahomet, but my throat feels as hot and as dry with this fellow's doubts, as if it were paved with live cinders. I doubt whether we shall be able ever to moisten it again.»

«That doubt, your sublimity ought to resolve immediately. Hudusi, murakhas — my friend, you are dismissed.»

Hardly had the doubter gathered up his slippers, and backed out from the presence, when the pacha and his minister were, with an honest rivalry, endeavouring to remove at once their doubts and their thirst, and were so successful in their attempts, that they, in a short time, exchanged their state of dubiety into a very happy one of ebriety.

The next morning the pacha and his minister, after the busines of the divan, with their heads aching from the doubts of

Hudusi, or the means that they had taken to remove them, in not the best humour in the world listened to the continuation of them as follows.

I have heard it observed, continued Hudusi, that the sudden possession of gold will make a brave man cautious, and he who is not brave, still more dastardly than he was before. It certainly was the case with me; my five hundred pieces of gold had such an effect, that every thing in the shape of valour oozed out at my fingers' end. I reflected again, and the result was, that I determined to have nothing more to do with the business, and that neither the sultan nor the pacha should be the better for my exertions. That night we made a sally, and as I was considered a prodigy of valour, I was one of those who were ordered to lead on my troop. I curled my mustachios, swore I would not leave a janissary alive, flourished my scimitar, marched out at the head of my troop, and then took to my heels, and in two days arrived safely at my mother's house. As soon as I entered, I tore my turban, and threw dust upon my head, in honour of my father's memory, and then sat down. My mother embraced me—we were alone.

«And your father? Is it for him that we are to mourn?»

«Yes,» replied I, «he was a lion, and he is in paradise.»

My mother commenced a bitter lamentation; but of a sudden recollecting herself, she said, «But, Hudusi, it 's no use tearing one's hair and good clothes for nothing. Are you sure that your father is dead?»

«Quite sure,» replied I. «I saw him down.»

«But he may only be wounded,» replied my mother.

«Not so, my dearest mother, abandon all hope, for I saw his head off?»

«Are you sure it was his body that you saw with the head off?»

«Quite sure, dear mother, for I was a witness to its being cut off.»

«If that is the case,» replied my mother, «he can never come back again, that 's clear. Allah acbar—God is great. Then must we mourn.» And my mother ran out into the street before the door, shrieking and screaming, tearing her hair and

her garments, so as to draw the attention and the sympathy of all her neighbours, who asked her what was the matter. «Ah! wahi, the head of my house is no more,» cried she, «my heart is all bitterness — my soul is dried up — my liver is but as water; ah! wahi, ah! wahi,» and she continued to weep and tear her hair, refusing all consolation. The neighbours came to her assistance; they talked to her, they reasoned with her, restrained her violence, and soothed her into quietness. They all declared that it was a heavy loss, but that a true believer had gone to paradise; and they all agreed that no woman's conduct could be more exemplary, that no woman was ever more fond of her husband. I said nothing, but I must acknowledge that, from her previous conversation with me, and the quantity of pilau which she devoured that evening for her supper, I *very much doubted the fact.*

I did not remain long at home, as, although it was my duty to acquaint my mother with my father's death, it was also my duty to appear to return to my corps. This I had resolved never more to do. I reflected that a life of quiet and ease was best suited to my disposition, and I resolved to join some religious sect. Before I quitted my mother's roof I gave her thirty sequins, which she was most thankful for, as she was in straitened circumstances. «Ah!» cried she, as she wrapped up the money carefully in a piece of rag, «if you could only have brought back your poor father's head, Hudusi!» I might have told her that she had just received what I had sold it for — but I thought it just as well to say nothing about it, so I embraced her and departed.

There was a sort of dervises, who had taken up their quarters about seven miles from the village where my mother resided, and as they never remained long in one place, I hastened to join them. On my arrival, I requested to speak with their chief, and imagining that I was come with the request of prayers to be offered up on behalf of some wished-for object, I was admitted.

«Khoda shefa midehed — God gives relief,» said the old man. «What wishest thou, my son? Khosh amedeed — you are welcome.»

I stated my wish to enter into the sect, from a religious feeling, and requested that I might be permitted.

«Thou knowest not what thou askest, my son. Our's is a hard life, one of penitence, prostration, and prayer — our food is but of herbs and water of the spring; our rest is broken, and we know not where to lay our heads. Depart, yaha bibi, my friend, depart in peace.»

«But, father,» replied I (for to tell your highness the truth, notwithstanding the old man's assertions, as to their austerities of life, I *very much doubted the fact*), «I am prepared for all this, if necessary, and even more. I have brought my little wealth to the store, and contribute to the welfare of your holy band; and I must not be denied.» I perceived that the old man's eyes twinkled at the bare mention of gold, and I drew from my sash five and twenty sequins, which I had separated from my hoard, with the intention of offering it. «See, holy father,» continued I, «the offering which I would make.»

«Barik Allah — praise be to God,» exclaimed the dervis, «that he has sent us a true believer. The offering is accepted, but thou must not expect yet to enter into the austerities of our holy order. I have many disciples here, who wear the dress, and yet they are not as regular as good dervises should be; but there is a time for all things, and when their appetite to do wrong fails them, they will (Inshallah, please God), in all probability, become more holy and devout men. You are accepted.» And the old man held out his hand for the money, which he clutched with eagerness, and hid away under his garment. «Ali,» said he, to one of the dervises who had stood at some distance during my audience, «this young man — what is your name? — Hudusi — is admitted into our fraternity. Take him with thee, give him a dress of the order, and let him be initiated into our mysteries, first demanding from him the oath of secrecy. Murakhas, good Hudusi, you are dismissed.

I followed the dervis through a narrow passage, until we arrived at a door, at which he knocked, it was opened, and I passed through a courtyard, where I perceived several of the dervises stretched on the ground in various postures, breathing heavily and insensible.

«These,» said my conductor, «are holy men who are favoured by Allah. They are in a trance, and during that state, are visited by the Prophet, and are permitted to enter the eighth heaven, and see the glories prepared for true believers.» I made no reply to his assertion, but as it was evident that they were all in a state of beastly intoxication, I *very much doubted the fact.*

I received my dress, took an oath of secrecy, and was introduced to my companions; whom I soon found to be a set of dissolute fellows, indulging in every vice, and laughing at every virtue; living in idleness, and by the contributions made to them by the people, who firmly believed in their pretended sanctity. The old man, with the white beard, who was their chief, was the only one who did not indulge in debauchery. He had outlived his appetite for the vices of youth, and fallen into the vice of age—a love for money, which was insatiable. I must acknowledge that the company and mode of living were more to my satisfaction than the vigils, hard fare, and constant prayer, with which the old man had threatened me, when I proposed to enter the community, and I soon became an adept in dissimulation and hypocrisy, and a great favourite with my brethren.

I ought to have observed to your sublimity, that the sect of dervises, of which I had become a member, were then designated by the name of *howling* dervises; all our religion consisted in howling like jackalls or hyenas, with all our might, until we fell down in real or pretended convulsions. My howl was considered as the most appalling and unearthly that was ever heard, and, of course, my sanctity was increased in proportion. We were on our way to Scutari, where was our real place of residence, and only lodged here and there on our journey to fleece those who were piously disposed. I had not joined more than ten days when they continued their route, and after a week of very profitable travelling, passed through Constantinople, crossed the Bosphorus, and regained their place of domiciliation, and were received with great joy by the inhabitants, to whom the old chief and many others of our troop were well known.

Your sublime highness must be aware that the dervises are not only consulted by, but often become the bankers of, the inhabitants, who entrust them with the care of their money. My old chief (whose name I should have mentioned before was Ulu-bibi) held large sums in trust for many of the people with whom he was acquainted; but avarice inducing him to lend the money out on usury, it was very difficult to recover it when it was desired, although it was always religiously paid back. I had not been many months at Scutari, before I found myself in high favour, from my superior howling and the duration of my convulsions. But during this state, which by habit soon became spasmodic, continuing until the vital functions were almost extinct, the mind was as active as ever; and I lay immersed in a sea of doubt which was most painful. In my state of exhaustion I doubted every thing. I doubted if my convulsions were convulsions or only feigned; I doubted if I was asleep or awake; I doubted whether I was in a trance, or in another world, or dead, or——

«Friend Hudusi,» interrupted Mustapha, «we want the facts of your story, and not your doubts. Say I not well, your highness? What is all this but bosh-nothing?»

«It is well said,» replied the pacha.

«Sometimes I had thought that I had seized possession of a fact, but it slipped through my fingers like the tail of an eel.»

«Let us have the facts which did not escape thee, friend, and let the mists of doubt be cleared away before the glory of the pacha,» replied Mustapha.

One day I was sitting in the warmth of the sun, by the tomb of a true believer, when an old woman accosted me. «You are welcome,» said I.

«Is your humour good?» said she.

«It is good,» replied I.

She sat down by me, and after a quarter of an hour she continued. «God is great,» said she.

«And Mahomet is his prophet,» replied I. «In the name of Allah, what do you wish?»

«Where is the holy man? I have money to give into his charge. May I not see him?»

«He is at his devotions—but what is that? Am not I the same? Do I not watch when he prayeth—Inshallah—please God, we are the same. Give me the bag.»

«Here it is,» said she, pulling out the money; «seven hundred sequins, my daughter's marriage portion; but there are bad men who steal, and there are good men whom we can trust. Say I not well?»

«It is well said,» replied I, «and God is great.»

«You will find the money right,» said she. «Count it.»

I counted it, and returned it into the goat's-skin bag. «It is all right. Leave me, woman, for I must go in.»

The old woman left me, returning thanks to Allah that her money was safe, but from certain ideas running in my mind, I very *much doubted the fact*. I sat down full of doubt. I doubted if the old woman had come honestly by the money; and whether I should give it to the head-dervis. I doubted whether I ought to retain it for myself, and whether I might not come to mischief. I also had my doubts—

«I have no doubt,» interrupted Mustapha, «but that you kept it for yourself. Say—is it not so?»

Even so did my doubts resolve into that fact. I settled it in my mind, that seven hundred sequins, added to about four hundred still in my possession, would last some time, and that I was tired of the life of a howling dervis. I therefore set up one last long final howl, to let my senior know that I was present, and then immediately became absent. I hastened to the bazaar, and purchasing here and there—at one place a vest, at another a shawl, and at another a turban—I threw off my dress of a dervis, hastened to the bath, and after a few minutes under the barber, came out like a butterfly from its dark shell. No one would have recognised in the spruce young Turk, the filthy dervis. I hastened to Constantinople, where I lived gaily, and spent my money; but I found that to mix in the world, it is necessary not only to have an attaghan, but also to have the courage to use it; and in several broils which took place, from my too frequent use of the water of the Giaour, I invariably proved, that although my voice was that of a lion, my heart was but as water, and the finger of contempt was but

too often pointed at the beard of pretence. One evening, as I was escaping from a coffee-house, after having drawn my attaghan, without having the courage to face my adversary, I received a blow from his weapon which cleft my turban, and cut deeply into my head, I flew through the streets upon the wings of fear, and at last ran against an unknown object, which I knocked down, and then fell alongside of, rolling with it in the mud. I recovered myself, and looking at it, found it to be alive, and, in the excess of my alarm, I imagined it to be Shitan himself; but if not the devil himself, it was one of the sons of Shitan, for it was an unbeliever, a Giaour; a dog to spit upon; in short, it was a Frank Hakim—so renowned for curing all diseases, that it was said he was assisted by the devil.

«Lahnet be shitan! Curses on the devil,» said Mustapha, taking his pipe out of his mouth and spitting.

«Wallah Thaib! It is well said,» replied the pacha.

I was so convinced that it was nothing of this world, that, as soon as I could recover my legs, I made a blow at him with my attaghan, fully expecting that he would disappear in a flame of fire at the touch of a true believer; but on the contrary, he had also recovered his legs, and with a large cane with a gold top on it, he parried my cut, and then saluted me with such a blow on my head, that I again fell down in the mud, quite insensible. When I recovered, I found myself on a mat in an out-house, and attended by my opponent, who was plastering up my head. «It is nothing,» said he, as he bound up my head; but I suffered so much pain, and felt so weak with loss of blood, that in spite of his assertions, I *very much doubted the fact.* Shall I describe this son of Jehannum? And when I do so, will not your highness doubt the fact? Be chesm, upon my head be it, if I lie. He was less than a man, for he had no beard; he had no turban, but a piece of net work, covered with the hair of other men in their tombs, which he sprinkled with the flour from the bakers, every morning, to feed his brain. He wore round his neck a piece of linen, tight as a bowstring, to prevent his head being taken off by any devout true believer, as he walked through the street. His dress was of the colour of hell, black, and bound closely to his body, yet must he have been a

great man in his own country, for he was evidently a pacha of two tails, which were hanging behind him. He was a dreadful man to look upon, and feared nothing; he walked into the house of pestilence—he handled those whom Allah had visited with the plague—he went to the bed, and the sick rose and walked. He warred with destiny; and no man could say what was his fate until the Hakim had decided. He held in his hand the key of the portal which opened into the regions of death; and — what can I say more? he said live, and the believer lived; he said die, and the houris received him into paradise.

«A yesidi! a worshipper of the devil,» exclaimed Mustapha.

«May he and his father's grave be eternally defiled!» responded the pacha.

I remained a fortnight under the Hakim's hands before I was well enough to walk about: and when I had reflected, I doubted whether it would not be wiser to embrace a more peaceful profession. The Hakim spoke our language well, and one day said to me, «Thou art more fit to cure han to give wounds. Thou shalt assist me, for he who is now with me will not remain.» I consented, and putting on a more peaceful garb, continued many months with the Frank physician, travelling every where, but seldom remaining long in one place, he followed disease instead of flying from it, and I had my doubts whether, from constant attendance upon the dying, I might not die myself, and I resolved to quit him the first favourable opportunity. I had already learnt many wonderful things from him; that blood was necessary to life, and that without breath a man would die, and that white powders cured fevers, and black drops stopped the dysentery. At last we arrived in this town, and the other day, as I was pounding the drug of reflection in the mortar of patience, the physician desired me to bring his lancets, and to follow him. I paced through the streets behind the learned Hakim, until we arrived at a mean house, in an obscure quarter of this grand city, over which your highness reigns in justice. An old woman, full of lamentation, led us to the sick couch, where lay a creature, beautiful in shape as a houri. The Frank physician was desired by the old woman to feel her pulse through the curtain, but he laughed at her

beard (for she had no small one), and drew aside the curtains and took hold of a hand so small and so delicate, that it were only fit to feed the prophet himself, near the throne of the angel Gabriel, with the immortal pilau prepared for true believers. Her face was covered, and the Frank desired the veil to be removed. The old woman refused, and he turned on his heel to leave her to the assaults of death. The old woman's love for her child conquered her religious scruples, and she consented that her daughter should unveil to an unbeliever. I was in ecstasy at her charms, and could have asked her for a wife; but the Frank only asked to see her tongue. Having looked at it, he turned away with as much indifference as if it had been a dying dog. He desired me to bind up her arm, and took away a bason full of her golden blood, and then put a white powder into the hand of the old woman, saying that he would see her again. I held out my hand for the gold, but there was none forthcoming.

«We are poor,» cried the old woman, to the Hakim, but «God is great.»

«I do not want your money, good woman,» replied he; «I will cure your daughter.» Then he went to the bed-side and spoke comfort to the sick girl, telling her to be of good courage, and all would be well.

The girl answered in a voice sweeter than a nightingale's that she had but thanks to offer in return, and prayers to the Most High. «Yes,» said the old woman, raising her voice; «a scoundrel of a howling dervis robbed me at Scutari of all I had for my subsistence, and of my daughter's portion, seven hundred sequins, in a goat's-skin bag!» and then she began to curse. May the dogs of the city howl at her ugliness! How she did curse! She cursed my father and mother—she cursed their graves—flung dirt upon my brothers and sisters, and filth upon the whole generation. She gave me up to Jehanum, and to every species of defilement. It was a dreadful thing to hear that old woman curse. I pulled my turban over my eyes, that she might not recognise me, and lifted up my garment to cover my face, that I might not be defiled with the shower of curses which were thrown at me like mud, and sat there

watching till the storm was over. Unfortunately, in lifting up my garment, I exposed to the view of the old hag the cursed goat's-skin bag, which hung at my girdle; and contained not only her money, but the remainder of my own. «Mashallah — how wonderful is God!» screamed the old beldame, flying at me like a tigress, and clutching the bag from my girdle. Having secured that, she darted at me with her ten nails, and scored down my face, which I had so unfortunately covered in the first instance, and so unfortunately uncovered in the second. What shall I say more? The neighbours came in — I was hurried before the cadi, in company with the old woman and the Frank physician. The money and bag were taken from me — I was dismissed by the Hakim, and after receiving one hundred blows from the ferashes, I was dismissed by the cadi. It was my fate — and I have told my story. Is your slave dismissed?

«No,» replied the pacha; «by our beard, we must see to this, Mustapha; say, Hudusi, what was the decision of the cadi? Our ears are open.»

«The cadi decided as follows: — That I had stolen the money, and therefore I was punished with the bastinado; but, as the old woman stated the bag contained seven hundred sequins, and there were found in it upwards of eleven hundred, that the money could not belong to her. He therefore retained it until he could find the right owner. The physician was fined fifty sequins for looking at a Turkish woman, and fifty more for shrugging up his shoulders. The girl was ordered into the cadi's harem, because she had lost her dowry; and the old woman was sent about her business. All present declared that the sentence was wisdom itself; but, for my part, *I very much doubted the fact.*»

«Mustapha,» said the pacha, «send for the cadi, the Frank physician, the old woman, the girl, and the goat's-skin bag; we must examine into this affair.»

The officers were dispatched, and in less than an hour, during which the pacha and his vizier smoked in silence, the cadi with the others made their appearance.

«May your highness's shadow never be less!» said the cadi, as he entered.

«Mobarek! may you be fortunate!» replied the pacha. «What is this we hear, cadi? there is a goat's-skin bag, and a girl, that are not known to our justice. Are there secrets like those hid in the well of Kashan — speak! what dirt have you been eating?»

«What shall I say?» replied the cadi; «I am but as dirt; the money is here, and the girl is here. Is the pacha to be troubled with every woman's noise, or am I come before him with a piece or two of gold — Min Allah — God forbid! Have I not here the money, and *seven more purses?* Was not the girl visited by the angel of death; and could she appear before your presence lean as a dog in the bazaar? Is she not here? Have I spoken well?

«It is well said, cadi. Murakhas — you are dismissed.»

The Frank physician was then fined one hundred sequins more; fifty for feeling the pulse, and fifty more for looking at a Turkish woman's tongue. The young woman was dismissed to the pacha's harem, the old woman to curse as much as she pleased, and Hudusi with full permission to *doubt* any thing but the justice of the pacha.

MARRYAT.

EUGENE ARAM'S CONFESSION AND FATE (1).

«In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell the mthe lamentable fall of me.»
Richard II.

«I was born at Ramshill, a little village in Netherdale. My family had originally been of some rank; they were formerly lords of the town of Aram, on the southern banks of the Tees. But time had humbled these pretensions to consideration; though they were still fondly cherished by the heritors of an ancient name, and idle but haughty recollections. My father resided on a small farm, and was especially skilful in horticul-

(1) Founded on fact.

ture, a taste I derived from him. When I was about thirteen, the deep and intense Passion that has made the Demon of my life, first stirred palpably within me. I had always been, from my cradle, of a solitary disposition, and inclined to reverie and musing; these traits of character heralded the love that now seized me—the love of knowledge. Opportunity or accident first directed my attention to the abstruser sciences. I poured my soul over that noble study, which is the best foundation of all true discovery; and the success I met with soon turned my pursuits into more alluring channels. History, poetry, the mastery of the past, the spell that admits us into the visionary world, took the place which lines and numbers had done before. I became gradually more and more rapt and solitary in my habits; knowledge assumed a yet more lovely and bewitching character, and every day the passion to attain it increased upon me; I do not, I have not now the heart to do it—enlarge upon what I acquired without assistance, and with labour sweet in proportion to its intensity. The world, the creation, all things that lived, moved, and were, became to me objects contributing to one passionate, and, I fancied, one exalted end. I suffered the lowlier pleasures of life, and the charms of its more common ties, to glide away from me untasted and unfelt. As you read, in the East, of men remaining motionless for days together, with their eyes fixed upon the heavens, my mind, absorbed in the contemplation of the things above its reach, had no sight of what passed around. My parents died, and I was an orphan. I had no home, and no wealth; but wherever the field contained a flower, or the heavens a star, there was matter of thought and food for delight to me. I wandered alone for months together, seldom sleeping but in the open air, and shunning the human form as that part of God's works from which I could learn the least. I came to Knaresbro': the beauty of the country, a facility in acquiring books from a neighbouring library that was open to me, made me resolve to settle there. And now, new desires opened upon me with new stores: I became seized, possessed, haunted with the ambition of enlightening my race. At first, I had loved knowledge solely for itself: I now saw afar an object grander than knowledge. To

what end, said I, are these labours? Why do I feed a lamp which consumes itself in a desert place? Why do I heap up riches, without asking who shall gather them? I was restless and discontented. What could I do? I was friendless; I was strange to my kind; I was shut out from all uses by the wall of my own poverty. I saw my desires checked when their aim was at the highest: all that was proud, and aspiring, and ardent in my nature, was cramped and chilled. I exhausted the learning within my reach. Where, with my appetite excited not slaked, was I, destitute and penniless, to search for more? My abilities, by bowing them to the lowliest tasks, hat kept me from famine:—was this to be my lot for ever? And all the while, I was thus grinding down my soul in order to satisfy the vile physical wants, what golden hours, what glorious advantages, what openings into new heavens of science, what chances of illumining mankind were for ever lost to me! Sometimes when the young, whom I taught some elementary, all-unheeded, initiations into knowledge, came around me; when they looked me in the face with their laughing eyes; when, for they all loved me, they told me their little pleasures and their petty sorrows, I have wished that I could have gone back again into childhood, and becoming as one of them, enter into that heaven of quiet which was denied me now. Yet more often it was with an indignant and chafed rather than a sorrowful spirit that I looked upon my lot; and if I looked beyond it, what could I see of hope? Dig I could; but was all that thirsted and swelled within to be dried up and stifled, in order that I might gain the sustenance of life? Was I to turn menial to the soil, and forget that knowledge was abroad? Was I to starve my mind, that I might keep alive my body? Beg I could not. Where ever lived the real student, the true minister and priest of knowledge, who was not filled with the lofty sense of the dignity of his calling? Was I to show the sores of my pride, and strip my heart from its clothing, and ask the dull fools of wealth not to let a scholar starve? Bah! He whom the vilest poverty ever stooped to this, may be the quack, but never the true disciple of learning. Steal, rob—worse—ay, all those I or any of my brethren might do:—beg? never! What did I

then? I devoted the lowliest part of my knowledge to the procuring the bare means of life, and the grandest, — the knowledge that pierced to the depths of earth, had numbered the stars of heaven — why, that was valueless, save to the possessor.

«In Knaresbro', at this time, I met a distant relation, Richard Houseman. Sometimes in our walks we encountered each other; for he sought me, and I could not always avoid him. He was a man like myself, born to poverty, yet he had always enjoyed what to him was wealth. This seemed a mystery to me; and when we met, we sometimes conversed upon it. «You are poor, with all your wisdom,» said he. «I know nothing; but I am never poor. Why is this? The world is my treasury.— I live upon my kind. — Society is my foe. — Laws order me to starve; but self-preservation is an instinct more sacred than society, and more imperious than laws.»

«The undisguised and bold manner of his discourse impressed while it revolted me. I looked upon him as a study, and I combated, in order to learn, him. He had been a soldier — he had seen the greatest part of Europe — he possessed a strong shrewd sense — he was a villain — but a villain bold — adroit — and not then thoroughly unredeemed. His conversation created dark and perturbed reflections. What was that state of society — was it not at war with its own elements — in which vice prospered more than virtue? Knowledge was my dream, that dream I might realize, not by patient suffering, but by active daring. I might wrest from society, to which I owed nothing, the means to be wise and great. Was it not better and nobler to do this, even at my life's hazard, than lie down in a ditch and die the dog's death? Was it not better than such a doom — ay better for mankind — that I should commit one bold wrong, and by that wrong purchase the power of good? I asked myself that question. It is a fearful question; it opens a labyrinth of reasonings, in which the soul may walk and lose itself for ever.

«One day Houseman met me, accompanied by a stranger who had just visited our town, for what purpose you know already. His name — supposed name — was Clarke. Man, I am about to speak plainly of that stranger — his character and his fate. And yet — yet you are his son! I would fain soften the

colouring; but I speak truth of myself, and I must not, unless I would blacken my name yet deeper than it deserves, varnish truth when I speak of others. Houseman joined, and presented to me this person. From the first I felt a dislike creep through me at the stranger, which indeed it was easy to account for. He was of a careless and somewhat insolent manner. His countenance was impressed with the lines and character of a thousand vices: you read in the brow and eye the history of a sordid yet reckless life. His conversation was repellent to me beyond expression. He uttered the meanest sentiments, and he chuckled over them as the maxims of a superior sagacity; he avowed himself a knave upon system, and upon the lowest scale. To over-reach, to deceive, to elude, to shuffle, to fawn, and to lie, were the arts that he confessed to with so naked and cold a grossness, that one perceived that in the long habits of debasement he was unconscious of what was not debased. Houseman seemed to draw him out: he told us anecdotes of his rascality, and the distresses to which it had brought him, and he finished by saying: «Yet you see me now almost rich, and wholly contented. I have always been the luckiest of human beings; no matter what ill chances to-day, good turns up to-morrow. I confess that I bring on myself the ill, and Providence sends me the good.» We met accidentally more than once, and his conversation was always of the same strain — his luck and his rascality: he had no other theme, and no other boast.

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In returning, at night, to my own home, from my long and solitary walks, I often passed the house in which Clarke lodged; and sometimes I met him reeling by the door, insulting all who passed; and yet their resentment was absorbed in their disgust. «And this loathsome, and grovelling thing,» said I, inwardly, «squanders on low excesses, wastes upon outrages to society, that with which I could make my soul as a burning lamp, that should shed a light over the world!»

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»One day, in passing through the street, though it was broad noon, I encountered Clarke in a state of intoxication, and talking to a crowd he had collected around him. I sought

to pass in an opposite direction; he would not suffer me; he, whom I sickened to touch, to see, threw himself in my way, and affected gibe and insult, nay even threat. But when he came near, he shrank before the mere glance of my eye, and I passed on unheeding him. The insult galled me; he had taunted my poverty, poverty was a favourite jest with him; it galled me; anger, revenge, no? *those* passions I had never felt for any man. I could not rouse them for the first time for such a cause; yet I was lowered in my own eyes, I was stung. Poverty! *he* taunt *me!* He dream himself, on account of a little yellow dust, *my* superior! I wandered from the town, and paused by the winding and shagged banks of the river. It was a gloomy winter's day, the waters rolled on black and sullen, and the dry leaves rustled desolately beneath my feet. Who shall tell us that outward nature has no effect upon our mood? All around seemed to frown upon my lot. I read in the face of heaven and earth a confirmation of the curse which man hath set upon poverty. I leant against a tree that overhung the waters, and suffered my thoughts to glide on in the bitter silence of their course. I heard my name uttered — I felt a hand on my arm, I turned, and Houseman was by my side.

»'What, moralizing?' said he, with his rude smile.

»I did not answer him.

»'Look,' said he, pointing to the waters, 'where yonder fish lies awaiting his prey, that prey his kind. Come, you have read Nature, is it not so universally?'

»I did not answer him.

»'They who do not as the rest,' he renewed, 'fulfil not the object of their existence; they seek to be wiser than their tribe, and are fools for their pains. Is it not so? I am a plain man, and would learn.'

»Still I did not answer.

»'You are silent,' said he; 'do I offend you?'

»'No!'

»'Now, then,' he continued, 'strange as it may seem, we, so different in mind, are at this moment alike in fortunes. I have not a guinea in the wide world; you perhaps, are equally destitute. But mark the difference, I, the ignorant man, ere

three days have passed, will have filled my purse; you, the wise man, will be still as poor. Come, cast away your wisdom, and do as I do.'

»'How?'

»'Take from the superfluities of others what your necessities crave. My horse, my pistol, a ready hand, a stout heart, these are to me, what coffers are to others. There is the chance of detection and of death, I allow it. But is not this chance better than some certainties?'

»I turned away my face. In the silence of my chamber, and in the solitude of my heart. I had thought, as the robber spoke — there was a strife within me.

»'Will you share the danger and the booty?' renewed Houseman, in a low voice.

»I turned my eyes upon him. 'Speak out,' said I; 'explain your purpose!'

»Houseman's looks brightened.

»'Listen!' said he; 'Clarke, despite his present wealth lawfully gained, is about to purloin more; he has converted his legacy into jewels; he has borrowed other jewels on false pretences; he purposes to make these also his own, and to leave the town in the dead of night; he has confided to me his intention, and asked my aid. He and I, be it known to you, were friends of old; we have shared together other dangers, and other spoils; he has asked my assistance in his flight. Now do you learn my purpose? Let us ease him of his burden! I offer to you the half; share the enterprise and its fruits.'

»I rose, I walked away, I pressed my hands on my heart; I wished to silence the voice that whispered within me. Houseman saw the conflict; he followed me; he named the value of the prize he proposed to gain; that which he called my share placed all my wishes within my reach! — the means of gratifying the one passion of my soul, the food for knowledge, the power of a lone blessed independence upon myself, — and all were in my grasp; no repeated acts of fraud; no continuation of sin, one single act sufficed! I breathed heavily, but I threw not off the emotion that seized my soul; I shut my eyes and shuddered, but the vision still rose before me.

»'Give me your hand,' said Houseman.

»'No, no,' I said, breaking away from him. 'I must pause —I must consider — I do not yet refuse, but I will not now decide.'—

»Houseman pressed, but I persevered in my determination: —he would have threatened me, but my nature was haughtier than his, and I subdued him. It was agreed that he should seek me that night and learn my choice — the next night was the one on which the deed was to be done. We parted — I returned an altered man to my home. Fate had woven her mesh around me — a new incident had occurred which strengthened the web: there was a poor girl whom I had been accustomed to see in my walks. She supported her family by her dexterity in making lace, — a quiet, patient-looking, gentle creature. Clarke had, a few days since, under pretence of purchasing lace, decoyed her to his house (when all but himself were from home), where he used the most brutal violence towards her. The extreme poverty of the parents had enabled him easily to persuade them to hush up the matter, but something of the story got abroad; the poor girl was marked out for that gossip and scandal, which among the very lowest classes are as coarse in the expression as malignant in the sentiment; and in the paroxysm of shame and despair, the unfortunate girl had that day destroyed herself. This melancholy event wrung forth from the parents the real story: the event and the story reached my ears in the very hour in which my mind was wavering to and fro. Can you wonder that they fixed it at once, and to a dread end? What was this wretch? aged with vice — forestalling time — tottering on to a dishonoured grave — soiling all that he touched on his way — with grey hairs and filthy lewdness, the rottenness of the heart, not its passion, a nuisance and a curse to the world. What was the deed — that I should rid the earth of a thing at once base and venemous? Was it crime? Was it justice? iWthin myself I felt the will — the spirit that might bless mankind. I lacked the means to accomplish the will and wing the spirit. One deed supplied me with the means. Had the victim of that deed been a man moderately good — pursuing with even steps the narrow line between vice and virtue —

blessing none, but offending none — it might have been yet a question whether mankind would not gain more by the deed than lose. But here was one whose steps stumbled on no good act — whose heart beat to no generous emotion; — there was a blot — a foulness on creation — nothing but death could wash it out and leave the world fair. The soldier receives his pay, and murders, and sleeps sound, and men applaud. But you say he smites not for pay, but glory. Granted — though a sophism. But was there no glory to be gained in fields more magnificent than those of war — no glory to be gained in the knowledge which saves and not destroys? Was I not about to strike for that glory, for the means of earning it? Nay, suppose the soldier struck for patriotism, a better feeling than glory, would not my motive be yet larger than patriotism? Did it not body forth a broader circle? Could the world stop the bound of its utilities? Was there a corner of the earth — was there a period in time, which an ardent soul, freed from, not chained as now, by the cares of the body, and given wholly up to wisdom, might not pierce, vivify, illumine? Such were the questions which I asked: — time only answered them.

»Houseman came, punctual to our dark appointment. I gave him my hand in silence. We understood each other. We said no more of the deed itself, but of the manner in which it should be done. The melancholy incident I have described made Clarke yet more eager to leave the town. He had settled with Houseman that he would abscond that very night, not wait for the next, as at first he had intended. His jewels and property were put in a small compass. He had arranged that he would, towards midnight or later, quit his lodging; and about a mile from the town, Houseman had engaged to have a chaise in readiness. For this service Clarke had promised Houseman a reward, with which the latter appeared contented. It was arranged that I should meet Houseman and Clarke at a certain spot in their way from the town, and there! — Houseman appeared at first fearful, lest I should relent and waver in my purpose. It is never so with men whose thoughts are deep and strong. To resolve was the arduous step — once resolved, and I cast not a look behind. Houseman left me for the

present. I could not rest in my chamber. I went forth and walked about the town; the night deepened—I saw the lights in each house withdrawn, one by one, and at length all was hushed—Silence and Sleep kept court over the abodes of men. That stillness—that quiet—that sabbath from care and toil,—how deeply it sank into my heart! Nature never seemed to me to make so dread a pause. I felt as if I and my intended victim had been left alone in the world. I had wrapped myself above fear into a high and preternatural madness of mind. *I looked on the deed I was about to commit as a great and solemn sacrifice to Knowledge, whose Priest I was.* The very silence breathed to me of a stern and awful sanctity—the repose, not of the charnel-house, but the altar. I heard the clock strike hour after hour, but I neither faltered nor grew impatient. My mind lay hushed in its design.

»The moon came out, but with a pale and sickly countenance. Winter was around the earth; the snow, which had been falling towards eve, lay deep upon the ground; and the frost seemed to lock Universal Nature into the same calm and deadness which had taken possession of my soul.

»Houseman was to have come to me at midnight, just before Clarke left his house, but it was nearly two hours after that time ere he arrived. I was then walking to and fro before my own door; I saw that he was not alone, but with Clarke. 'Ha!' said he, 'this is fortunate, I see you are just going home. You were engaged, I recollect, at some distance from the town, and have, I suppose, just returned. Will you admit Mr. Clarke and myself for a short time—for to tell you the truth,' said he, in a lower voice—'the watchman is about, and we must not be seen by him! I have told Clarke that he may trust you, *we* are relatives.'

»Clarke, who seemed strangely credulous, and indifferent, considering the character of his associate,—but those whom fate destroys she first blinds—made the same request in a careless tone, assigning the same cause. Unwillingly, I opened the door and admitted them. We went up to my chamber. Clarke spoke with the utmost unconcern of the fraud he purposed, and with a heartlessness that made my veins boil, of

the poor victim his brutality had destroyed. All this was as iron bands round my purpose. They stayed for nearly an hour, for the watchman remained some time in that beat — and then Houseman asked me to accompany them a little way out of the town. Clarke seconded the request. We walked forth; the rest — why need I repeat? Houseman lied in the court; my hand struck — but not the *death*-blow; yet, from that hour, I have never given that right hand in pledge of love or friendship — the curse of memory has clung to it.

»We shared our booty; mine I buried, for the present. Houseman had dealings with a gipsy hag, and through her aid removed his share, at once, to London. And now, mark what poor strugglers we are in the eternal web of destiny! Three days after that deed, a relation, who neglected me in life, died, and left me wealth! — wealth at least to me! — Wealth, greater than that for which I had.....! The news fell on me as a thunderbolt. Had I waited but three little days! Great God! when they told me, — I thought I heard the devils laugh out at the fool who had boasted wisdom! Tell me not now of our free will — we are but the things of a never-swerving, an everlasting Necessity! — preordered to our doom — bound to a wheel that whirls us on till it touches the point at which we are crushed! Had I waited but three days, three little days! — Had but a dream been sent me, had but my heart cried within me, — 'Thou hast suffered long, tarry yet!' No, it was for this, for the guilt and its penance, for the wasted life and the shameful death — with all my thirst for good, my dreams of glory — that I was born, that I was marked from my first sleep in the cradle!

»The disappearance of Clarke of course created great excitement; — those whom he had over-reached had naturally an interest in discovering him. Some vague surmises that he might have been made away with, were rumoured abroad. Houseman and I, owing to some concurrence of circumstance, were examined, not that suspicion attached to me before or after the examination. That ceremony ended in nothing. Houseman did not betray himself; and I, who from a boy had mastered my passions, could master also the nerves, which are the passions'

puppets: but I read in the face of the woman with whom I lodged, that I was suspected. Houseman told me that she had openly expressed her suspicion to him; nay, he entertained some design against her life, which he naturally abandoned on quitting the town. This he did soon afterwards. I did not linger long behind him. I dug up my jewels, — I concealed them about me, and departed on foot to Scotland. There I converted my booty into money. And now I was above want — was I at rest? Not yet. I felt urged on to wander — Cain's curse descends to Cain's children. I travelled for some considerable time — I saw men and cities, and I opened a new volume in my kind. It was strange; but before the deed, I was as a child in the ways of the world, and a child, despite my knowledge, might have duped me. The moment after it, a light broke upon me — it seemed as if my eyes were touched with a charm, and rendered capable of piercing the hearts of men! Yes, it *was* a charm — a new charm — it was Snspicion! I now practised myself in the use of arms, — they made my sole companions. Peaceful, as I seemed to the world, I felt there was that eternally within me with which the world was at war.

»I do not deceive you. I did not feel what men call remorse! Having once convinced myself that I had removed from the earth a thing that injured and soiled its tribe, — that I had in crushing one worthless life, but without crushing one virtue — one feeling — one thought that could benefit others, strode to a glorious end; — having once convinced myself of this, I was not weak enough to feel a vague remorse for a deed I would not allow, in *my* case, to be a crime. I did not feel remorse, but I felt regret. The thought that had I waited three days I might have been saved, not from guilt, but from the chance of shame — from the degradation of sinking to Houseman's equal — of feeling that man had the power to hurt me — that I was no longer above the reach of human malice, or human curiosity — that I was made a slave to my own secret — that I was no longer lord of my heart, to show or to conceal it — that at any hour, in the possession of honours, by the hearth of love, I might be dragged forth and proclaimed a murderer — that I held my life, my reputation, at the breath of accident — that

in the moment I least dreamed of, the earth might yield its dead, and the gibbet demand its victim; — this could I feel — all this — and not make a spectre of the past: — a spectre that walked by my side — that slept at my bed — that rose from my books — that glided between me and the stars of heaven — that stole along the flowers, and withered their sweet breath that whispered in my ear, 'Toil, fool, and be wise; the gift of wisdom is to place us above the reach of fortune, but *thou* art her veriest minion!' Yes; I paused at last from my wanderings, and surrounded myself with books, and knowledge became once more to me what it had been, a thirst; but not what it had been, a reward. I occupied my thoughts — I laid up new hoards within my mind — I looked around, and I saw few whose stores were like my own, — but where, with the passion for wisdom still alive within me — where was that once more ardent desire which had cheated me across so dark a chasm between youth and manhood — between past and present life — the desire of applying that wisdom to the service of mankind? Gone — dead — buried for ever in my bosom, with the thousand dreams that had perished before it! When the deed was done, mankind seemed suddenly to have grown my foes. I looked upon them with other eyes. I knew that I carried within, that secret which, if bared to day, would make them loath and hate me, — yea, though I coined my future life into one series of benefits on them and their posterity! Was not this thought enough to quell my ardour — to chill activity into rest? The more I might toil, the brighter honours I might win — the greater services I might bestow on the world, the more dread and fearful might be my fall at last! I might be but piling up the scaffold from which I was to be hurled! Possessed by these thoughts, a new view of human affairs succeeded to my old aspirings; the moment a man feels that an object has ceased to charm, he reconciles himself by reasoning to his loss. 'Why,' said I; 'why flatter myself that *I can* serve — that I can enlighten mankind? Are we fully sure that individual wisdom has ever, in reality, done so? Are we really better because Newton lived, and happier because Bacon thought?' This dampening and frozen line of reflection pleased the present state of my mind more

than the warm and yearning enthusiasm it had formerly nourished. Mere worldly ambition from a boy I had disdained; — the true worth of sceptres and crowns — the inquietude of power — the humiliations of vanity — had never been disguised from my sight. Intellectual ambition had inspired me. I now regarded it equally as a delusion. I coveted light solely for my own soul to bathe in. I would have drawn down the Promethean fire; but I would no longer have given to man what it was in the power of circumstance alone (which I could not control) to make his enlightener or his ruin — his blessing or his curse. Yes, I loved — I love still; — could I live for ever, I should for ever love knowledge! It is a companion — a solace — a pursuit — a Lethe. But, no more! — oh! never more for me was the bright ambition that makes knowledge a means, not an end. As, contrary to the vulgar notion, the bee is said to gather her honey unprescient of the winter, labouring without a motive, save the labour, I went on, year after year, hiving all that the earth presented to my toils, and asking not to what use, I had rushed into a dread world, that I might indulge a dream. Lo! the dream was fled; but I could not retrace my steps.

»Rest now became to me the sole *to kalon* (1) — the sole charm of existence. I grew enamoured of the doctrine of those old mystics, who have placed happiness only in an even and balanced quietude. And where but in utter loneliness was that quietude to be enjoyed? I no longer wondered that men in former times, when consumed by the recollection of some haunting guilt, fled to the desert and became hermits. Tranquillity and solitude are the only soothers of a memory deeply troubled — light griefs fly to the crowd — fierce thoughts must battle themselves to rest. Many years had flown, and I had made my home in many places. All that was turbulent, if not all that was unquiet, in my recollections, had died away. Time had lulled me into a sense of security. I breathed more freely. I sometimes stole from the past. Since I had quitted Knaresbro', chance had thrown it in my power frequently to serve my brethren — not by wisdom, but by charity or courage — by individual acts that

(1) Fair thing.

it soothed me to remember. If the grand aim of enlightening a world was gone—if to so enlarged a benevolence had succeeded apathy or despair, still the man, the human man, clung to my heart—still was I as prone to pity—as prompt to defend—as glad to cheer, whenever the vicissitudes of life afforded me the occasion; and to poverty, most of all, my hand never closed. For oh! what a terrible devil creeps into that man's soul, who sees famine at his door! One tender act and how many black designs, struggling into life within, you may crush for ever! He who deems the world his foe, convince *him* that he has one friend, and it is like snatching a dagger from his hand!

»I came to a beautiful and remote part of the country. Walter Lester, I came to Grassdale!—the enchanting scenery around—the sequestered and deep retirement of the place arrested me at once. 'And among these valleys,' I said, 'will I linger out the rest of my life, and among these quiet graves shall mine be dug, and my secret shall die with me!'

»I rented the lonely house in which I dwelt when you first knew me—thither I transported my books and instruments of science. I formed new projects in the vast empire of wisdom, and a deep quiet, almost amounting to content, fell like a sweet sleep upon my soul!

»In this state of mind, the most free from memory and from the desire to pierce the future that I had known for twelve years, I first saw Madeline Lester. Even with that first time a sudden and heavenly light seemed to dawn upon me. Her face—its still—its serene—its touching, beauty shone upon me like a vision. My heart warmed as I saw it—my pulse seemed to wake from its even slowness. I was young once more. Young! the youth, the freshness, the ardour—not of the frame only, but of the soul. But I then only saw, or spoke to her—scarce knew her—not loved her—nor was it often that we met. When we did so, I felt haunted, as by a holy spirit, for the rest of the day—an unquiet yet delicious emotion agitated all within—the south wind stirred the dark waters of my mind, but it passed, and all became hushed again. It was not for two years from the time we first saw each other, that accident

brought us closely together. I pass over the rest. We loved! Yet oh what struggles were mine during the progress of that love! How unnatural did it seem to me to yield to a passion that united me with my kind; and as I loved her more, how far more urgent grew my fear of the future! That which had almost slept before awoke again to terrible life. The soil that covered the past might be riven, the dead awake, and that ghastly chasm separate me for ever from her! What a doom, too, might I bring upon that breast which had begun so confidingly to love me! Often—often I resolved to fly—to forsake her—to seek some desert spot in the distant parts of the world, and never to be betrayed again into human emotions! But as the bird flutters in the net, as the hare doubles from its pursuers, I did but wrestle—I did but trifle—with an irresistible doom. Mark how strange are the coincidences of fate—fate that gives us warnings and takes away the power to obey them—the idle propheteess—the juggling fiend! On the same evening that brought me acquainted with Madeline Lester, Houseman, led by schemes of fraud and violence into that part of the country, discovered and sought me! Imagine my feelings, when in the hush of night I opened the door of my lonely home to his summons, and by the light of that moon which had witnessed so never-to-be-forgotten a companionship between us, beheld my accomplice in murder after the lapse of so many years. Time and a course of vice had changed and hardened and lowered his nature; and in the power, at the will of that nature, I beheld myself abruptly placed. He passed that night under my roof. He was poor. I gave him what was in my hands. He promised to leave that part of England—to seek me no more.

»The next day I could not bear my own thoughts; the revulsion was too sudden, too full of turbulent, fierce, torturing emotions; I fled for a short relief to the house to which Madeline's father had invited me. But in vain I sought, by wine, by converse, by human voices, human kindness, to fly the ghost that had been raised from the grave of time. I soon returned to my own thoughts. I resolved to wrap myself once more in the solitude of my heart. But let me not repeat what I have said before, somewhat prematurely, in my narrative. I resol-

ved—I struggled in vain. Fate had ordained, that the sweet life of Madeline Lester should wither beneath the poison tree of mine. Houseman sought me again, *and now came on the humbling part of crime, its low calculations, its poor defence, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy!* They *made my chiefest penance!* I was to evade, to beguile, to buy into silence, this rude and despised ruffian. No matter now to repeat how this task was fulfilled; I surrendered nearly my all, on the condition of his leaving England for ever: not till I thought that condition already fulfilled, till the day had passed on which he should have left England, did I consent to allow Madeline's fate to be irrevocably woven with mine. Fool that I was, as if laws could bind us closer than love had done already.

«How often, when the soul sins, are her loftiest feelings punished through her lowest! To me, lone, rapt, for ever on the wing to unearthly speculation, galling and humbling was it, indeed, to be suddenly called from the eminence of thought, to barter, in pounds and pence, for life, and with one like Houseman. These are the curses that deepen the tragedy of life, by grinding down our pride. But I wander back to what I have before said. I was to marry Madeline,—I was once more poor, but want did not rise before me; I had succeeded in obtaining the promise of a competence from one whom you know. For that I had once forced from my kind, I asked now, but not with the spirit of the beggar, but of the just claimant, and in that spirit it was granted. And now I was really happy; Houseman I believed removed for ever from my path; Madeline was about to be mine: I surrendered myself to love, and, blind and deluded, I wandered on, and awoke on the brink of that precipice into which I am about to plunge. You know the rest. But oh! what now was my horror! It had not been a mere worthless, isolated unit in creation that I had blotted out of the sum of life. I had shed the blood of his brother whose child was my betrothed! Mysterious avenger—weird and relentless fate! How, when I deemed myself the farthest from her, had I been sinking into her grasp! Mark, young man, there is a moral here that few preachers can teach thee! Mark. Men rarely violate the individual rule in comparison to their violation of ge-

neral rules. It is in the latter that we deceive by sophisms which seem truths. In the individual instance it was easy for me to deem that I had committed no crime. I had destroyed a man, noxious to the world; with the wealth by which *he* afflicted society *I* had been the means of blessing many; in the individual consequences mankind had really gained by my deed; the general consequence I had overlooked till now, and now it flashed upon me. The scales fell from my eyes, and I knew myself for what I was! All my calculations were dashed to the ground at once; for what had been all the good I had proposed to do — the good I had done — compared to the anguish I now inflicted on your house? Was your father my only victim? Madeline, have I not murdered her also? Lester, have I not shaken the sands in his glass? You, too, have I not blasted the prime and glory of your years? How incalculable — how measureless — how viewless the consequences of one crime, even when we think we have weighed them all with scales that would have turned with a hair's weight! Yes; before, I had felt no remorse. I felt it now, I had acknowledged no crime, and now crime seemed the essence itself of my soul. The Theban's fate, which had seemed to the men of old the most terrible of human destinies, was mine. The crime — the discovery — the irremediable despair — hear me, as the voice of a man who is on the brink of a world, the awful nature which Reason cannot pierce — hear me! when your heart tempts to some wandering from the line allotted to the rest of men, and whispers, 'This may be crime in others, but is not so in thee' — tremble; cling fast, fast to the path you are lured to leave. Remember me!

»But in this state of mind I was yet forced to play the hypocrite. Had I been alone in the world — had Madeline and Lester not been to me what they were, I might have avowed my deed and my motives — I might have spoken out to the hearts of men — I might have poured forth the gloomy tale of reasonings and of temptings, in which we lose sense, and become the archfiend's tools! But while *their* eyes were on me; while *their* lives and hearts were set on my acquittal, my struggle against truth was less for myself than them. For them I girded up my

soul, a villain I was; and for them, a bold, a crafty, a dexterous villain I became! My defence fulfilled its end: Madeline died without distrusting the innocence of him she loved. Lester, unless you betray me, will die in the same belief. In truth, since the arts of hypocrisy have *been* commenced, the pride of consistency would have made it sweet to me to leave the world in a like error, or at least in doubt. For you I conquer that desire, the proud man's last frailty. And now my tale is done. From what passes at this instant within my heart, I lift not the veil! Whether beneath be despair, or hope, or fiery emotions, or one settled and ominous calm, matters not. My last hours shall not belie my life: on the verge of death I will not play the dastard, and tremble at the Dim Unknown. The thirst, the dream, the passion of my youth, yet lives, and burns to learn the sublime and shaded mysteries that are banned Mortality. Perhaps I am not without hope that the Great and Unseen Spirit, whose emanation within me I have nursed and worshipped, though erringly and in vain, may see in his fallen creature one bewildered by his reason rather than yielding to his vices. The guide I received from Heaven betrayed me, and I was lost; but I have not plunged wittingly from crime to crime. Against one guilty deed, some good, and much suffering may be set; and, dim and afar off from my allotted bourne, I may behold in her glorious home the starred face of her who taught me to love, and who, even there, could scarce be blessed without shedding the light of her divine forgiveness upon me. Enough! ere you break this seal, my doom rests not with man nor earth. The burning desires I have known — the resplendent visions I have nursed — the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay — these tell me, that, whether for good or ill — I am the thing of an Immortality, and the creature of a God! As men of the old wisdom drew their garments around their face, and sat dwon collectedly to die, I wrap myself in the settled resignation of a soul firm to the last, taking not from man's vengeance even the method of its dismissal. The courses of my life I swayed with my own hand; from my own hand shall come the manner and moment of my death!

»August, 1759.« «Eugene Aram.»

On the day after that evening in which Aram had given the above confession to Walter Lester;—on the day of execution, when they entered the condemned cell, they found the prisoner lying on the bed; and when they approached to take off the irons, they found, that he neither stirred nor answered to their call. They attempted to raise him, and he then uttered some words in a faint voice. They perceived that he was covered with blood. He had opened his veins in two places in the arm with a sharp instrument he had some time since concealed. A surgeon was instantly sent for, and by the customary applications the prisoner in some measure was brought to himself. Resolved not to defraud the law of its victim, they bore him, though he appeared unconscious of all around, to the fatal spot. But when he arrived at that dread place, his sense suddenly seemed to return. He looked hastily round the throng that swayed and murmured below, and a faint flush rose to his cheek: he cast his eyes impatiently above, and breathed hard and convulsively. The dire preparations were made, completed; but the prisoner drew back for an instant—was it from mortal fear? He motioned to the Clergyman to approach, as if about to whisper some last request in his ear. The Clergyman bowed his head,—there was a minute's awful pause—Aram seemed to struggle as for words, when suddenly throwing himself back, a bright triumphant smile flashed over his whole face. With that smile, the haughty Spirit passed away, and the law's last indignity was wreaked upon a breathless corpse!

BULWER.

POETRY.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Prosody consists of two parts, *Orthoëpy* and *Versification*.

The term *Prosody* is derived from προς, *to*, and ᾠδή, *song*.

ORTHOËPY.

2. *Orthoëpy* comprises the correct *pronunciation* of letters; the *Accent* and *Quantity* of syllables; and the nature of *Emphasis*, *Pauses*, and *Tone*.

Directions have already been given with regard to the pronnnciation of *Letters*. (See first part.)

3. *a. Accent* is a particular *stress* of the voice on a certain *syllable* in a word, that it may be distinguished from the rest; as, the syllable *vir* in the word *virtue*.

b. Accent is of two kinds, *primory* and *secondory*. «Words of *one* syllable can have no accent. Words of *two* syllables have the primary accent only. Words of *three* and *four* syllables *moy* have both the primary and secondary accent; bnt many of them have no seeondary accent that deserves notice; such as *dignity*, *annuity*, *fidelity*. In words of four, five, or more syllables, a secondary accent is often essential to a clear and distinct articulation of the several syllables.»—*Webster*.

c. In words of *two syllables*, those that are purely English have generally the *first* syliable accented. But when the same word is sometimes a noun or adjective, and sometimes a verb, the accent is on the *first* syllable of the *noun* or *adjective*, and the *second* of the verb; as, *Ab'sence*, *ábsent*,—*absent'*.

d. Words of *three* or *four* syllables, derived from dissyllables, usually retain the accent of their primitives; as, *pléasant*, *pléasantness*, *cómment*, *cómmentory*.

e. Words ending in *tion*, *sion*, *cious*, *tious*, *tiol*, etc., accent the syllable *before* that termination; as, *celéstial*.

f. For other words, the student is recommended to consult a good *Pronouncing Dictionary*, and attend to the mode observed by the best speakers.

4. The *Quantity* of a syllable is the time occupied in pro-

nouncing it.—A syllable is *long*, when the accent is on the *vowel;* and *short*, when the accent is on the *consonant.* A *long* syllable requires twice the time in pronouncing that a *short* one does.—Long syllables are marked thus (-); as, tūbe; short syllables, thus (˘); as măn.

In *reading*—let every syllable have a full and distinct enunciation.

5. *a. Emphasis* denotes that stress of the voice which we lay on some particular *word* or *words* in a sentence, in order to mark their superior importance, and thus more clearly to convey the idea intended by the writer or speaker.

b. Emphases must be judiciously employed, for when they occur too frequently they are apt to be disregarded. The best general rule is, clearly to *comprehend* what you are about to read or utter, and then place the emphasis on those words which you would render emphatical if they proceeded from the immediate sentiment of your own mind in *private discourse.*

6. *a. Pauses*, or rests, are *cessations* of the voice, in order to enable the reader or speaker to take breath; and to give the hearer a distinct perception of the meaning, not only of each sentence, but of the whole discourse.

b. Pauses are of two kinds; first, *emphatical* pauses; and next, such as serve to *distinguish the sense.*

Emphatical pauses are used after something has been said which is important, and on which we wish to fix the hearer's attention. These pauses must not be used too frequently.—With respect to *pauses which serve to distinguish the sense*, it is proper to observe, that the voice should be relieved at every stop; slightly at a comma, longer at a semicolon, still more so at a colon, and completely at a period. The sense also sometimes requires pauses which are not represented by points; these are called *rhetorical pauses.*—An excellent method for *preventing* the *habit of taking breath too frequently* is, to accustom yourself to read sentences of considerable length abounding with *long* and *difficult words.*

c. There are likewise two pauses peculiar to *poetry;* the *Final* pause at the end of each line, and the *Cæsural* pause at or near the middle of the line.

In reading *blank verse*, the *close* of each line should be made *sensible* to the ear, but without either letting the voice fall, or elevating it; it should be marked only by such a slight suspension of sound, as may distinguish the passage from one line to another without injuring the sense.—The *Cæsural* pause divides the line into two parts. It is necessary in every line of eight, ten, or twelve syllables, and is generally placed at the end of the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable.

7. *a. Intonation* is the *change* or *modulation* of the voice, when speaking or reading.

b. The tone of the voice is changed principally at the accent or emphasis. The raising of the voice at the accent or emphasis is called the *rising inflection*; the sinking of the voice is called the *falling inflection*. The art of making a proper use of Pauses, Accent, Emphasis, and Intonation, in speaking, reading, or reciting, is called *Elocution*.

c. The different *passions* of the mind must be expressed by different *tones* of the voice. *Love*, by a soft, smooth, languishing voice; *anger*, by a strong vehement, and elevated voice; *joy*, by a quick, sweet, and clear voice; *sorrow*, by a low, flexible, interrupted voice; *fear*, by a dejected, tremulous, hesitating voice; *courage*, by a full, bold, and loud voice; and *perplexity*, by a grave and earnest voice. In *exordiums*, the voice should be low, yet clear; in *narrations*, distinct; in *reasoning*, slow; in *persuasions*, strong: it should thunder in *anger*, soften in *sorrow*, tremble in *fear*, and melt in *love*.

d. In an *antithesis*, the contrary assertion should be pronounced louder than the other. In a *climax*, the voice should always rise with it. In *dialogues*, it should alter with the parts. The voice should be steadily and firmly supported throughout the sentence, and the concluding words modulated according to the sense.

e. The best *general rule* to be observed with respect to *Intonation*, is to FOLLOW NATURE. Consider how she teaches you to utter any sentiment or feeling of the heart in SENSIBLE ANIMATED CONVERSATION. Think after what manner, with what tones and inflections of voice, you would, on such an occasion, express yourself when you were most in earnest, and sought most to be listened to by those whom you addressed. Let these be the *foundation* of your manner of pronouncing in public, and you will take the surest method of rendering your delivery both agreeable and persuasive.

8. *a.* In order to speak and read with *grace* and *effect*, attention must also be paid to the *proper pitch* of the *voice*.

b. The voice must neither be too loud nor too low. Acquire such a command over your voice, that you may elevate or lower it according to the number of persons addressed.

c. The voice must not be thick nor indistinct. Accustom yourself, both in conversation and in reading, to give *every sound* which you utter its due proportion, so that *every word* and *every syllable* may be clearly and distinctly heard.

d. The utterance must neither be too quick nor too slow. Convey to the hearer the *sense*, *weight*, and propriety of every sentence you read, in a *free*, *full*, and *deliberate pronunciation*.

e. Another subject which claims attention, is *Gesture* or *Action*. The best rule that can be given on this subject is, to attend to the looks and gestures in which earnestness, indignation, compassion, or any other emotion, discovers itself to the

best advantage in the common intercourse of men. Let the motions and gestures which nature thus dictates be those on which your own are formed.

VERSIFICATION.

9. *Versification* teaches the *Laws of Metre*, and the nature of the different *kinds of Verse.*

10. *Prose* may be defined to be language not confined to a determinate number of peculiarly arranged syllables.

11. *Poetry* or *verse* differs in its *construction* from prose, chiefly in requiring a more *measured arrangement* of words, and in admitting a *peculiar license* in the application of them.

12. *Versification*, in a limited sense, is frequently applied to the *measured arrangement* which principally distinguishes poetry or verse from prose.

13. The application of certain words in poetry, contrary to the ordinary rules of Grammar, is called *poetical license.*

14. *a. Verse* is of two kinds;—namely, *rhyme* and *blank verse.*

Rhyme is a term applied to verses that terminate in syllables of the *same sound;* as,

Indulge the true ambition to ex*cel*
In that best art,—the art of living *well.*

In *blank verse*, the final syllables do not rhyme.

b. Blank verse may be accounted a noble, bold, and disencumbered species of versification, and in several respects it possesses many advantages over rhymes. It allows the lines to run into one another with perfect freedom; hence, it is adapted to subjects of dignity and force, which demand more free and manly numbers than can be obtained in rhyme. Blank verse is written in the heroic measure, that is, in lines consisting of ten syllables. Milton, Cowper, Wordsworth, Thomson, Akenside, Armstrong, and Pollok, are the principal poets in this species of composition.

15. *a.* A *verse* is a certain number of syllables, so disposed as to form *one line* of poetry.

b. The *harmony* of verse depends upon the regular recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables.

b. A *foot* is a portion of a verse, consisting of two or more syllables.

A certain number of syllables are named *feet*, because, by their aid, the voice steps along, as it were, through the verse in a measured pace.

c. A *couplet* or *distich* consists of two lines or verses; a *triplet* of three.

A *hemistich* is half a verse.—The term *hypercatalectic*, *hypermeter* or *redundant*, is applied to a verse when it exceeds the regular number of syllables.

The repetition of the same *letter* or *letters* at certain intervals in a line forms what is termed *Alliteration*; as, «If you *t*rust before you *t*ry,—you may repent before you die.»

16. A *stanza* or *stave* is a combination of several verses, varying in number according to the poet's fancy, and constituting a regular division of a poem or song.

17. *a. Scanning* is dividing a verse into its several feet, in order to ascertain whether their *quantity* and *position* are agreeable to the rules of metre.

Metre or *Measure*, is the number of poetical feet which a verse contains.

b. All feet used in poetry consist either of *two* or of *three* syllables, and are reducible to eight kinds; four of two syllables, and four of three, as follow:—

Dissyllable.	*Trisyllable.*
1. An Iambus (˘¯); as, dĕfĕnd.	5. A Dactyl (¯˘˘); as, vīrtŭoŭs.
2. A Trochee (¯˘); as, nōblĕ.	6. An Amphibrach (˘¯˘); as, eöntĕntmĕnt.
3. A Spondee (¯¯); as, Vaĭn măn.	7. An Anapæst (˘˘¯); as, ĭntĕrcēde.
4. A Pyrrhic (˘˘); as, ŏn ă (hill.)	8. A Tribrach (˘˘˘); as, (nu)mĕrăbic.

c. In the preceding examples, a dash (¯) placed over a vowel shows that it is *accented;* a breve (˘) that it is *unaccented*, as in hŏlў. The marks over the vowels will therefore show that in an *Iambus*, the *first* syllable is unaccented and the *second* accented; in a *Trochee*, the *first* syllable is accented and the *second* unaccented, and so of the other feet.

18. *a.* The *Cæsura* or *division*, is the *variable* pause which takes place in a verse, and which divides it into two parts; as,

> The dumb shall sing ‖ the lame his crutch forego,
> And leap exulting ‖ like the bounding roe.

b. The Cæsural pause occurs after the *fourth*, *fifth*, or *sixth* syllable in a line, and, accordingly as it occurs after one or other of these syllables, the melody of the verse is affected and its air diversified.

c. When the cæsura occurs after the *fourth* syllable, the verse is *lively* and *spirited;* as.

Her lively looks | a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes | and as unfix'd as those.

d. When the cæsura falls after the *fifth* syllable, the verse loses that brisk and lively air, and becomes the more *smooth, gentle,* and *flowing;* as,

Eternal sunshine | of the spotless mind,
Each prayer accepted | and each wish resign'd.

e. When the cæsura occurs after the *sixth* syllable, the verse becomes *solemn,* and marches, as it were, with a more measured pace; as.

The wrath of Peleus' son | the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, | O Goddess, sing.

It is sometimes necessary to vary the position of the cæsura, as too great a uniformity throughout each line tends to produce a tediousness to the ear.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF VERSE.

19. *English* verse may be divided into three classes, denominated, from the feet of which they principally consist, the *Iambic, Trochaic, and Anapæstic.*

The Iambus, Trochee, and Anapæst are the *principal* feet employed in the construction of English verse; the other feet are only *secondary,* being chiefly used to diversify the numbers and improve the verse.

Iambic Verse.

20. *Iambic* verse is adapted to *serious* and *elevated* subjects, and has every *second, fourth,* and other *even* syllables accented. It is of various lengths.

21. The *first* form, capable of being extended through any number of verses, consists of *four* Iambuses or eight syllables; as,

Ănd may | ăt lăst | mў wēa|rў āge|
Fĭnd oūt | thĕ peāce|fūl hēr|mĭtāge.|

This measure is sometimes varied, to adapt it to *light* subjects, by admitting an additional short syllable; as,

Ŏr if | it bē | thў will | ănd plēas|ūre
Dīrĕct | mў ploūgh | tŏ fĭnd | à trēas|ūre.

Sometimes a syllable is cut off from the first foot; as,

Prāise | tō Gŏd | ĭmmŏr|tăl prāise|
Fŏr | thē lŏve | thăt crŏwns | oŭr dāys!

22. *a.* The *second* form, used either with or without rhyme, and commonly called the *Heroic* measure, is the most dignified of English verse, and is well adapted to subjects of an *elevated character*. It consists of *five* Iambuses or ten syllables; as,

Fŏr mē | yoŭr trīb|ŭtā|rў stōres | cŏmbīne|
Crĕā|tiŏn's hēir, | thĕ wōrld, | thĕ wōrld, | ĭs mīne!|

This measure frequently admits of some variety, particularly at the beginning and end of the line. The *first* foot is sometimes a Trochee instead of an Iambus, and the *last* has sometimes a short unaccented syllable attached to the Iambus; as,

1. Daughtĕr | ŏf Gŏd ănd man, ăccŏmplĭshed Evĕ.
2. Tĕn thŏusănd glĭtt'rĭng lāmps the skĭes ădŏrn|ĭng.
3. Sometimes a syllable is cut off from the first foot; as,

Ĭ|dlĕ ăf|ter dinnĕr ĭn hĭs chāir
Sāt | ā făr|mer rūddў, fāt, ănd făir.

b. Sometimes a line of six feet, or twelve syllables, called an *Alexandrine* verse, is introduced at the close of an heroic stanza; as,

This is not solitude; 't is but to hold
Cōnvĕrse|with Nā|tŭre's chārms,|ănd vĭew | hĕr stōres | ŭnrōll'd.|

23. *a.* The *third* form of Iambic verse consists of *seven* Iambuses, formerly written in one line; as,

Thŏu dĭdst, | Ŏ mīgh|tў Gŏd! | ĕxĭst | ĕre tĭme | bĕgăn | ĭts răce.|

b. This kind of measure, commonly used in *psalms* and *hymns*, is now broken into verses containing alternately four and three feet; as,

Thŏu dĭdst, | Ŏ mīgh|tў Gŏd! | ĕxĭst|
Erĕ tĭme | bĕgăn | ĭts răce;|
Before | the am|ple el|ements|
Fi|ll'd up | the void | of space.|

c. Sometimes it admits an additional half foot at the end of the line; as,

Frŏm Grēen|lănd's ī|cў mōun|taĭns,
From India's coral strand,
Where Af|ric'a sun|ny foun|*tains*
Roll down their golden sand.

d. The following forms of Iambic verse are, for the sake of variety, occasionally introduced into stanzas, but are too short to constitute of themselves an entire ode or song.

Of *one* Iambus with an additional syllable; as,

Cŏnsēnt|ĭng,
Rĕpēnt|ĭng.

e. Of *two* Iambuses; as,

Whăt plăce | ĭs hēre!
Whăt scĕnes | ăppeăr!

This form sometimes assumes an additional syllable; as,

Ŭpŏn | ă moŏn|tăin
Bĕsīde | ă foŏn|taĭn.

f. Of *three* Iambuses; or of three and an additional syllable; as,

1. Ă chărge | tŏ keēp | Ĭ hāve, |
Ă Gŏd | tŏ glō|rĭfў. |

2. Oŭr heărts | nŏ lŏn|gĕr lān|*guish.*

Trochaic Verse.

24. *a. Trochaic* verse is adapted to *lively, cheerful* subjects, and has the *first, third*, and other *odd* syllables accented. It comprises verses of various lengths; those which are the most commonly used are the following: —

b. Of *three* Trochees; or of three and an additional syllable; as,

1. Whĕn oŭr | heărts ăre | mōurnĭng. |
2. Vĭtăl | spărk ŏf | heāv'nlў | flāme,
Qŭit ŏh | qŭit thĭs | mōrtăl | frāme.

The Trochaic verse of three feet and an additional syllable is the most generally employed.

c. Of *four* Trochees; as,

Roŭnd ŭs | roārs thĕ | tempĕst | loŭdĕr. |

d. Of *six* Trochees; as,

Ōn ă | moūntāin, | strētch'd bĕ|neāth ă | hōarў | wīllŏw,|
Lay a shepherd swain, and view'd the rolling billow.

The following are only occasionally used:—

e. Of *one* Trochee and an additional syllable; as,

Tūmūlt | ceāse,
Sīnk tō | peāce.

f. Of *two* Trochees; or of two and an additional syllable; as,

Wishēs | rīsīng. — Īn thĕ | dāys ŏf | ōld.
Thoūghts sūr | prīsīng. — Stōries | plāinlў | told.

g. Of *five* Trochees; as,

Āll thāt | wālk ōn | foōt ŏr | rīde īn | chārī|ots,
All that dwell in palaces or garrets.

Anapæstic Verse.

25. *a.* The *first* form of *Anapæstic* verse, sometimes introduced into odes to *arouse the attention*, consists either of *two* Anapæsts, or of two and an unaccented syllable; as,

Bŭt hĭs cōur|ăge, 'găn fāil, |
Fŏr nŏ ārts | coŭld ăvāil.|
Or, Thĕn hīs coūr|ăge 'găn fāil | hĭm,
Fŏr nŏ ārts | coŭld ăvāil | hĭm.

b. The *second* form, much used both in *solemn* and in *cheerful* subjects, consists of *three* Anapæsts; as,

Ŏ yĕ woōds, | sprĕad yŏur brānch|ĕs ăpāce,
Tŏ yŏur deēp|ĕst rĕcēss|ĕs Ĭ flў;|
Ĭ woŭld hīde | wĭth thĕ beāsts | ŏf thĕ chāse,|
Ĭ woŭld vān|ĭsh frŏm ēv|ĕrў eўe.

Sometimes a syllable is omitted in the first foot; as,

Ŏh! hād | Ĭ thĕ wīngs | ŏf ă dŏve,|
Hŏw sōon | wŏuld Ĭ tāste | yŏn āgāin|

c. The *third* form consists of *four* Anapæsts; as,

Măy Ĭ gōv|ĕrn mў pās|siŏns wĭth āb|sŏlūte swāy,
And grow wi|ser and bet|ter as life | wears away.

This form sometimes contains an additional syllable: as,

On thé wărm | cheek öf youth, | smīles ănd rō|sēs are blēnd|*ing*.

26. The preceding are the different kinds of the *principal* feet in their simple forms. They are capable of numerous variations, by the intermixture of those feet with one another, and by the admission of the secondary feet, as will be seen from the following examples.

a. *The Pyrrhic mixed with the Iambic.*

And tō | thē deād | mў will|ing soūl | shăll gō.

b. *The Spondee with the Iambic.*

Forbear, | grēat măn, | in arms | renown'd, | forbear.

c. *The Trochee with the Iambic.*

Tўrant | and slave, | those names | of hate | and fear.

d. *The Iambic with the Anapæstic.*

Mў sōr|rōws ĭ thēn | mīght ăssuāge|
In the ways of religion and truth.

Poetical License.

27. Language of Poetry. The Language of Poetry is in general *brief*, frequently *suggesting* more than what is *expressed.* In addition to this, many antiquated words and idioms, as well as irregularities of syntactical construction, are allowed, which are altogether inadmissible into good Prose. Sometimes these deviations from the ordinary grammatical arrangement may be necessary to suit the peculiar metre and euphony of the verse. But the employment of *antiquated words* and *idioms* will chiefly depend on the poet's own predilection for this kind of expression.

28. *Poetical License* is the application of certain words in Poetry, contrary to the ordinary rules of Grammar. The following are the principal peculiarities:

29. *Antiquated words* and *constructions* are frequently introduced into Poetry which, though common in the ages of *Elizabeth* and the *Stuarts*, are now *obsolete* in good Prose. Thus,

1. Words. *a.* — «Shall I receive by gift, what of my own
When and where *likes me best*, I can command.»

b. — «*Long were to* tell what I have seen.»

2. Modes of Construction. *a.* — «He *knew to sing*, and *build* the lofty rhyme.»

b. «Meanwhile, *whate'er of beautiful* or *new* — was offer'd to his view.»

30. The poets sometimes imitate the *Latin* and *Greek* mode of construction; as,

a. *Give me* to seize rich Nestor's shield = (*permit me* to seize).

b. *There are*, who, deaf to mad ambition's call = (*there are persons who*, etc.).

c. Yet *to* their general's voice they all *obeyed* = (cancel *to*).

d. How much *of* knowledge = omit *of*).

31. Sometimes words are *abbreviated*, at other times *lengthened;* as,

a. *Amaze* for amazement, *lone* for lonely, *ope* for open, *oft* for often.

b. *Begirt* for girt, *evanishes* for vanishes.

c. Sometimes they form the Adjective in *y;* as, *Towery* height or *towering.*

32. The *Syntactical order* of words is frequently *changed:* —

a. By placing the adjective *after* the noun; as, «Showers on her kings *barbaric;*» instead of «*barbaric kings.*»

b. By putting the Nominative *after* the verb, and the objective *before* it; as,

«No hive hast *thou* of hoarded sweets,» for, «*thou hast.*»
«A transient *calm* the happy scenes *bestow.*» — instead of —
«The happy *scenes bestow* a transient *calm.*»

c. By placing a *neuter* verb at the *beginning* of a sentence; as,

«*Roar* the mountains, *thunders* all the ground,» for, «the mountains *roar.* etc.»

d. By placing the *Infinitive before* the word on which it depends; as,

«When first thy sire *to send* on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,» for «*designed to send.*»

e. By placing *Adverbs before* the words which they qualify; as,

«The ploughman *homeward* plods his weary way,» for
«Plods *homeward* his weary way.»

f. By placing Prepositions and their cases before the words which they ought to follow; as, «Thou sun, *of this great world* both eye and soul.»

g. By placing the *Preposition* after its case; as, «Where Echo walks steep hills *among.*»

h. By removing Relatives and other connectives into the body of their clauses; as,

«A ball parts the fine locks, her graceful head *that* deck,»
«Grieved *though* thou art, forbear the rash design.»

33. The poets *omit*, 1. sometimes the *Article;* 2. sometimes the *Noun;* 3. sometimes the *Antecedent:* 4. sometimes the *Relative;* 5. sometimes the *Principal Verb*, retaining only the *auxiliary;* 6. sometimes the *Preposition;* — as,

1. The *Article;* as, «The brink of (the) *haunted stream.*»

2. The *Noun;* as, «*Lives there* (the man) who loves his pain?»

3. The *Antecedent*; as, (he), «*Who* never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys.»

4. The *Relative;* as, «For is there aught in sleep (that) *can* charm the wise.»

5. The *Verb* omitted; as, «To whom thus Adam» (spoke).

6. The *Auxiliary* retained; as, «Angels *could* (do) no more.»

7. The *Preposition* omitted; as, «He mourn'd (*for*) no recreant friend.»

34. The poets sometimes violate the *grammatical propriety* of certain words.

1. By *connecting Adjectives* with substantives which they do not properly qualify; as, «The tenants of the *warbling* shade.»

2. By substituting *Adjectives* for Adverbs; as, «They fall *successive* and *successive* rise.»

3. By giving *Neuter* verbs an active government; as, «Virtue may *hope* (for) her promised crown.»

4. By giving the uncompounded form of the 1st and 3d Persons Imperative, instead of the regular form; as, «*Turn we* a moment;» — *Fall he* that must.»

5. By joining a positive with a comparative, instead of two comparatives; as, «*Near* and *more near* the billows rise.»

6. By employing both the *noun* and its *pronoun* to the same verbs; thus, «My *banks*, *they* are furnished with trees.»

7. By using *or–or* (for *either–or*), *nor–nor* (for *neither–nor*); as, «*Nor* grief *nor* pain shall break my rest.» (Hiley's Grammar.)

In reading the following compositions, the pupil should endeavour to pronounce correctly 1st each word by itself; secondly the series of words forming a phrase, and thirdly he must mark with a slight stress all the *accented* syllables. The cæsural pause, and the pauses at the end of each line must be made by suspending, not dropping, the voice; and they ought to be so short as not to interrupt the sense. A *thorough understanding* of the author's meaning, and a *due appreciation* of the sentiments conveyed in the composition, joined to the *natural tones* of the speaking voice, will enable the student to read metrically and with effect. A good ear, a proper structure of the organs of speech and the practical elocution of a good teacher will do the rest.

MISCELLANY FROM DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

MIND AND BODY.

Says Mind to Body, t'other day,
As on my chin I plied my razor,
Pray tell me—does that glass pourtray
Your real phiz, or cheat the gazer?
That youthful face, which bloom'd as sleek
As Hebe's, Ganymede's, Apollo's,
Has lost its roses, and your cheek
Is falling into fearful hollows.
The crow's fell foot hath set its sign
Beside that eye which dimly twinkles;
And look! what means this ugly line?
Gadzooks, my friend, you're getting wrinkles!
That form, which ladies once could praise,
Would now inspire them with a panic;
Get Byron's belt, or Worcester's stays,
Or else you'll soon be Aldermanic.
At sight of that dismantled top,
My very heart, I must confess, aches:

MIND AND BODY.

Sāys mīnd tō bŏdў || tōthĕr daў,
Ăs ōn mў chīn || ĭ plīĕd mў răzor.

Iambics of four feet with an odd syllable at the end of every other line. A Trochee sometimes takes the place of an iambus.

T'OTHER = (*apócope*) por *the other*.
PHIZ = contraccion burlesca por *physiognomy*.
BLOOM'D = por *bloomed*.
HOLLOWS = huecos.
FELL = feroz, horrendo.
HATH por *has*.
CROW'S FOOT = pié de grajo, pata de gallo.
GADZOOKS (aseveracion) = diantres!
YOU'RE = you are (*aféresis*).
WORCESTER'S (*Wúrsturs*).
YOU'LL = you will.
ACHES (eks) = doler.

Once famous as a Brutus crop,
You now are balder than Lord Essex.
Since Wayte's decease your teeth decline:—
Finding no beautifier near'em,
Time's tooth has mumbled two of thine;
Well may they call him—«*edax rerum.*»
Behold! your cheeks are quite bereft
Of their two laughter-nursing dimples,
And pretty substitutes they've left—
(Between ourselves) a brace of pimples!
The fashions which you used to lead,
So careless are you, or so thrifty,
You most neglect when most you need,
A sad mistake when nearing Fifty.—
Stop, stop, cries Body—let us pause
Before you reckon more offences,
Since you yourself may be the cause
Of all these dismal consequences.
The sword, you know, wears out the sheath;
By steam are brazen vessels scatter'd;
And when volcanoes rage beneath,
The surface must be torn and shatter'd.
Have not your passions, hopes, and fears,
Their tegument of clay outwearing,
Done infinitely more than years,
To cause the ravage you're declaring?
If you yourself no symptoms show
Of age,—no wrinkles of the spirit:
If still for friends your heart can glow,
Your purse be shared with starving merit:

CROP = cosecha, cabellera rapada (burlesco.
'EM por *them*.
BEREFT (bereave, bereft) = despojar.
DIMPLES = hoyuelos.
BRACE = par (*caza*).
THE FASHIONS, etc. = empiécese por el tercer renglon.
PIMPLES = granos.
NEARING FIFTY = aproximándose á los cincuenta años.
BENEATH = sobrentiéndase *surface*.
OUTWEARING, etc. = desgastando ó destrozando su envoltorio ó cubierta.
DONE = únase á *have not*, etc.

If yet to sordid sins unknown,
No avarice in your breast has started:
If you have not suspicious grown,
Sour, garrulous, or narrow-hearted:
You still are young, and o'er my face
(Howe'er its features may be shaded)
Shall throw the sunshine of your grace,
And keep the moral part unfaded.
Expression is the face's soul,
The head and heart's joint emanation;
Insensible to Time's control,
Free from the body's devastation.
If *you're* still twenty, I'm no more:—
Counting by years, how folks have blunder'd!
Some men are young at eighty-four,
And some are so when near a hundred!

THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

The warrior bow'd his crested head,
And tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free
His long-imprison'd sire;
«I bring thee here my fortress keys,
I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—
Oh, break my father's chain!»
«Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,
A ransom'd man this day;

O'ER (*síncope*) por *over*=sobre.
HOWE'ER (howér) por *however*.
I'm (I larga) por *Iam*.

NOTA. Búsquese siempre el sugeto, el verbo y el objeto, y será fácil entender las numerosas inversiones.

THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

Measure, iambics of four and three feet. In those of four feet there is an occasional unaccented syllable, as: Rĭse, rĭse ĕven nŏw thў fāthĕr cŏmes.

SIRE=señor, padre.
LIEGE=superior feudal.
PLEDGE FAITH=empeñar fe, prestar homenaje.

Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
Will meet him on his way.»
Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
His charger's foaming speed.
And lo! from far, as on they press'd,
There came a glittering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode,
As a leader in the land;
«Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there,
In very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearn'd so long to see.»
His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved,
His cheek's hue came and went;
He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side,
And there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all
His fiery spirit shook?
That hand was cold—a frozen thing—
It dropp'd from his like lead;—
He look'd up to the face above—
The face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er that noble brow—
The brow was fix'd and white;—
He met at last his father's eyes—
But in them was no sight!
Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed!
But who can paint that gaze?

IN REST = en ristre.
'MID por *amid* = en medio.
RODE (ride, rode, ridden) = ir montado.
IN VERY TRUTH = de todas veras.
YEARNED = desear con anheloso afan.
CAME AND WENT = venia y desaparecia.

It hush'd their very hearts, who saw
Its horror and amaze;
They might have chain'd him, as before
That stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm,
And from his lip the blood!
«Father!» at length he murmur'd low,
And wept like childhood then;—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
The tears of warlike men!—
He thought on all his glorious hopes—
On all his high renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side,
And in the dust sat down.
And covering with his steel-gloved hand
His darkly mournful brow,
«No more, there is no more,» he said,
«To lift the sword for now.
My King is false, my hope betray'd,
My father—oh! the worth,
The glory and the loveliness,
Are pass'd away from earth!
I thought to stand where banners waved,
My sire, beside thee yet;
I would that there on Spain's free soil
Our kindred blood had met;
Thou would'st have known my spirit then,
For thee my fields were won;
But thou hast perish'd in thy chains,
As if thou had'st no son.»
Then, starting from the ground once more,
He seized the Monarch's rein,

HUSHED=callar, paralizar.
STRICKEN (strike, struck, stricken)= echado de, como por un golpe, herir..... privado de.....
FROM=de..... de pronto.
FALCHION=espada corta y encorvada, espada.
LOVELINESS=hermosura.
KINDRED = parentesco, familia, de iguales afectos.

Amid the pale and wilder'd looks
Of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp,
The rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—
The King before the dead!
«Came I not here upon thy pledge,
My father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false King!
And tell me what is this!
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—
Give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,
Put life in this cold clay!—
«Into these glassy eyes put light,—
Be still! keep down thine ire,—
Bid these cold lips a blessing speak:—
This earth is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed!—
Thou canst not?—and a King?—His dust
Be mountains on thy head!»
He loosed the rein; his slack hand fell!
Upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—
Then turn'd from that sad place!
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate
Untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more
Among the hills of Spain!

WILDERED por *bewildered*=atolondrar, admirar.
O'ERMASTERING GRASP = agarramiento que sujeta, mano que rinde.
REARING=que encabrita.
STERNLY, etc.=severamente los confrontó.
STROVE (strive, strove, striven)=luchar, batallar.
REIN=freno, rienda.
SLACK=suelto, flojo, aflojado.
STRAIN=verso, cantar, s.
SPEARS=lanzas.
HILLS=montes.

THE BROOK.

A little Brook went singing
Through the flowery lea,
«On, onward must I hasten
The Silver Lake to see.»
The little Brook runs merrily,
For nothing will she stay;
Through stones and pebbles winding,
She speeds her sparkling way.
The little Brook impatiently
Creeps through the bushes green,
And through the tall reed-forests
Where the sedge-bird's nest is seen.
The little Brook runs merrily,
For nothing doth she stay,
Till she comes where the speckled fishes
Pursue their noiseless play.
«Stop, little Brook!» they call to her,
«Nor sweep us on with thee;
Flow gently through our shady pool
Beneath the willow-tree.»
And the little Brook, all lovingly,
Flowed slowly through the pool;
Where her playful friends, the fishes,
Had their homes so deep and cool.
Then on again she hasten'd,

THE BROOK.

Measure; iambics of three feet and an unaccented syllable every first and third line with an occasional introduction of two unaccented syllables. These two lines have no rhyme. The second and fourth lines are rhymed and are generally composed of three iambics, except in three cases in which the first foot is an anæpest. Trochees are also to be found in the even lines, as are anæpests and pyrrics in the odd ones. The chief feet are, however, iambuses.

LEA = campo ó prado verde.
REED FORESTS = bosques de cañas ó plantas acuáticas.
SPARKLING = que centellea ó relumbra.
DOTH STAY = queda (doth por *does*).
SPECKLED = que tiene pintitas.

In cold, in rain, and heat;
Onward and onward springing
With eager twinkling feet.
Hastening, ever hastening—
Untiring bright and free;
Now, little Brook—be happy—
Thy Silver Lake, oh see!
Then the little Brook leap'd wildly,
And down the glen she springs,—
O'er ferns and tangled branches
A cloud of spray she flings.
It ceased—the wild sweet music
Of the rippling waters pass'd
Away,—as, on the Lake's clear breast,
She found her home at last!

MODERN LOGIC.

An Eton stripling training for the Law,
A Dunce at Syntax, but a Dab at Taw;
One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
His cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his Uncle's home.
Arrived, and past the usual «How d'ye do's,»
Inquiries of old friends, and College news,
«Well, Tom—the road, what saw you worth discerning,

GLEN=vallecito hondo y estrecho.
TANGLED=enmarañado, enredado.
SPRAY=chispa espumosa.
RIPPLING=que se rizan, rizadita.

MODERN LOGIC.

Generally iambics of five feet: some lines contain eleven and even thirteen syllables with auxiliary feet.

STRIPLING=mozalbete, pollo.
DUNCE=majadero, zote.
DAB=listo, apto.
TAW=juego con bolitas de mármol.
DEATHLESS=inmortal.
LAID UPON THE SHELF=puso sobre el estante, echó á un lado.
PELF=caudal, riqueza.
HOW D'YE DO'S por *how do you do's*=cómo vas?

And how goes study, boy — what is't you're learning?»
«Oh, Logic, Sir, — but not the worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon — antiquated fools!
'Tis wit and wranglers' Logic — thus, d'ye see,
I'll prove to you, as clear as A, B, C,
That an eel-pie's a pigeon: — to deny it,
Were to swear black's white.» — «Indeed!» — «Let's try it.
An eel-pie, is a pie of fish.» — «Well — agreed.»
«A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie.» — «Proceed.»
«A Jack-pie must be a John-pie — thus, 'tis done,
For every John-pie is pi-ge-on!»
«Bravo!» Sir Peter cries, «Logic for ever!
It beats my grandmother — and she was clever!
But zounds, my boy — it surely would be hard,
That wit and learning should have no reward!
To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
And then I'll give you» — «What?» — «My chestnut-horse.»
«A horse!» cries Tom, «blood, pedigree, and paces,
Oh what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!» —
He went to bed, and wept for downright sorrow,
To think the night must pass before the morrow;
Dream'd of his boots, his cap, his spurs, and leather breeches,
Of leaping five-barr'd gates, and crossing ditches:
Left his warm bed an hour before the lark,
Dragg'd his old Uncle fasting through the park: —
Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross,
To find out something like a chestnut-horse;

IS'T por *is it*.
WORN-OUT = gustado.
'TIS por *it is*.
WRANGLERS' = de disputadores ó estudiantes.
EEL-PIE'S por *eel-pie is* = pastel de anguila es.
LET'S = *let us*.
JACK = Juanillo: como calificativo significa *macho* ó *grande*.
JOHN = Juan.
PIGEON = pichon, paloma.
ZOUNDS! = Voto á tal!
STROLL = paseo vagamundo.
CHESTNUT = castaña.
WHAT A DASH, etc. = qué papel voy á hacer!
DOWNRIGHT = completo.
LEATHER BREECHES = calzones de ante.
FIVE-BARR'D = de cinco trancas.

But no such animal the meadows cropp'd:
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopp'd;
Took a bough—shook it—and down fell
A fine horse-chestnut in its prickly shell.—
«There, Tom—take that.»—«Well, Sir, and what beside?
«Why, since you're booted—saddle it, and ride!»
«Ride what?—A chestnut!» «Ay, come get across,
I tell you, Tom, the chestnut is a horse,
And all the horse you'll get—for I can show
As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!
All Logic but the wranglers' I disown,
And stick to one sound argument—*your own.*
Since you have proved to me, I don't deny
That a pie-John is the same as a John-pie!
What follows then, but as a thing of course,
That a horse-chestnut is a chestnut-horse?»

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

«Will you walk into my parlour?» said a spider to a fly;
«'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to shew when you are there.»
«Oh no, no!» said the little fly, «to ask me is in vain,
For, who goes up your winding stair, can ne'er come down again.»

«I'm sure you must be weary, with soaring up so high,
Will you rest upon my little bed?» said the spider to the fly.

HORSE-CHESTNUT = castaña de indias.
PRICKLY = que tiene pinchos.
GET-ACROSS = atraviesa, ponte á caballo.
FUSTY = mohoso, apolillado.
ADDLE-HEADED = huero.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Iambics of seven feet mixed with anæpests.

«There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine
and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in.»
«Oh no, no!» said the little fly, «for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed.»
Said the cunning spider to the fly, «Dear friend what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?»
«Oh no, no!» said the little fly, «kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see.»
«Sweet creature!» said the spider, «you're witty and you're
wise.
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your
eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold—yourself.
«I thank you, gentle sir,» she said, «for what you're pleased
to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day.»
The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew, the silly fly would soon come back again:
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
«Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing:
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your
head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as
lead.»
Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,

SHEETS = sábanas.
TUCK = envolver, arropar.
I'VE por *I have*.
PANTRY = dispensa.
SLICE = tajada, rebanada.
STEP IN = entrar.
CALL = llamar, pasar.
DEN = cueva, antro.
THERE'S por *there is*.
WILY = astuto, engañoso.

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple hue,
And dreaming of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!

THE THREE SONS.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five year old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart, beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair;
And yet his chiefest comeliness, is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency:
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech, he every where doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughs about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then, are the words which he will say.
Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,

THE THREE SONS.

The same measure as the preceeding.

MOULD (mold)=forma, carácter.
COMELINESS (comliness)=gracia.
LOVETH por *loves*.
BAT=pala para lanzar la pelota, lanzador.
BE SPARED=ser conservado.

A holier and a wiser, man, I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.
I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silvery sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee:
I do not think his light blue eye, is, like his brother's keen;
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street
Will speak their joy, and bless my boy, who looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
He'll sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love!
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love, which we shall lose in him!
I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months, where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bid farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form he has, what looks he weareth now,

STROKE = acariciar con la mano.
PRATTLES = charla, parla.
GLEAM = destello.
DEPTHS = profundidades, fuentes.
FOLK (fok) = gentes.
PLAYFELLOW = compañero de juego.
DIM = oscurecer, entristecer.
BID FAREWELL = decir adios.

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things, which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh;
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close, beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be;
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

PEACE AND WAR.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,

FOLD CLOSE = recoger y estrechar.
BABE = niño, criatura.
FOR AYE = para siempre.
WHATE'ER por *whatever*.
GROAN = gemir.
TEMPTER'S WILES = astucias del tentador ó diablo.
WE'D por *we would*.

PEACE AND WARD.

Blank verse; five iambuses forming the heroic measure.

Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.—
Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven?—That dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountain ring,
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;

WERE = fuera.
WRAPS = envuelve.
EBON (ébon) = ébano.
CURTAIN = echar las cortinas ó colgaduras de la cama, cubrir.
ROBED = vestido.
UNTRÓDDEN = sin pisar, puro.
SPIRES = picos.
CASTLED STEEP = monte escarpado con su castillo.
RAPT = arrobado.
FIRES = enciende.
QUENCHED = apagados.
SPANGLING = que brilla como con lantejuelas.
GLEAMS = resplandece de pronto.
PEALS = retumbos.
DIN = ruido confuso, estruendo.
JAR = ruido rechinante.
BOMB (bum) = bomba.

The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage: — loud, and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shrond. — Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there;
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widow'd love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan,
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.
The grey morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracts of blood
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors: far behind,
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen —
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

BEAM = viga.
CLANGOUR = choque de armas ó de bronces.
SHROUD = mortaja.
BLOOMING = en la flor de la vida.
WAIL = lamentos.
SHUDDERING = que estremece.
FOREST'S DEPTH = hondura del bosque, centro oscuro del bosque.
LINEAMENTS = rasgos.
OUTSALLYING = que hicieron una salida.

THE WATER FIENDS.

On a wild moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,
There stood, a tenement antique,
Lord Hoppergallop's country house.
Here silence reign'd with lips of glue,
And undisturb'd maintain'd her law;
Save when the Owl cry'd, «Whoo! whoo! whoo!»
Or the hoarse Crow croak'd, «Caw! caw! caw!
Neglected mansion! —
For 'tis said,
Whene'er the snow came feathering down,
Four barbed steeds, — from the Bull's head, —
Carried thy master up to town.
Swift whirl the wheels, —
He's gone. —
A Rose
Remains behind, whose virgin look,
Unseen, must blush in wintry snows
Sweet beauteous blossom! —
'Twas the Cook!
A bolder far than my weak note,
Maid of the Moor! thy charms demand;
Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.
Long had the fair one sat alone,

THE WATER FIENDS.

Four iambics with an occasional auxiliary foot.

FIENDS = demonios, genios.
MOOR = terreno inculto cubierto de brezo, y á veces pantanoso, erial. Tambien *moro*.
BROODS = empolla, cria.
GROUSE = gallo silvestre.
HOPPERGALLOP'S = de, etc. (el que galopa á saltos).
BULL'S HEAD = Cabeza de toro (fonda).
CROW = grajo.
CROAK'D = graznar.
BARBED = guarnecidos de bardas.
WHIRL = girar con viveza.
SKINN'D = desollar.
MOLLY = Maruja.
DUMPLING = almóndiga grande.

Had none remain'd save only she;—
She by herself had been—
If one
Had not been left for company.
'Twas a tall youth, whose cheeks' clear hue
Was ting'd with health and manly toil;—
Cabbage he sow'd;—
And when it grew,
He always cut it off, to boil.
Oft would he cry
«Delve, delve the hole!
And prune the tree, and train the root!
And stick the wig upon the pole,
To scare the sparrows from the fruit!»
A small, white favorite by day
Followed his step;
Whene'er he wheels
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cur was at his heels.
Ah, man!
The brute creation see!
Thy constancy oft needs the spur!
While lessons of fidelity
Are found in every bob-tail cur.
Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh, so strong,
While Bobtail in his face would look
And mark his master troll the song,—
«Sweet Molly Dumpling! Oh, thou Cook!»
For thus he sung;—
While Cupid smiled;—
Pleas'd that the Gardener own'd his dart,
Which pruned his passions, running wild,

HAD=hubiera.
HAD NONE, etc=sobreentiéndese *if*.
CABBAGE=berzas, coles.
DELVE=cava.
PRUNE=podar.
WIG=peluca, espanta-grajos.
BARROW=carreton.
BOB-TAIL=rabicorto.
TROLL=tararear.
RUNNING WILD=volverse salvaje.

And grafted true love on his heart.
Maid of the Moor!
His love return!
True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame,
When Gardeners' hearts, like hot beds, burn,
A Cook may surely feed the flame.
Cold blows the blast:—
The night's obscure;—
The mansion's crazy wainscots crack;—
No star appeared;—and all the moor,
Like every other Moor,—was black.—
Alone,—
Pale,—
Trembling,—
Near the fire,
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat;
Much did she fear, and much admire
What Thomas Gardener could be at.
List'ning,—
Her hand supports her chin;
But, ah!
No foot is heard to stir,
He comes not, from the garden, in;
Nor he—
Nor little Bob-tail cur.
She paces thro' the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil;
Opes the huge door;—
The hinges creak;—
Because—
The hinges wanted oil.
Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,
She, «Thomas!» called, with many a sob;

NE'ER (ner) por *never*=nunca.
HOT BEDS=tierra cubierta de capas de estiércol y de un cristal para fomentar las plantas, criadero.
CRAZY WAINSCOTS=viejo ó desmoronado ensamblaje.
THRO' por *through*.
HINGES CREAK=rechinar los goznes.

And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
Exclaiming sweetly, «Bob! Bob! Bob!»
Vain maid!
A Gardener's corpse, 'tis said,
In answer can but ill succeed;
And dogs that hear
When they are dead,
Are
Very
Cunning
Dogs
Indeed!
Back thro' the hall she bent her way,—
All, all was solitude around!
The candle shed a feeble ray,—
Tho' a large mould of four to the pound.
Full closely to the fire she draws;
Adown her cheeks a salt tear stole;
When, lo!
A coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole!
Spiders their busy death-watch ticked,
A certain sign that Fate will frown;
The clumsy kitchen-clock, too, clicked,
A certain sign
'Twas not run down.
More strong and strong her terrors rose;—
Her shadow did the maid appal;
She trembled at her lovely nose,—
It look'd so long against the wall.
Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
She climb'd Lord Hoppergallop's stair,—
Three stories high—

THO' por *though*.
ADOWN = abajo.
DEATH-WATCH = pronóstico de muerte (grito de un animalito parecido al escarabajo, que el vulgo cree anuncia la muerte).
RUN DOWN = concluida la cuerda.
STORIES = pisos ó cuentos.

Long,
Dull,
And old! —
As great Lord's stories often are.
All nature now appeared to pause;
And «o'er the one half world seem'd dead,»
No «curtain'd sleep» had she; —
Because
She had no curtains to her bed.
List'ning she lay;
With iron din,
The clock struck
TWELVE;
The door flew wide
When Thomas grimly glided in,
With little Bobtail by his side.
Tall,
Like a poplar,
Was his size;
Green,
Green his waistcoat was,
As leeks;
Red,
Red as beet root,
Were his eyes:
Pale,
Pale as parsnips,
Were his cheeks!
Soon as the spectre she espied,
The fear-struck damsel faintly said,
«What would my Thomas?» —
He replied,
«Oh!
Molly Dumpling!
I am dead.

POPLAR = álamo.
LEEKS = puerros.
BEET ROOT = remolacha.
PARSNIPS = chirivías.

All in the flower of youth I fell,
Cut off with health's full blossom crown'd;
I was not ill—
But in a well
I tumbled backwards,
And was drowned.
Four fathoms deep thy love doth lie;
His faithful dog his fate doth share;
We're FIENDS;—
This is not he and I;
We are not *here*,—
For we are *there*.
Yes;—
Two foul Water Fiends are we;
Maid of the Moor!
Attend us now!
Thy hour's at hand;—
We come for thee!»
The little Fiend said,
«Bow, wow, wow!»
The Fiends approach!
The Maid did shrink;
Swift thro' the night's foul air they spin;
They took her to the green well's brink,
And, with a shout,
They plump'd her in.
So true the Fair,
So true the Youth,
Maids, to this day their story tell;
And hence the Proverb rose,
That Truth
Lies in the bottom of a well.

SPIN=volver, girar ó andar como el huso.

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

«Methinks the world seems oddly made,
And every thing amiss,»
A dull complaining Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
And instanced it in this:
«Behold,» quoth he, «that mighty thing,
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upward cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.
While on this oak an acorn small,
So disproportion'd grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.
My better judgment would have hung
The pumpkin on a tree,
And left the acorn slightly strung,
'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be.»
No more the caviller could say,
No further faults descry;
For, upwards gazing as he lay,
An acorn loosen'd from its spray
Fell down upon his eye.
The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for that sin:
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies would have work'd no more,
Nor skull have kept them in!

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

Iambuses of four and three feet.

QUOTH = dijo.
PUMPKIN = calabaza.
'MONGST por *amongst*.
CAVILLER = capcioso.
SPRAY = ramito.
WHIMSIES OR WHIMSEYS = caprichos.

HE WAS SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN.

If pity dwell within your breast,
Some sympathy pray spare;
Of love, that breaks young ladies' rest,
Indeed I've had my share:
His form is ever in my sight,
Forget I never can;
I'm haunted by him day and night,
He was such a nice young man.
'Twas at a ball held in the west,
On me he first did glance;
So gently he my fingers press'd,
And ask'd me out to dance:
I blush'd, and whisper'd «No, no, no!
Then smiling dropp'd my fan;
For how could I refuse to dance,—
He was such a nice young man.
The dance now o'er, my hand he took,
And led me to my seat;
And, sighing, gave me such a look,
I'd ne'er seen one so sweet;
Refreshments begg'd of me to take:—
I did the dainties scan;
Alas! I lost my appetite,—
He was such a nice young man.
When growing late, about to leave,
It rained in torrents fast;
Said he, «Dear Miss, I really grieve,
I fear that it will last!»
Then quick he hurried from the room,
And for a coach he ran:
His kindness quite o'erpowered me,—
He was such a nice young man.

NICE=guapo y fino.
SCAN=escudriñar, mirar.
GROWING LATE=hacerse tarde.
O'ERPOWERED ME=me rindió.

As through the hall we went along,
He begg'd for my address;
I gave it him, not thinking wrong —
He was in such distress:
His card emboss'd he handed me,
With «Captain!» Miss I am:
My stars! thought I, oh, here's a chance —
He was such a nice young man.
Next morning, dress'd and breakfast done,
Heart beating with desire,
The hall door bell was loudly rung,
Enough to break the wire.
I thought I should have died with fright!
Up came our servant Ann:
A gentleman, Miss, waits below, —
He is such a nice young man.
Almost I'd sunk 'twixt hope and fear,
I wish'd I was afar;
Guess my surprise, him now to hear,
Conversing with mamma.
Such language elegant he used,
Her heart he did trepan:
She said, she no objection had, —
He was such a nice young man.
«Now stop to dine with us — you must,
I will not take denial:»
«Excuse me, ma'am, this visit first
Is far too great a trial:»
«Well, call again whene'er you please,
For visit here you can;»
I'll call again to-morrow, ma'am,
Said my very nice young man.
From the house he scarce was out of sight,
When from the lower rooms,
A servant-maid came in a fright,

EMBOSS'D = de relieve.
HALL-DOOR = puerta principal.
TREPAN = engañar con halagos, ganar.

And cried, «He's stole the spoons!»
«Ah, fetch him back!» mamma she cried,
Off went our footman Dan,
Who brought him back; we found the spoons—
Yes, upon the nice young man.
A caution, ladies, give I must,
The moral I well know:
'Tis never the appearance trust
Of any dashing beau;
For this is what I should have done,
When to notice he began;
But who'd have thought he was a thief,—
He was such a nice young man.

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

How I wish that my wife would not practise all day,
My head it is ready to split—
It snows—so I cannot get out of her way,
But at home all the morning must sit,
How little I thought, when I first heard her sing,
And hung o'er the harp with delight,
The sorrows a musical partner might bring,
Who would practise from morning till night!
Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life.
«Eliza, my love! I've a letter to write—
Pray cease for a moment, my dear!»
«Good heavens!» she cries, «you forget that to-night
Tamburini and Herz will be here!
Lord William has promised to bring his guitar,
Captain Warble will play on the flute;

DAN=por Daniel. DASHING=que hace gran papel.

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

Anæpestic of four and tree feet with auxiliary iambuses.

WARBLE=gorgear, gorgeo. PLAY ON—tocar.

So I'm trying a second to «Young Lochinvar,»
Which Miss Scott will perform on her lute!»
Last week, in the commons, on Tuesday's debate,
We never divided till three,
When, tired and exhausted, I hurried home late, —
How I long'd for a cup of green tea!
But, alas! neither tea nor repose could I get,
For Rubini and Galli were there,
And my wife was performing a fav'rite quartette —
So I went to the club in despair.
A bishopric vacant, the minister wrote,
To offer my brother the see;
I was out — so the messenger carried his note
To Eliza — whilst singing a glee.
But, surrounded, alas! by her musical choir,
My wife could not think of my brother;
So the Premier's despatch was toss'd in the fire,
And the see — it was given to another!
Yet they tell me, alas! that I ought to be bless'd,
In a wife with so perfect an ear —
Deaf husbands! — Oh! knew ye the blessings of rest,
Ye would ne'er be so anxious to hear:
I, alas! have discover'd my folly too late.
Take warning by me whilst you can —
When you hear a fine voice, oh! remember my fate,
I'm a wretched unfortunate man.

BEGINNINGS.

Each action of life, whether losing or winning,
You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning; —
The Boy must have a beginning to walk —

COMMONS = cámara de los Comunes.
DIVIDED = hacer la votacion.
SEE = sede.
GLEE = cancion para tres ó cuatro voces.
KNEW YE = si supierais.

BEGINNINGS.

Anæpests varied with iambuses and an odd final syllable occasionelly.

The Girl must have a beginning to talk.
The Boy, when he walks well, will soon learn to run,
And the tongue of the Girl you think ne'er will have done.
Thus each action of life, whether losing or winning,
You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

The beginning of business makes hope very high,
The beginning of love is a glance from the eye;
The beginning of courtship is some trifling thing;
The beginning of wedlock's a little gold ring;
The beginning a journey, whiche'er way you bend,
Like life's journey, you know not how it may end:
Thus each action of life, whether losing or winning,
You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

The beginning of illness at first may be slight,
As evening is the beginning of night;
From indisposition you get very ill,
Which sure is to end in a doctor's long bill.
Your wife, friends, and children beginning to cry,
Make you beginning to think you may die:
Each action of life, whether losing or winning,
You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

The beginning a law-suit you easily learn,
But the ending is always a doubtful concern;
Before it does end, you're beginning to curse,
And beginning to come to the end of your purse —
Like beginning a song with a voice very fine,
And sticking before you get through the third line:
Thus, each action of life, whether losing or winning,
You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

NUMBER ONE.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row;
And witnesss this, that every Miss
But me has got a beau:
For love goes calling up and down.
But here he seems to shun; —

I'm sure he has been ask'd enough
To call at Number One.
I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four;
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door.
And one in blue at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun;—
It's very hard they come so near,
And not to Number One.
Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window-pane
Without a bit of blind.
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrived at Number Five
Don't take at Number One.
'Tis hard, with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by—
There's nice young men at Number Ten
But only rather shy.
And Mrs. Smith, across the way,
Has got a grown-up son;
But, la! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One.
There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf,
And though he's pious, will not love
His neighbour as himself.
At number Seven there was a sale,
The goods had quite a run;
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One.

DUN=acreedor, *inglés*.
LA!=señor.
A LOT ON HAND=surtido sin vender.

My mother often sits at work,
And talks of props and stays;
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days.
The very maids about the house,
Have set me down a nun;
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One.
Once only, when the flue took fire
One Friday afternon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again without
The Phœnix and the Sun?
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One.
I am not old, I am not plain,
Nor awkward in my gait;
I am not crooked, like the bride
That went from Number Eight.
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun;
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at Number One.
At Number Six, they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts;
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The imp they show with bended bow,
I wish he had a gun;
But if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot at Number One.
It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row;
And here's a ballad-singer come,

SWEETHEARTS = novios.
SWOON = desmayar.
PHOENIX, etc. = sociedad de seguros.
GAIT = modo de andar.

To aggravate my woe.
O, take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun!
There is nae luck about the house,
I know, at Number One.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.
'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar.
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:
«Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, Man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.
«Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

THERE IS NAE, etc. = no hay suerte, etc. (principio de una cancion muy conocida).

THE HERMIT.

Anæpestic measure with auxiliary iambics.

NAUGHT = nada.
NIGHTINGALE = ruiseñor.
PHILOMELA = ruiseñor (griego).
ENTHRAL = esclavizar, domeñar.

«'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!
«'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
«O pity, great Father of light,» then I cried,
«Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee
Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.»
«And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!»

PETITION OF THE YOUNG LADIES.

Dear Doctor! let it not transpire,
How much your Lectures we admire;
How at your eloquence we wonder,
When you explained the cause of thunder,
Of lightning, and of electricity,

BEWILDER = extraviar, perder.
DAZZLE = deslumbrar.
ROAM = andar errante.
BLENDING = matizando.

PETITION OF THE YOUNG LADIES.

Four iambics.

With so much plainness and simplicity
The origin of rocks and mountains,
Of seas and rivers, lakes and fountains;
Of rain and hail, frost and snow,
And all the storms and winds that blow;
Besides a hundred wonders more,
Of which we never heard before.
 But now, dear Doctor! not to flatter,
There is a most important matter,
A matter which you never touch on,—
A matter which our thoughts run much on,—
A subject, if we right conjecture,
That well deserves a long long Lecture,
Which all the ladies would approve,—
The *Natural History of Love!*
Deny us not, Dear Doctor Moyes!
O list to our entreating voice!
Tell us, why our poor tender hearts
So easily admit Love's darts.
 Teach us the mark of Love's beginning;
What makes us think a *beau* so winning,
What makes us think a *coxcomb* witty,
A *black-coat* wise, a *red-coat* pretty!
Why we believe such horrid lies,—
That we are angels from the skies,
Our teeth like pearl, our cheeks like roses,
Our eyes like stars—such charming noses:
Explain our dreams, awake and sleeping;
Explain our blushing, laughing, weeping.
Teach us, dear Doctor, if you can,
To humble that proud creature, *Man:*—
 To turn the wise ones into fools,
The proud and insolent to tools;
To make them run, helter-skelter,

COXCOMB = fátuo.
WITTY = gracioso.
BLACK-COAT = casaca negra, gente de la ley, etc.
RED-COAT = casaca encarnada, los militares.
HELTER-SKELTER = á troche y moche, á la desbandada ó muy deprisa.

Their necks — into the *Marriage halter:*
Then leave us to ourselves with these, —
We'll turn and rule them as we please.
Dear Doctor! if you grant our wishes,
We promise you — five hundred kisses;
And, rather than the affair be blundered,
We'll give you — *six score* to the hundred!

THE EPHESIAN MATRON, OR THE WIDOW'S TEARS.

Characters. — A Matron and her Maid, the Matron's Father, and a Soldier.

Matron. Hence, hence, away! in vain you strive
To tear me from my dead man;
His wife I am! — Dead or alive,
My love shall end where it began.
Father. But, daughter!
Maid. Mistress!
Fath. Daughter!
Maid. Mistress!
Mat. Grief, oh grief!
Fath. Will staying here bring you relief?
To moulder with him in the grave
Is killing two.
Mat. Adieu, adieu!
To die with him is all I crave.
Fath. Some comfor take.
Mat. My heart will break!
Fath. and Maid. And with us go.
Mat. No, no, — oh, oh!
Fath. You shall — you must.
Mat. No, no! his dear dust

THE EPHESIAN MATRON, OR THE WIDOW'S TEARS.

Metre, iambics chiefly of four feet. The principal feet in one of the songs are anæpests and in the others iambics or trochees with additional syllables.

TEAR FROM = arrancar de. DUST = cenizas.

By me shall never be deserted;
But here I'll stay,
Both night and day,
Till death has joined whom death hath parted.

Fath. Well, daughter, since entreaty's vain,
And still your purpose you maintain,
To give a sample
Of nuptial love,
And so to prove
To future wives a rare example,
I'll leave you to your fate,
The sad but glorious work complete;
And, since all else your constancy denies,
When Death, as soon he must, has closed your eyes,
Your weeping father shall return—
You cannot hinder him to mourn,
And with due rites perform your obsequies:
But more,—a monument I'll raise,
Where, sacred to your endless praise,
This just inscription shall be read:—
«Nipp'd in the flower of charms and youth,
A miracle of female truth
Among the dead lies here enrolled.
Stop, traveller, and, drawing near,
Bestow the tribute of a tear;—
Death snatch'd her consort from her side—
She lov'd, she sorrow'd, and she died!»
(*Exeunt Father and Maid*).

Mat. At length we're left alone,
And the sad widow may indulge her moan:
Receive me, earth, upon thy flinty breast,
Helpless, forlorn, undone, with grief oppress'd,
And while, grown frantic with my woes,
I beat my bosom, tear my hair—
Come, ye Furies—come, Despair,

ENTREATY'S por *entreaty is*.
OBSEQUIES = exequias.
NIPP'D = quitado, arrebatado.
WOES = pesadumbres.

And grief that never comfort knows:
All your horrors here display,
Nor thou, O Death, be long away.

Maid (*re-enters*). So, there she lies, upon the floor,
There never was such madness, sure!
And will you in the dreary gloom
Of this unwholesome tomb,
In sighs and tears, your life consume?

Mat. What should a wretched widow do?

Maid. You're young and handsome yet,
And might another husband get;—
Yes, that you might—or two.

Mat. No, no! I death prefer.

Maid. The more fool you!

Mat. This only I demand, my faithful maid,
That here you'll with me stay,
And see my breathless clay,
When I am dead, by my dear husband laid.

Maid. Well, madam, since I must, I will;
But give me leave to say,
You'd better change your purpose still,
And act a wiser way.

SONG.

If I was a wife, and my dearest dear life
Took it into his noddle to die,
Ere I took the whim to be buried with him,
I think I'd know very well why.
If poignant with grief, I'd look for relief,
Not sink with the weight of my care,—
A salve might be found, no doubt, above ground,
And I think I know very well where.
Another kind mate should give me what Fate
Would not from the former allow;
With him I'd amuse the hours you abuse,—

DREARY = triste, lóbrego.
YOU'D = *you had*.
NODDLE = chabeta, mollera.
I'd = *I would*.
POIGNANT (poiñant) = traspasado.
SALVE (sav) = ungüento, bálsamo.

And I think I know very well how.
'Tis true I'm a maid, and so't may be said,
No judge of the conjugal knot;
Yet marriage, I ween, has a cure for the spleen,
And I think I know very well what.

A Sentinel (*above*). Ho! who's there below?

Maid. Bless us! I shall die with fear!
A man descends into the cave:
What shall our lives—our honours, save.

Sent. Hey! who the devil have we here?

Maid (*Aside*). A handsome fellow! never stir.

Sent. Speak!

Maid. Two sad women, worthy sir—
A matron, and my mistress, she
Who there upon the ground you see.
Her consort died some days ago,
Which griev'd the poor dear lady so,
That, being here last night interr'd—
I think the like was never heard—
She would needs be buried, too;—
And now, sir, tell me, who are you?

Sent. A soldier, standing at my post,
To guard yon gibbets on the coast;
I saw a light, and hither came,
Directed by the glimmering flame.

Maid. My mistress, sir, is much to blame:
Noble and rich, and young and fair—

Sent. Her character is something rare!
Soft! hearken!—yes, she draws her breath.

Maid. Besides, she's almost starv'd to death.

Sent. I'll rouse her from her desp'rate fit:
Ho! what ho! charming dame! what ho!

SONG.

From the depths of pain and woe
A soldier calls your beauty,
And can bravery do less—

SO'T = *so it*. GIBBETS = horcas.

To succour ladies in distress
Is still the soldier's duty.
Cupid whispers in your ear,
And will you refuse to hear
Accents form'd to move?
Lovely, lovely dame,
Fie, oh fie! for shame!
Shall one so fair
Be killed by care?
Rise to life and love.

Mat. Who'd comfort to a wretch afford?
Gone near half-way to meet my lord,
You call me back.

Maid. Upon my word,
I'm very glad your journey's stopp'd.

Sent. Fair creature, gentler thoughts adopt.
You have fulfill'd your nuptial vow—
To yourself do justice now,
Nor sacrifice by cruel wrong
A nymph so handsome and so young.

Maid. The rogue has a bewitching tongue!

Mat. You're very good, I must allow,
To take a widow's part so kindly.

Sent. Then follow not destruction blindly,
Nor the gifts of Heaven abuse,
But eat and live.

Mat. Indeed, I swore
Never to taste a morsel more;
But, since through pity you'd intrude
Upon my sorrows, 'twould be rude
The proffer'd succours to refuse.

Sent. Here is the meat, my lovely dear;
But first your drooping spirits cheer
A flask of wine I've got by stealth—
'Tis strong and old,
And 'gainst the cold

DROOPING = abatido (como el sabuco). 'GAINST = *against.*

Upon my post this night has fenc'd me

Mat. I vow and swear, it goes against me—
However, sir, your health!

Sent. By Venus, mother of desire,
Your eyes have set me all on fire—
There's magic in your touch.

Mat. My eyes, dear sir, alack a day!
Tears must have wash'd their power away;
Indeed, you say too much.

DUET.

Sent. My heart is Cupid's drum—
He beats a march, and cries, Come,
Follow me, your chief.

Mat. My heart's in agitation,
I, too, feel a palpitation,
But 'tis the effect of grief.
What shall I do?
Oh! tell me, who
Can ease the pangs I feel?
For love, for grief,
Bring some relief,
A wounded heart to heal.

Sent. A moment now I must begone;—
I guard, hard by, some gibbet thieves—
Another soon my watch relieves—
I will be here again anon.

Mat. Well, if you must be gone, you must—
No soldier should neglect his post;
But I must candidly confess
Your care was soothing my distress,
And 'twould have pleas'd me had you just stay'd
T'ave seen me give up the ghost.
But, before you go away, sir,
As we ne'er might meet again,
Give me to thank you, pray, sir,
For the gen'rous care you've ta'en.

T'AVE = *to have.* GIVE ME TO, etc. = permite, etc.

Well your candour may impeach me
Were I blind to your desire;
But, though love can never reach me,
Friendship still may touch my heart.
[*Exit Sentinel.*

Maid. A sweeter man I never saw—
He might give womankind the law,
He talks and moves with such a grace!
And then he as a charming face!

Mat. Dear girl, this is a frightful place,
So dark and dismal;
Then the smell is really overcoming.

Maid. Well! why don't you leave it?

Mat. Leave! who, I!
Have I not sworn that here I'll die?

Maid. Such oaths are better broke than kept,
Enough you've sigh'd—enough you've wept!
With this young fellow quit the cave,—
He's worth three dead men.

Mat. Sure, you rave!
He would not yield his youth to cheer
A weeping widow.

Maid. Never fear!

Mat. And should I lightly seem inclin'd,
What would the world say?

Maid. Never mind.

Sentinel (*Re-enters*). Zounds! I'm undone—
Where shall I run?
They've stolen a thief from the gibbet,
And when I'm in its place,
As soon will be the case,
A fine figure I shall exhibit.

Maid. Now, bless my heart, what storm's a brewing?

Mat. What's the matter?

Sent. Death and ruin!
While Love with you prolong'd my stay,

A BREWING = se está preparando. WHAT'S THE MATTER = qué hay?

Some rogues have watch'd their time,
And from the gibbet stole a thief away;—
To me the magistrates will lay the crime
And when the body's miss'd, and I'm before 'em,
That other sentinels their watch may keep,
I know they'll hang me, *in terrorem!*

Mat. Hang you! I vow he makes me weep!
Is there no shift?

Sent. No, none!

Maid. 'Tis true!

Sent. Farewell! eternally adieu!
This night I shall have cause to rue.

Mat. Hold! there's a thought come in my head:
My husband is already dead,
And consequently has not feeling;
And 'twould be very cruel dealing
To let you suffer for my sake.
Yonder he lies; his body take,
Strip off his shroud, and hang him
Where the robber has been taken down.

Maid. A fine expedient that, I swear!

Mat. While they see a body there,
The difference never will be known,—
My husband Fate would from me rend
But shall not, if I can help it, take my friend.

Maid. Thus of all concern she rids you.

Sent. How shall I thank!

Maid. By doing as she bids you.

SONG — *Sentinel.*

Men boast of their prudence and sense,
And make a strange pother
With this, that, and t'other,
But, faith! it is all a pretence;
Their genius is trivial and common:

SHIFT = recurso.
SHROUD = mortaja.
POTHER = barullo, ruido.
T'OTHER = *the other*.

And for a shift,
lift,
wit of a woman.
And for ways and for means,
If to meddle she deigns,
No premier of state
Like her can create,
Or find out an expedient.

[*Exits, and returns with the Father.*

Mat. My father here, and with him brings
The soldier!

Maid. Bless us! more strange things.

Fath. Daughter, ere this I thought you dead,
And, by paternal fondness led,
From the city sadly came
To pay those rites the dead may claim;
But near the tomb I met this man,
Your husband's body on his back!

Mat. Name not my husband, sir, alack!

Fath. First to accuse him I began,
And call'd him robber of the dead;
But you approv'd the deed, he said!
Now tell me if there's truth in this.

Maid. I'll answer for my lady, yes.

Fath. If that by any proof appears,
Her wedding-day she'll settle straight.

Sent. Say, dear, how long is't I must wait?

Fath. Come, name your time, child.

Mat. Seven years.

Maid. Sooner she cannot dry her tears
For her departed mate.

Fath. Seven years! preposterous, speak again!

Mat. Well, let him wait a twelvemonth, then.

Maid. The time is somewhat shorten'd, sir.

Fath. But still too long.

Mat. Well, half a year.

WAYS AND MEANS = recursos. PRÉMIER = presidente.

Sent. Too long by half!
Mat. A month, then, pray.
Fath. Daughter, you shall be his to-day.
Mat. To-day!
Maid. To-day!
Mat. Nay, pray, sir, pray:
Allow a decent time for sorrow;—
To-day, I vow,
I can't tell how,—
It shall not be before to-morrow!

FINALE.

Fath. Thus old wits, in wicked satires, formerly the fair malign'd,—
Call'd them light, false, vain, affected, and unsteady as the wind.
If they copied after nature, bless'd are English dames, I trow—
So much alter'd from what ladies were two thousand years ago.
Maid. Mean and false the accusation—men our sex unjustly blame;
They are slaves to little passions, and would brand us with the same.
Struck with native imperfection, as their mind the object sours,
From themselves they draw a picture, then cry out the face is ours.
Mat. Says a trav'ller to a lion, upon yonder sign-post see
How a lion like your worship's torn by a man like me;
Says the lion to the trav'ller, 'twas a man the daubing drew,—
Had a lion been the painter, I had been a tearing you.
Sent. No excuses or allusions—here's the burden of my song—
Women sov'reigns are of nature, and as such can ne'er be wrong:
Sent to rule, to bless us, charm us, spite of wit, in rancour spite,
Ev'ry thing they say is proper—ev'ry thing they do is right!

FINALE. Este se compone de siete troqueos y una silaba larga. Esta especie se suele dividir en versos alternados de cuatro y tres y medio troqueos.

TROW = creer.

DAUBING = mamarracho

WORSHIP'S por *worship is* = vuestra merced es.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

If you have no objection
To banish sad reflection,
I'll soon prove, to perfection,
That money makes folks blind:
For if you'd wish to wed
A partner for your bed,
Whether lame or dunny,
Squinting, or with one eye,
If you have got some money,
You'll get one to your mind.
The parson virtue teaches,
With vehemence besecches
To practise what he preaches;
He leaves his flock to do—
He pockets all the pelf,
And takes upon himself
To say, that without money
This life is milk and honey;
But I, that am more funny,
Declare it is not true.
Now, I'll be quickly showing,
If to law you're going,
A lawyer (ever knowing)
A fee will ne'er refuse;
Your grievance then he'll tell,
He'll plead your cause so well,
And when the cause he's won ye,
You find the law has done ye
Out of all your money,
For the winner's sure to lose.
There's such a fuss about it,
No one here can doubt it,
None can do without it,—
It makes the world go round;
It makes the grave to smile,

Does all our cares beguile;
It sweetens life with honey,
Makes ev'ry path look sunny,—
There's naught to equal money
Ever could be found.
Although it rather odd is,
It worshipp'd like a god is,
And for it e'en dead bodies
Are forced to quit the ground;
But let us ever strive
By industry to live;
For it sweetens life with honey,
Makes ev'ry path look sunny,—
There's naught to equal money
Ever could be found.
The miser hoards his treasure,
Counts it o'er at leisure;
He dies; and then with pleasure
His money others spend.
Be happy while you may,
And drive dull care away;
And if you would be funny,
And sweeten life with honey,
Take care of all your money,
For money is your friend.

THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

In a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where nature had fashioned a soft, sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ringdove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.
No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
Here the wild flow'ret blossomed, the elm proudly waved,
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.
But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,

Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder, in lightning, and storm;
All flushed from the tumults of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of flame,
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears:
With a glance of disgust he the landscape surveyed,
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide waving shade:
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.
He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low;
He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurled down the chasm the thundering wave.
Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of time, —
Cultivation has softened those features sublime;
The axe of the white man has lightened the shade,
And dispelled the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.
But the stranger still gazes, with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosomed in foam.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

How does the Water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,

Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.
Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,

And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,

And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line — we raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story)!
In Thebes's street three thousand years ago;
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.
Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy, —
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune:
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.
Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame;
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden,
By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest, and hast been dealing
In human blood, and horrors past revealing.
Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass:
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.
I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled or knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.
Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that History's pages
Contained no record of its early ages!
Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But pr'ythee tell us something of thyself,—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house!
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?
Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

PR'YTHEE por *I pray thee.*

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?
If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold;
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown thy dusty cheeks have rolled.
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?
Statue of flesh — Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Jndgment-morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning!
Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the *soul embalmed and pure*
In living virtue; that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

THE ANSWER OF THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

Child of the latter days, thy words have broken
A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,
For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath spoken,
Three thousand tedious years have rolled away.
Unswathed at length, I «stand at ease» before ye, —
List, then, oh! list, while I unfold my story.
Thebes was my birth-place — an unrivalled city,
With *many* gates, — but here I might declare
Some strange plain truths, except that it were pity
To blow a poet's fabric into air;
Oh! I could read you quite a Theban lecture,

And give a deadly finish to conjecture.
But then you would not have me throw discredit
On grave historians—or on him who sung
THE ILIAD—true it is I never read it,
But heard it read when I was very yonng;
An old blind minstrel, for a trifling profit,
Recited parts—I think the *author* of it.
All that I know about the town of HOMER
Is, that they scarce would own him in his day—
Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,
Because by this they saved their *parish-pay*.
His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.
One blunder I can fairly set at rest,
He says that men were once more big and bony
Than now, which is a bouncer at the best;
I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,
Near seven feet high! in sooth, a lofty figure!
Now look at *me*, and tell me am I *bigger?*
Not half the size: but then I'm sadly dwindled;
Three thousand years with that embalming glue,
Have made a serious difference, and have swindled
My face of all its beauty—there were few
Egyptian youths more gay,—behold the sequel.
Nay, smile not, you and I may soon be equal!
For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance
With mortal aim—this light fantastic toe
Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance:
This heart hath throbbed at tales of love and woe,
These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion,
This withered form inspired the tender passion.
In vain! the skilful hand and feelings warm,
The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,
The palm of genius and the manly form,
All bowed at once to death's mysterious will,
Who sealed me up where mummies sound are sleeping,

PARISH-PAY = contribucion de pobres. BOUNCER = *una papa.*

In cere-cloth, and in tolerable keeping.
Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,
And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,
Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,
With scarlet flounces and with varnished faces;
Men, birds, brutes, reptiles, fish—all crammed together.
With ladies that might pass for well-tanned leather.
Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,
And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust;
Princes and heroes, men of high renown,
Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust,—
Their swarthy Mummies kicked up dust in numbers,
When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumbers.
Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
At Dido's table when the wondrous tale
Of «Juno's hatred» was so well repeated?
And ever and anon the Queen turned pale;
Meanwhile the brilliant gas-lights, hung above her,
Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked lover.
Ay, *gas-lights!* mock me not; we men of yore
Were versed in all the knowledge you can mention;
Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore?
Her patient toil? acuteness of invention?
Survey the proofs—our Pyramids are thriving,—
Old Memnon still looks young, and I'm surviving.
A land in arts and sciences prolific,
On blocks gigantic building up her fame!
Crowded with signs, and letters hieroglyphic,
Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim!
Yet though her art and toil unearthly seem,
Those blocks were brought on RAIL-ROADS *and by* STEAM!
How, when, and why, our people came to rear
The Pyramid of Cheops, mighty pile!
This and the other secrets thou shalt hear;
I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,
The hist'ry of the Sphinx, and who began it,
Our mystic marks, and monsters made of granite.
Well, then, in grievous times, when King Cephrenes—

But, ah! what's this?—the shades of bards and kings
Press on my lips their fingers! What they mean is,
I am not to reveal these hidden things.
Mortal, farewell! Till Science' self unbind them,
Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Our task is done! o'er Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While, all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
Come, walk with me the jungle through;—
If yonder hunter tell us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun),
A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.—
Come boldly on, no venomed snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake;
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
'Mid nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where, o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade,
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of death!
Come on! yet pause! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough;
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom;

And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower:—
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendant train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.—
So rich a shade,—so green a sod,—
Our English, fairies never trod;
Yet who in Indian bower has stood,
But thought on England's «good green wood;»
And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade;
And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain)!
To gaze upon her oaks again.
A truce to thought! the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And, through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet, mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes:—
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While, to this cooler air confest,
The broad dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song,—the horn,—the drum.—
Still as we pass from bush and brier,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;

And what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know the soul-entrancing swell!
It is — it must be — Philomel!
 Enough! enough! the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze. —
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But, oh! with thankful hearts confess
E'en here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth — his hope of heaven!

THE STARS.

 Oh! 'tis lovely to watch ye at twilight rise,
When the evening shadows have left the skies,
Or the sun has gone down like a king to rest,
In the palace-halls of the golden west;
Or the first pale star in the western sky,
Calls ye forth to the midnight's solemnity.
 Earth hails your light in the loveliest honr,
When the dew like a spirit hangs over each flower,
When the glens lie hnshed and the woods are still,
And the Naïad heareth the fountain's thrill,
And the low wind waileth her anthem hymn
In the ear of the night's yonng cherubim.
 And, oh! the bright visions ye see from heaven!
The earth's blue shade in the gloom of even,
The red sea's wave as it rolleth on,
In the gleam of the sunset's horizon;
And the beautiful hues of the rainbow air;
And the spirits, like ye, that are wandering there.
 Yet oh! there are more, — from the sunset dells

Ye hearken the chimes of sweet vesper bells,
And the shepherd's hymn and the mother's prayer,
Ye hear through the hush of the midnight air,
And the dove's soft note in the solemn woods,
And eve's low moan in the solitudes.
 Yet have ye a spell and a solemn power,
To guard the earth at the midnight's hour;
To watch o'er the slumbering homes of men —
O'er the lamp that lighteth the student's pen —
O'er the peasant's roof and the monarch's throne —
Over all that beauty hath made your own.
 Ye pass in your glory o'er land and sea;
Ye ride through the heavens triumphantly:
O'er the boundless hills of immortal space,
Ye speed in the joy of your chariot-race;
Yet the sunset's beam, and the moonlight's ray,
Are the paths which ye tread to the shores of day.
 And, oh! do ye gaze on that shining land,
Where seraph and spirit for ever stand!
A white-robed choir round the golden throne,
With harp, and with hymn, and with orison,
Sounding for ever their anthem cry,
Through the hush of the midnight immensity!
 —Ye are mystic and holy!—ye may not tell
Of that land where the spirits of Eden dwell;
Ye may not give to the winds of earth
The seraph voices that hailed your birth:
Round the awful throne where ye bend, and bless
The spirit that called ye to loveliness!
 But, lo! the deep glory of night goes by,
And the moon wanes low in the western sky;
And the beautiful spirit, whose silver wings
Gave songs to the night from a thousand strings,
Has pealed o'er the waves of the dark deep sea
Your dirge through the heaven's infinity!
 Yet again ye will come in the eve's dark hours
With dew, to refreshen the folding flowers:
With balm on your wings for the wounded breast,

And hope for the mourner that finds no rest;
And joy for the spirit that waits afar
For the heaven that shineth in one night star!

A RIDDLE.

Know ye that magic coral cave,
Which neither seas nor rivers lave.
Yet in it water oft is found,
Although raised high above the ground,
Nor comes it from the earth or sky,
And scarce the summer's heat can dry!
Its arched roof of rosy hue,
Is almost hidden from the view;
The red soft floor of this dark cave,
Heaves like the gentle Arno's wave.
Within the entrance glistening stand,
Arrayed in white, a crescent band,
Guards also from the roof depend,
Aiding the portal to defend,
Form a portcullis when they meet,
Preventing entrance and retreat.
Security has still done more,
Placing without a folding door,
Which opening slow or quick, no eye
Its noiseless hinges can descry.
Within this double-guarded cell,
Lo, witchery and wonder dwell!
For when the portal's opened wide,
Thence flows of various sounds a tide;
Accents of sorrow, grief, and fear,
Of joy and gladness, strike the ear,
The swell of praise, the breath of prayer,
The dismal howling of despair:
The din of revelry and strife,
The moan which scapes with ebbing life,
The boisterous laugh, the piercing shriek,
The gurgling sob when heart-strings break,

Each tone known to the human voice,
When men bewail, despair, rejoice,
Sounds from the east, west, south, and north.
From that red cavern issue forth.
'Tis th' ante-chamber to a tomb,
On which shines neither sun nor moon,
Connected by a narrow strait,
It lies beneath the cavern's gate;
Within this tomb a monster lies,
Which through that pass receives supplies
Of food for his voracious maw,
Nor owns he any other law
Than appetite, and, if not fed,
To acts of mutiny is led.
By some he's worshipped as a god,
And rules them with an iron rod.
Homage the cave receives, e'en this,
Its votaries greet it with a kiss.

THE STRANDED BARK AND THE LIFE-BOAT.

She strikes, and she reels, and her high towering mast,
Like the forest-oak, bends in the hurricane-blast,
And the billows, whose awful tops seen in the clouds,
Dash high o'er the wretches that fly to her shrouds.
Again she hath struck, and the turbulent air
Is filled with wild horror, and shricks of despair:
Few moments must free her from breakers and spray,
Or entomb them in ocean for ever and aye.
Forsaken her helm, that, the dark waters o'er,
Hath oft steered her safe to the sheltering shore;
And her beautiful pennant, that streamed ever bright,
Like the sunbeam by day, and a meteor by night,
Now twines round the topmast (how changed since the morn!)
Or piecemeal, the sport of the tempest, is torn.
No peal of alarm was discharged from her deck!
But the voice of despair from the perishing wreck
Found an echo in hearts, that, in every wild form,
Have encountered the demon that yells in the storm:
And that spirit which makes them in danger more brave,

Only rose with the scene: on the tempest-tost wave
They launched their light bark, and, in gallant array,
Dashed from shore with a true hearty British huzza.
Far, far as the eye of the gazer could roam,
There was nothing but breakers and billows of foam.
One moment she seemed in the boiling surge lost;
The next, we beheld her still strnggling, but tost
At the merciless power of the deep booming sea;
 But still forward she kept on her perilous track—
Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! many for thee
 Are the sighs and the tears that will welcome thee back.
Now bigh o'er the billows majestic she rides,
With her twelve noble rowers all lashed to her sides;
Relax not one effort—one moment may save,
Or entomb them for ever beneath the dark wave;
For, hark! the last cry of despair is ascending,
As shivering they cling to the topmast, and rending
The beavens with their outcry—one effort, one more,
And 'tis gained,—like a thunder-cloud burst upon shore
The gazers' applause, as the life-boat steered round them.
 But who shall describe the poor rescued, or tell
With what feelings these greater than conquerors found them,
 As half-naked, half-dead, from the rigging they fell;
Or lifelessly sunk on their foreheads, as thongh
The last torment was passed—drained the last cup of woe?
And now with the shipwrecked and destitute crew,
The billows are foaming around them, and loud,
Like the roar of artillery, the tempest-charged cloud
Breaks o'er them in thunder; still o'er the dark sea
 They push their light bark in its perilous track—
Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! many for thee
 Are the sighs and the tears that will welcome thee back.
The sea-gull flew wildly and mournfully round,
As if on the deep shoreless ocean she'd found
Some exiles condemned o'er the wide world to roam;
Then, light as the billow, and white as the foam,
Winged her way on the breeze to her tempest-rocked home.
On the tiptoe of hope and of fear we beheld,
As their bark through the billows the rowers impelled;
But, at length, in smooth water we saw her safe moored,
And what was tho boon for the danger endured?
Avaunt, selfish hearts! what at first had inspired

Brought its own bright reward, all the boon they desired;
'Twas enough–to have saved, from the jaws of the grave,
Hearts that beat like their own, true, undaunted, and brave.

A CHARADE.

Pronounced as one letter, and written with three,
Two letters there are, and two only in me,
I am double, am single, am black, blue, and gray,
I am read from both ends, and the same either way,
I am restless and wandering, steady and fixed,
And you know not one hour what I may be the next;
I melt and I kindle, beseech and defy,
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.
I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek,
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak.
I am sluggish and dead, I am lively and bright,
I am sharp, I am flat, I am left, I am right.
I am piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull,
Expressive and languid, contracted and full,
I am careless and vacant, I search and I pry,
And judge, and decide, and examine, and try.
I'm a globe, and a mirror, a window, a door,
An index, an organ, and fifty things more.
I belong to all animals under the sun,
And to those which were long understood to have none.
By some I am said to exist in the mind,
And am found in potatoes, and needles, and wind.
Three jackets I own, of glass, water, and horn,
And I wore them all three on the day I was born.
I am covered quite snug, have a lid and a fringe,
Yet I move every way on invisible hinge.
A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight,
Who is little by day, and grows big in the night,
Whom I cherish with care as part of myself,
For in truth I depend on this delicate elf,
Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knack,
Throws it into a net which I keep at my back;
And, though heels over head it arrives, in a trice
It is sent up to table all proper and nice.
I am spoken of sometimes as if I were glass,
But then it is false, and the trick will not pass.

A blow makes me run though I have not a limh;
Though I neither have fins nor a bladder, I swim.
Like many more couples, my partner and I
At times will look cross at each other and shy;
Yet still, though we differ in what we're ahont,
One will do all the work when the other is out.
I am least apt to cry, as they always remark,
When trimmed with good lashes, or kept in the dark.
Should I fret and be heated they put me to bed,
And leave me to cool upon water and bread.
But if hardened I grow they make use of the knife,
Lest an obstinate humour endanger my life.
Or you may, though the treatment appears to be rough,
Run a spit through my side and with safety enough.
Like boys who are fond of the fruit and their play,
I am seen with my ball and my apple all day.
My belt is a rainbow, I reel and I dance,
I am said to retire, though I never advance.
I am read hy physicians as one of their books,
And am used hy the ladies to fasten their hooks.
My language is plain, though it cannot be heard,
And I speak without ever pronouncing a word.
Some call me a diamond; some say I am jet;
Others talk of my water, or how I am set.
I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
And an isle of the sea in the Irishman's dream.
The earth without me would no loveliness wear,
And sun, moon, and stars, at my wish disappear;
Yet so frail is my tenure, so hrittle my joy,
That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

FLORA'S PARTY.

Lady Flora gave cards for a party at tea,
To flowers, huds, and hlossoms, of every degree;
So from town and from country they thronged at the call,
And strove hy their charms to embellish the hall.
First came the exotics, with ornaments rare,
The tall Miss Corchorus, and Cyclamen fair,
Auricula splendid, with jewels new set,
And gay Polyanthus, the pretty coquette.
The tulips came flaunting in gaudy array,

With the Hyacinths, bright as the eye of the day:
Dandy Coxcombs and Daffodils, rich and polite,
With their dazzling new vests, and their corsets laced tight;
While the Soldiers in green cavalierly attired,
Were all by the ladies extremely admired.
But prudish Miss Lily, with bosom of snow,
Declared that «those gentlemen stared at her so,
It was horridly rude,» — so retired in a fright,
And scarce stayed to bid Lady Flora good night.
There were Myrtles and Roses from garden and plain,
And Venus's Fly-trap they brought in their train,
So the beaux thronged around them they scarcely knew why,
At the smile of the lip, or the glance of the eye.
Madam Damask complained of her household and care,
That she seldom went out, save to breathe the fresh air,
There were so many young ones and servants to stray,
And the thorns grew so fast, if her eye was way.
«Neighbour Moss-rose,» said she, «you who live like a queen,
And ne'er wet your fingers, don't know what I mean.»
So the notable lady went on with her lay
Till her auditors yawned, or stole softly away.
The sweet Misses Woodbine from country and town,
With their brother-in-law, the wild Trumpet, came down,
And Lupine, whose azure eye sparkled with dew,
On Amaranth leaned, the unchanging and true;
While modest Clematis appeared as a bride,
And her husband, the Lilac, ne'er moved from her side.
Though the belles giggled loudly, and said «'Twas a shame
For a young married chit such attention to claim;
They never attended a rout in their life,
Where a city-bred man ever spoke to his wife.»
Miss Peony came in quite late, in a heat,
With the Ice-Plant new-spangled from forehead to feet;
Lobelia, attired like a queen in her pride,
And the Dahlias, with trimmings new furnished and dyed,
And the Blue-bells and Hare-bells, in simple array,
With all their Scotch cousins from island and brae.
Ragged Robins and Marigolds clustered together,
And gossiped of scandal, of news, and the weather;
What dresses were worn at the wedding so fine,
Of sharp Master Thistle and sweet Columbine;
Of the loves of Sweet William and Lily the prude,

Till the clamour of Babel again seemed renewed.
In a snug little nook sat the jessamine pale,
And that pure fragrant Lily, the gem of the vale;
The meek Mountain-Daisy, with delicate crest,
And the Violet, whose eye told the heaven in her breast:
And allured to their group were the wise ones, who bowed
To that virtue which seeks not the praise of the crowd;
But the proud Crown-Imperial, who wept in her heart,
That their modesty gained of such homage a part,
Looked haughtily down on their innocent mien,
And spread out her gown that they might not be seen.
The bright Lady-Slippers and Sweet-Briers agreed
With their slim cousin Aspens a measure to lead;
And sweet 'twas to see their bright footsteps advance,
Like the wing of the breeze through the maze of the dance.
But the Monk's-hood frowned dark, and, in utterance low,
Declared «'Twas high time for good Christians to go;»
So folding the cowl round his wrinkle-mark'd head,
He took from the sideboard a taper, and fled.
A song was desired, but each musical flower
Had «taken a cold, and 'twas out of her power;»
Till sufficiently urged, they broke forth in a strain
Of quavers and trills that astonished the train.
Mimosa sat trembling, and said, with a sigh,
«'Twas so fine, she was ready with rapture to die.»
And Cactus, the grammar-school tutor, declared,
«It might be with the gamut of Orpheus compared;»
Then moved himself round in a comical way,
To show how the trees once had frisked at the lay.
Yet Nightshade, the metaphysician, complained,
That the nerves of his ear were excessively pained:
«'Twas but seldom he crept from the college,» he said,
«And he wished himself safe in his study or bed.»
There were pictures, whose splendour illumined the place,
Which Flora had finished with exquisite grace;
She had dipped her free pencil in Nature's pure dyes,
And Aurora retouched with fresh purple the skies.
So the grave connoisseurs hasted near them to draw,
Their knowledge to show, by detecting a flaw.
The Carnation her eye-glass drew forth from her waist,
And pronounced they were «not in good keeping or taste;»
While prim Fleur-de-lis, in her robe of French silk,

And magnificent Calla, with mantle like milk,
Of the Louvre recited a wonderful tale,
And said «Guido's rich tints made dame Nature turn pale.»
The Snow-drop assented, and ventured to add,
His opinion, that «all Nature's colouring was had;
He had thought so, e'er since a few days he had spent
To study the paintings of Rome, as he went
To visit his uncle Gentiana, who chose
His abode on the Alps, 'mid a palace of snows;
But he took on Mount Blanc such a terrible chill,
That ever since that he'd been pallid and ill.»
Half-withered Miss Hackmatack bought a new glass,
And thought with her nieces, the Spruces, to pass.
But Bachelor Holly, who spied her out late,
Destroyed all her plans by a hint at her date.
So she pursed up her mouth, and said tartly, with scorn,
«She could not remember before she was born.»
Old Jonquil, the crooked-backed beau, had been told
That a tax would be laid upon bachelor's gold;
So he bought a new coat, and determined to try
The long disused armour of Cupid so sly,
Sought for half-opened buds in their infantine years,
And ogled them all, till they blushed to their ears.
Philosopher Sage on a sofa was prosing,
With dull Doctor Chamomile quietly dozing,
Though the Laurel descanted, with eloquent breath,
Of heroes and battles, of victory and death;
Farmer Sunflower was near, and decidedly spake
Of «the poultry he fed, and the oil he might make;»
For the true-hearted soul deemed a weather-stained face,
And a toil-hardened hand, were no marks of disgrace.
Then he beckoned his nieces to rise from their seat,
The plump Dandelion and Cowslip so neat,
And bade them to «put on their cloaks and away,
For the cocks crowed so loud, 'twas the break o' the day.»
——'Twas indeed very late, and the coaches were brought,
For the grave matron flowers of their nurseries thought;
The lustre was dimmed of each drapery rare,
And the lucid young brows looked beclouded with care;
All save the bright Cereus, that belle so divine,
Who joyed through the curtains of midnight to shine.
Now they curtseyed and bowed as they moved to the door,

But the Poppy snored loud ere the parting was o'er,
For Night her last candle was snuffing away,
And Flora grew tired, though she begged them to stay;
Exclaimed, «All the watches and clocks were too fast,
And old Time ran in spite, lest her pleasures should last.»
But when the last guest went, with daughter and wife,
She vowed she «was never so glad in her life:»
Called out to her maids, who with weariness wept,
To «wash up the glasses and cups ere they slept;»
For «Aurora,» she said, «with her broad-staring eye,
Would be pleased in the house some disorder to spy;»
Then sipped some pure honey-dew, fresh from the lawn,
And with Zephyrus hasted to sleep until dawn.

ART.

When from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An Angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art! New radiance broke,
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
«The curse a blessing shall be found.»
She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed:
The thistle shrunk — the harvest smiled,
And nature gladdened as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given,
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.
He rends the oak — and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock — upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste.
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And the destroying knife to save.
He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;

He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
Rocks disappear before his skill:
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page,
And proudly scorning time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.
In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers in the realms on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace:
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

WHAT IS HOME?

That is not home, where day by day
I wear the husy hours away;
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light:
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
A home in which the heart can live:
These walls no lingering hopes endear,
No fond remembrance chains me here.
Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh—
Eliza, canst thou tell me why?
'Tis where thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main,
The warrior's, on the tented plain,
The maiden's, in her bower of rest,
The infant's, on his mother's breast;
But where thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,
They are too high, and cold, and wide.
No home is by the wanderer found;

'Tis not in place; it hath no bound,
It is a circling atmosphere
Investing all the heart holds dear;
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.
It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind,
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend;
Where'er thou art is home to me,
And home without the cannot be.

NOTHING.

Most writers like on *something* to dilate,
And *some* on *anything* would spend their time;
But *everything* is now in such a state,
That «*nothing*» best befits *my* humble chime.
Hail! then, the subject; and all hail! the bard
«Who can write well on *nothing!*»—Few beside
Would claim this meed!—but yet with due regard
To *others'* rights my chaplet I'll *divide!*
What art thou, Nothing?—Nothing but a name!
Yet so connected with all earthly ties,
That Glory, Reputation, Pleasure, Fame,
All end in thee—from whom they took their rise!
What's Friendship? Nothing!—Love? «an emptier sound!»
Honour?—Wealth?—Splendour?—Dignity?—and Pride?
I asked the tombs—(with solemn sculptures crowned)—
«Nothing!»—a hollow moan from each replied.
Yet much depends on Nothing!—Nothing known,
Nothing is wanted; and the vacant breast,
Where Ignorance erects his leaden throne,
Asks nothing to secure its *placid* rest!
He that «says nothing»—though a very dunce,
May often for an imp of wisdom pass:
He that prates *everything* betrays at once
The empty head—less stored with brains than brass!
Nothing!—Why thou art something—like a theme
On which, the more I search, the more I find:
And, should Invention fail, through toil extreme,
Right well I know that *thou* art still behind!

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In by-gone days, what time I tuned my lyre,
Anxious to gain the meed of lasting fame,
To what fond heights did not my Muse aspire!
She looked for *due* applause—when Nothing came.
On graver themes I next my powers essayed,
And turned the page of philosophic lore,
(Ah! vainly to my aching sight displayed!)
What was my meed?—*neglect*, and—nothing more!
I do not like thee! Yet I find thee ever
Meddling with each design and rising scheme;
Sure to succeed my very best endeavour,
And prove my hope is—Nothing but a dream!
I am of Nothing and to Nothing tend!
On earth I Nothing have, and Nothing claim!—
Man's noblest works shall know one common end,
And «Nothing» crown the tablet of his name.
Enough! I've proved the ancient *dictum* wrong,
That «nothing out of nothing can be made;»
And if of Nothing I have sung too long,
'Tis but the fault of many of my trade!

THE ICEBERG.

'Twas night,—our anchored vessel slept
Out on the glassy sea;
And still as heaven the waters kept,
And golden bright, as he,
The setting sun, went sinking slow
Beneath the eternal wave;
And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
Over the monarch's grave.
There was no motion of the air
To raise the sleeper's tress,
And no wave-building winds were there,
On ocean's loveliness;
But ocean mingled with the sky
With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wildered eye
To part their gold and blue.
And ne'er a ripple of the sea
Came on our steady gaze,
Save when some timorous fish stole out

To bathe in the woven blaze,—
When floating in the light that played
All over the resting main,
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
To his deep blue home again.
Yet, while we gazed, that sunny eve,
Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
And rending its holy sleep;
It blushed bright-red, while growing on
Our fixed, half-fearful gaze;
But it wandered down, with its glow of light,
And its robe of sunny rays.
It seemed like molten silver, thrown
Together in floating flame;
And, as we looked, we named it then
The fount whence all colours came:
There were rainbows furled with a careless grace,
And the brightest red that glows;
The purple amethyst there had place,
And the hues of a full-blown rose.
And the vivid green, as the sun-lit grass
Where the pleasant rain hath been;
And the ideal-hues, that, thought-like, pass
Through the minds of fanciful men;
They beamed full clear,—and that form moved on,
Like one from a burning grave;
And we dared not to think it a real thing,
But for a rustling wave.
The sun just lingered in our view
From the burning edge of ocean,
When by our bark that bright one passed
With a deep disturbing motion;
The far-down waters shrank away,
With a gurgling rush upheaving,
And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
Their mother's bosom leaving.
Yet, as it passed our bending stern,
In its throne-like glory going,
It crushed on a hidden rock, and turned
Like an empire's overthrowing.
The uptorn waves rolled hoar,—and, huge,

The far-thrown undulations
Swelled out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
And fell like battling nations.

A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I give to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
Oh! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, thy coffers fill;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.
What are Pleasures? When afforded
But by-gauds which pass away,
Read their fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.
What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
She her worth can best express.
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.
What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay?
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In Adversity's dark day.
What is Friendship? If well founded,
Like some beacon's heavenward glow;
If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treacherous sand below.
What is love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night;
Shining but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light:
But when calm, refined, and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon, in gentle splendour,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between?
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.
What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.
What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom.
Patience? More than sunshine bright'ning
Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.
What is Time? A river flowing
To Eternity's vast sea,
Forward, whither all are rowing,
On its bosom bearing thee.
What is Life? A bubble floating
On that silent, rapid stream;
Few, too few, its progress noting,
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.
What is Death, asunder rending
Every tie we love so well?
But the gate to life unending,
Joy, in heaven! or, woe in hell!
Can these truths, by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight?
Estimate thine own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.
Hast thou heard them oft repeated,
Much may still be left to do:
Be not by profession cheated;
Live—as if thou knew'st them true.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I've given to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
Oh! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself.
Or so much the worse for thee.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

'Twas eve. The lengthening shadows of the oak
And weeping birch swept far adown the vale;
And nought upon the hush and stillness broke,
Save the light whispering of the spring-tide gale
At distance dying; and the measured stroke
Of woodmen at their toil; the feeble wail
Of some lone stock-dove, soothing, as it sank
On the lull'd ear, its melody that drank.
The sun had set: but his expiring beams
Yet linger'd in the west, and shed around
Beauty and softness o'er the wood and streams,
With coming night's first tinge of shade embrown'd
The light clouds mingled, brighten'd with such gleams
Of glory, as the seraph-shapes surround,
That in the visions of the good descend,
And o'er their couch of sorrow seem to bend.
There are emotions in that grateful hour
Of twilight and serenity, which steal
Upon the heart with more than wonted power,
Making more pure and tender all we feel,—
Softening its very core, as doth the shower
The thirsty glebe of summer. We reveal
More, in such hours of stillness, unto those
We love, than years of passion could disclose.
The heavens look down on us with eyes of love,
And earth itself looks heavenly; the sleep
Of nature is around us, but above
Are beings that eternal vigils keep.
'Tis sweet to dwell on such, and deem they strove
With sorrow once, and fled from crowds to weep
In loneliness, as we perchance have done;
And sigh to win the glory they have won!
'Tis sweet to mark the sky's unruffled blue
Fast deepening into darkness, as the rays
Of lingering eve die fleetly, and a few
Stars of the brightest beam illume the blaze,
Like woman's eye of loveliness, seen through
The veil that shadows it in vain: we gaze
In mute and stirless transport, fondly listening

As there were music in its very glistening.
'Tis thus in solitude; but sweeter far
By those we love, in that all-softening hour,
To watch with mutual eyes each coming star,
And the faint moon-rays, streaming through our bower
Of foliage, wreathed and trembling, as the car
Of night rolls duskier onward, and each flower
And shrub that droops above us, on the sense
Seems dropping fragrance more and more intense.

THE PAST.

How wild and dim this life appears!
One long deep heavy sigh,
When o'er our eyes, half closed in tears,
The images of former years
Are faintly glittering by!
And still forgotten while they go!
As, on the sea-beach, wave on wave,
Dissolves at once in snow.
The amber clouds one moment lie,
Then, like a dream, are gone!
Though beautiful the moon-beams play
On the lake's bosom, bright as they,
And the soul intensely loves their stay,
Soon as the radiance melts away,
We scarce believe it shone!
Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell;
And we wish they ne'er may fade;—
They cease;—and the soul is a silent cell,
Where music never play'd!
Dreams follow dreams, through the long night-hours,
Each lovelier than the last;
But, ere the breath of morning-flowers,
That gorgeous world flies past;
And many a sweet angelic cheek,
Whose smiles of love and fondness speak,
Glides by us on this earth;
While in a day we cannot tell
Where shone the face we loved so well,
In sadness, or in mirth!

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD (1).

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure:
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

(1) This composition written by Gray (1716-1771), is peculiarly beautiful.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone
Their glowing virtues; but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.
Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.
For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
«Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
»Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
»To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
»There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
»That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
»His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
»And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
»Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
»Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove!
»Now drooping, woeful-wan! like one forlorn,
»Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
»One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
»Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
»Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
»Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he;
»The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
»Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
»Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
»Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.»

THE COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man;—and WHO WAS HE?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,—
This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief, and hope and fear
Alternate triumphed in his breast:
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh! she was fair,—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw—whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth, and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

CHANT OF THE NUNS.

A sword is on the land!
He that hears down young tree and glorious flower,
Death, is gone forth,—he walks the wind in power!
Where is the warrior's hand?
Our steps are in the shadow of the grave:
Hear us, we perish!—Father, hear and save!
If, in the days of song,
The days of gladness, we have called on thee,
When mirthful voices rang from sea to sea,
And joyous hearts were strong;
Now, that alike the feeble and the brave
Must cry, «We perish!»—Father, hear, and save!
The days of song are fled!
The winds come loaded, wafting dirge-notes by,
But they that linger soon unmourned must die;
The dead weep not the dead!
—Wilt thou forsake us 'midst the stormy wave?
We sink, we perish!—Father, hear, and save!
Helmet and lance are dust!
Is not the strong man withered from our eye?
The arm struck down that held our banners high?
Thine is our spirit's trust!
Look through the gathering shadows of the grave.
Do we not perish?—Father, hear, and save!

THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The Moor had beleaguered Valencia's towers,
And lances gleamed up through her citron-bowers,
And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain,
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons
To the battles of the west.

The midnight bell o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirred;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hushed as a wizard's cave,
But the Christians woke that night.

They reared the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,
And they fixed the sword in the cold right hand,
Which had fought so well for his father's land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;
Stars had not faded, nor clouds turned red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep,
When the last through the city gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went armed before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men:
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,

But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Nor a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Not a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar,
So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands;
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

But the hills peeled with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng!
With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fañez came!

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had passed before, like a threatening cloud!
And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,
And the Archer-Queen with her bands lay slain,
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Libyan kings who had joined his war:
And their hearts grew heavy and died away,
And their hands could not wield an assagay,
For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seemed where Minaya his onset made
There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,
All white as snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep;
'Twas a sight of fear and awe!

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire, went before them all;
With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
He rode in the battle's van!

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,

There was death in the giant-warrior's course!
Where his banner streamed with its ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight,
For it seemed not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled;
There was work for the men of the Cid that day!
They were weary at eve when they ceased to slay,
As reapers whose task is done!

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread;
But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain,
So the Cid to his grave passed on!

THE VALE OF COVADONGA.

There was a stirring in the air, the sun
Prevailed, and gradually the brightening mist
Began to rise and melt. A jutting crag,
Upon the right projected o'er the stream,
Not farther from the cave than a strong hand
Expert, with deadly aim, might cast the spear,
Or a strong voice, pitched to full compass, make
Its clear articulation heard distinct.
A venturous dalesman, once ascending there
To rob the eagle's nest, had fallen, and hung
Among the heather, wondrously preserved:
Therefore had he with pious gratitude
Placed on that overhanging brow, a Cross
Tall as the mast of some light fisher's skiff,
And from the vale conspicuous. As the Moors
Advanced, the Chieftain in the van was seen,
Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice
Pronounced his name,—Alcahman, hoa! look up,
Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up,
It had divided there, and opened round
The Cross: part clinging to the rock beneath,
Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds,
A canopy of silver light condensed
To shape and substance. In the midst there stood

A female form, one hand upon the Cross,
The other raised in menacing act: below
Loose flowed her raiment, but her breast was armed
And helmeted her head. The Moor turned pale,
For on the walls of Auria, he had seen
That well-known figure, and had well believed
She rested with the dead. What hoa! she cried,
Alcahman! In the name of all who fell
At Auria in the massacre, this hour
I summon thee before the throne of God,
To answer for the innocent blood! This hour,
Moor, Miscreant, Murderer, Child of Hell, this hour,
I summon thee to judgment!—In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance!
Thus she closed
Her speech; for taking from the Primate's hand
That oaken cross which at the sacring rites
Had served for crosier, at the cavern's mouth
Pelayo lifted it and gave the word.
From voice to voice on either side it past
With rapid repetition—In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance! and forthwith
On either side along the whole defile
The Asturians, shouting in the name of God,
Set the whole ruin loose! huge trunks and stones,
And loosened crags, down, down they rolled with rush,
And bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall,
As when some city by the labouring earth
Heaved from its strong foundation is cast down,
And all its dwellings, towers, and palaces,
In one wide desolation prostrated.
From end to end of that long strait, the crash
Was heard continuous, and commixed with sounds
More dreadful, shrieks of horror and despair,
And death,—the wild and agonizing cry
Of that whole host in one destruction whelmed.
Vain was all valour there, all martial skill;
The valiant arm is helpless now; the feet
Swift in the race avail not now to save;
They perish, all their thousands perish there,—
Horsemen and infantry, they perish all,—
The outward armour and the bones within,

Broken and bruised and crushed. Echo prolonged
The long uproar: a silence then ensued,
Through which the sound of Deva's stream was heard,
A lonely voice of waters, wild and sweet;
The lingering groan, the faintly-uttered prayer,
The louder curses of despairing death,
Ascended not so high. Down from the cave
Pelayo hastes, the Asturians hasten down,
Fierce and immitigable down they speed
On all sides, and along the vale of blood
The avenging sword did mercy's work that hour.

The above extracts, taken chiefly from poets of great, yet inferior, merit, may serve as a good preparation for appreciating the beauties of the following more exalted bards.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!
«How happy,» exclaim'd this child of air,
«Are the only spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!
«Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet—oh 'tis only the bless'd can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!
«Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years',
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!»
The glorious angel, who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;

And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flow'r, which — Bramins say, —
Blooms no where but in Paradise!
«Nymph of a fair, but erring line,»
Gently he said — «one hope is thine.
»'Tis written in the book of fate,
»The Peri yet may be forgiven
»Who brings to this eternal gate
»The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
»Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin; —
»'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in.» —

.

Downward the peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river, —
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
«Live,» said the conqueror, «live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!»
Silent that youthful warrior stood —
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the Invader's heart.
False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant liv'd, the hero fell!
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last —
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!
«Be this,» she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
«My welcome gift at the gates of light,
»Though foul are the drops that oft distil
»On the field of warfare, blood like this,
»For Liberty shed, so holy is,
»It would not stain the purest rill,

»That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
»Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
»A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
»'Tis the last Libation liberty draws
»From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!»
«Sweet,» said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
«Sweet is our welcome of the Brave,
»Who die thus for their *native land.*»

.

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

.

When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems: —
And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed; and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce — a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.
But hark! the vesper call to pray'r,

As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flow'rs, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub-mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flow'ry plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
E'en haughty Ehlis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!
And how felt he the wretched man
Reclining there—while mem'ry ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
«There was a time,» he said in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—«thou, blessed child!
When young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—»
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!
Bless'd tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
«There's a drop,» said the Peri, «that down from the moon
Falls through the with'ring air of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a pow'r,
So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—

Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
 The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!»
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble pray'r,
While the same sun-beam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heav'n
The triumph of a soul forgiv'n!

«Farewell ye vanishing flowers, that shone,
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,
 Whose flowers have a soul in ev'ry leaf!
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!»

«Yes, yes,» she cried, «my hourly fears,
My dreams have boded all too right—
We part—for ever part—to night!
I knew, I knew it could not last—
'Twas bright, 'twas heav'nly, but 'tis past!
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I nev'r loved a tree or flow'r,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee—call thee mine,
Oh, misery! must I lose that too?
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;
Those frightful rocks—that treach'rous sea—
No, never come again—though sweet,
Though Heav'n, it may be death to thee.
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou goest, belov'd stranger!

Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger!»

THE DOVE OF ANACREON.

Tell me why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air, in show'rs,
Essence of the balmiest flow'rs?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove?
Curious stranger! I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the Nymph of azure eye;
Venus, for a hymn of love
Warbled in her votive grove
('Twas in sooth a gentle lay),
Gave me to the hard away.—
Oft he blandly whispers me,
«Soon, my bird, I'll set you free.»
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell;
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently-fanning wings
Shade the minstrel while he sings;
On his harp then sink in slum-bers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
This is all — away — away —
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

The prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise—
«The fairest fruits attract the flies.»
One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cried, Sure there never was in nature,
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ

In bus'ness, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth to live and shine.
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.
She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay:
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:
Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

They say that Love once had a book
(The urchin likes to copy you),
Where all who came the pencil took,
And wrote, like us, a line or two.
'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line,
Or thought profane, should enter there.
And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turned was still
More bright than that she turn'd before!
Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran!
Till fear would come, alas! as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.
A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,

Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again!
 But oh there was a blooming boy
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
As all who read still sigh'd for more!
 And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book!
 For still she saw his playful fingers
Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys;
And well she knew the stain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys!
 And so it chanced, one luckless night
He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book so pure, so white,
And sullied lines, and marge and all.
 In vain he sought with eager lip,
The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink!
 Oh! it would make you weep to see
The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page, where modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud!
 And Fancy's emblems lost their glow;
And Hope's sweet lines were all defaced,
And Love himself could scarcely know
What Love himself had lately traced!
 At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas! could Pleasure stay!)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away!
 The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!
 And oft they say she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages, now no more,
And thinks of lines that long have faded!

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related!

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters moved gloriously on;
I came, when the sun o'er the beach was declining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!
Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!
Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.
Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wint'ry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead;
And all but he departed.
Thus, in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When 'midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine;
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh! then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them as they flow.

Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less
But keep your tears for me.
The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.

But, when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh! then the smile is warm'd away.
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

MOON-LIGHT ON SEA.

Sweet moon! if, like Cretona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile upon thy orb to meet
The recollection kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-loved, distant friend.

.

Even now, delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep,
Oh! such a blessed night as this
I often think if friends were near,
How should we feel and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides,
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
Where dimly 'mid the dusk he towers,
And, scowling at this heaven of light,

Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form.

« See how, beneath the moon beam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
Then murmuring subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thns melts into eternity! »

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone!
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn!
When the light blossoms rudely torn,
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own,
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy snnshine mantling all:
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves

Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest—
Too newly to be quite at rest!

(1) Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmett, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy, even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of Heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherish-

(1) The prose from W. Irving.

ing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and «heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.»

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young here sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!
He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!
Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

Oh! breathe not his (1) name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!
But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

When he who adores thee (2) has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh, say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep! and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface the decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

(1) Emmet's.
(2) Ireland.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humhle prayer to the spirit ahove,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh, blessed are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest hlessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

FROM THE IRISH MELODIES.

Oh! hlame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,
And the lip, which now hreathes hut the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart!
But alas! for his country—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is hroken which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!
Then blame not the hard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
He shonld try to forget what he never can heal:
Oh! give hut a hope—let a vista hut gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every hliss it adored,
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.
But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
They name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs (1);
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,

(1) The Irish melodies are popular wherever the English language is spoken.

Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.
Wert thou all that I wish thee,—great, glorious, and free—
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?
No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

FABLE.

There was a land—to *name* the place
Is neither now my wish nor duty—
Where reign'd a certain Royal race,
By right of their superior beauty.
What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they rul'd the state,
No history I have seen discloses.
But so it was—a settled case—
Some Act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,
Had voted *them* a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subjects ugly.
As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs;
Your Peers were decent—Knights, so so—
But all your *common* people, gorgons!
Of course, if any knave but hinted
That the King's nose was turn'd awry,
Or that the Queen (God bless her!) squinted—
The judges doom'd that knave to die.
But rarely things like this occurr'd,
The people to their King were duteous,
And took it, on his Royal word,
That they were frights, and He was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this — these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not *know themselves.*
Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
Might strike them as more full of reason,
More fresh than those in certain places —
But, Lord, the very thought was treason!
Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,
And take his face's part, 'tis known
We ne'er so much in earnest labour,
As when the face attack'd's our own.
So, on they went — the crowd believing —
(As crowds well govern'd always do)
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving —
So old the joke, they thought 'twas true.
But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end — and so, one day,
Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.
'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,
Had laid their wicked heads together,
And forc'd that ship to founder there, —
While some believed it was the weather.
However this might be, the freight
Was landed without fees or duties;
And from that hour historians date
The downfal of the Race of Beauties.
The looking-glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land,
That scarce a tinker could walk out,
Without a mirror in his hand.
Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation —
By dint of looking-glasses, soon,
They grew a most reflecting nation.
In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old, establish'd mazards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all hazards: —
In vain — their laws might just as well
Have been waste paper on the shelves;

That fatal freight had broke the spell;
People had look'd—and knew themselves.
If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presum'd upon his ancient face,
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time,)
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace:
Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true,
That what is call'd an ancient line,
Must be the line of Beauty too.
From Dukes' they pass'd to regal phizzes,
Compar'd them proudly with their own,
And cried, « How *could* such monstrous quizzes
»In Beauty's name usurp the throne! »—
They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
Upon Cosmetical Œconomy,
Which made the King try various looks,
But none improv'd his physiognomy.
And satires at the Court were levell'd,
And small lampoons, so full of slinesses,
That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.
At length—but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations;—
Besides, what follow'd is the tale
Of all such late-enlighten'd nations;
Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known—
That Kings have neither rights nor noses
A whit diviner than their own.

HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest, —
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* Home.
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His Home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SLAVERY.

'Twas night: — his babes around him lay at rest,
Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast:
A yell of murder rang around their bed;
They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled;
Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound, they drove them far away;
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood;

Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.
Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam-circles o'er the waters shine;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

MONTGOMERY.

EXTRACTS

FROM LORD BYRON (1788 1824).

ON A SKULL TURNED INTO A DRINKING CUP.

Start not nor deem my spirit fled;
In me behold the only skull
From which, unlike a living head
Whatever flows is never dull.
I lived, I loved, I quaff'd like thee;
I died, but earth my bones resign:
Fill up—thou canst not injure me:
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.
Better to hold the sparkling grape
Than nurse the earthworm's slimy brood,
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods than reptiles' food.
Where once my wit perchance hath shone,
In aid of others let me shine;
And when alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?
Quaff while thou canst—another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.
Why not? since through life's little day,
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

THE STAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

Star of the brave!—Whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—

Thou radiant and ador'd deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet —
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in heav'n to set on earth?
 Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze!
The mnsic of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high ad honor here;
And thy light broke on human eyes
Like a volcano on the skies.
 Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.
 Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colors, each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them
Like tints in an immortal gem.
 One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure spirit's veil of white
Had rob'd in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heav'nly dream.
 Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But oh, thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.
 And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

THE TEAR.

When Friendship or Love
Our sympathies move;
When truth in a glance should appear;
The lips may beguile
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a Tear.
Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a Tear.
Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below
Shews the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffus'd in a Tear.
The man doom'd to sail
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.
The soldier braves death,
For a fanciful wreath,
In glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes ev'ry wound with a Tear.—
Sweet scene of my youth,
Seat of Friendship and Truth,
Where love chas'd each fast-fleeting year;
Loath to leave thee, I mourn'd,
For a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.—
When my soul wings her flight
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier,

As ye pass by the tomb
Where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.
May no marble bestow
The splendor of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name,
All I ask — all I wish — is a Tear.

THE PIRATE.

«O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
»Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
»Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
»Survey our empire and behold our home!
»These are our realms, no limits to their sway —
»Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
»Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
»From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
»Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
»Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
»Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
»Whom slumber soothes not — pleasure cannot please —
»Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
»And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
»The exulting sense — the pulse's maddening play,
»That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
»That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
»And turn what some deem danger to delight:
»That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
»And where the feebler faint — can only feel —
»Feel — to the rising bosom's inmost core,
»Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
»No dread of death — if with us die our foes —
»Save that it seems even duller than repose:
»Come when it will — we snatch the life of life —
»When lost — what recks it — by disease or strife?
»Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,
»Cling to his couch, and sicken years away,
»Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
»Ours — the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.

»While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
»Ours with one pang — one bound — escapes control.
»His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
»And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave:
»Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
»When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
»For us, even banquets fond regret supply
»In the red cup that crowns our memory;
»And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
»When those who win at length divide the prey,
»And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
»How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*«

ATHENIAN PROSPECT.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be rnn,
Along Morea's hills, the setting sun;
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorius gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded fron the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.
On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When — Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That clos'd their murder'd sage's latest day!
Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill —
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before;

But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die!
But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimm'ring as the moon-beams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And, bright around with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
And, dnn and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All ting'd with vari'd hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.
Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves, in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold;
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
Roll on, thon deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.
His steps are not upon thy paths,— thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,— thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For eath's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.
The armaments which thunderstriko the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals!
The oak leviathaus, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.
Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
And I have lov'd thee, ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward, from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

(1) CHILDE HAROLD'S DEPARTURE FROM, AND ADIEU TO, ENGLAND.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee (2):
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.
The Childe departed from his father's hall:
It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seemed only not to fall,
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle. * * *
Childe Harold had a mother — not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun;
A sister whom he lov'd, but saw her not
Before his weary pilgrimage begun:
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel;
Ye, who have known what 'tis to doat upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.
The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come

(1) Fijodalgo, rico home.
(2) Eye.

One word of wail, whilst others sat and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.
But when the sun was sinking in the sea,
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last «Good Night (1).»

«Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land — Good Night!
»A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gath'ring on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.
»Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye:
Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.»
Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high.
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;

(1) A Dios.

For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee — and one above.
»My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.«—
«Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.
»Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman (1),
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?«—
«Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.
»My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?«—
»Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.
»For pleasures past, I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
Nothing that claims a tear.
»And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.

(1) Pechero.

«With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native land — Good Night!»

CHILDE HAROLD VISITS SPAIN

DURING THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the hand
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Wav'd o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleam'd the cross, and wan'd the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.
Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve the great?
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?
Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies;
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder thro' yon engine's roar:
In every peal she calls — «Awake! arise!»
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war song was heard on Andalusia's shore?
Hark! — heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote?
Nor sav'd your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.
 Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.
 By Heav'n! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away.
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.
 Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
. He (1) whose nod
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;
A little moment deigneth to delay:
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;
The West must own the scourger of the world.
Ah, Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
When soars Gaul's vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd!

(1) Napoleon.

And must they fall? they young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valour acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel?
Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.
Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Zaragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glory's fearful chase.
Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed-tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?

.

Fond of a land which gave them naught but life,
Pride points the path that leads to liberty;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, «*war even to the knife!*»
Not all the blood at Talavera shed,

Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well asserted right.
Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done,
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees;
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd.

SEA VOYAGE.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea,
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.
And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or school-boy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.
White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks;
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever halks
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.
Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his less'ning ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah, grievance sore! and listless dull delay,

To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!
The moon is up; by Heav'n a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
Now lads on shore may sigh and maids believe:
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measnre featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.
Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor,
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct though dark'ning with her waning phase;
But Mauritania's giant shadows frown,
From mountain cliff to coast descending sombre down.
'Tis night, when meditation bids us feel
We once have lov'd, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year:
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vaiu, the heavy heart divest.
To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,

Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely heen;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis hut to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.
But 'midst the crowd, the hnm, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
With none who bless ns, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued:
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

THE CORSAIR.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, hut gods at least in face,
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
Tho' his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire;
Rohust, but not Hercnlean—to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paus'd to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vnlgar men;
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sahle curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curhs, but scarce conceals.
Tho' smooth his voice, and calm his gen'ral mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen;
His featnres' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,
As if within that murkiness of mind
Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefin'd;
Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
There hreathe bnt few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye;

He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.
There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotion both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell!

THE BULL-FIGHT.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloack array'd,
But all a-foot, the light-limb'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; hnt not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed,
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.
Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty hrute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.
Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croup the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from is flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.
Again he comes; nor dart, nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortur'd horse;

Tho' man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source,
Tho' death-struck still his feeble frame he rears
Stagg'ring, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.
Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast (burst),
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:
Once more thro'all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the cunning hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!
Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheath'd in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is pil'd—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

THE ROMAN DAUGHTER.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
It is not so; I see them full and plain—
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar:—but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?
Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook

No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain was Eve's.
But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.
The starry fable of the Milky Way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

LAKE LEMAN AND THE ALPS.

Clear, placid Leman, thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.
It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,

Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;
He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.
Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.
All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.
Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.
Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,

Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!
The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!
And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.
Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted!
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters—war within themselves to wage.

THE SUN SETTING BEHIND THE ALPS.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest

Floats thro' the azure air — an island of the bless'd!
A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely Heav'n; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order: — gently flows
The deep-dy'd Brenta, where their hues instil
Th' odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows.
Fill'd with the gentle face of Heav'n, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sun-set to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till — 'tis gone — and all is grey.

THE CLIME OF THE EAST.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun —
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

BEAUTY AND A BUTTERFLY COMPARED.

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye—
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betray'd,
Woe waits the insect and the maid;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, and man's caprice:
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Has lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that woo'd its stay
Has brush'd the brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er drop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except and erring sister's shame.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GREECE:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED A PORTRAIT OF DEATH.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,

The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers),
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And, but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treach'rous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look, by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb;
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round Decay,
And farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!
Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave;
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—

Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! self-abasement pav'd the way
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.
What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar,
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
And callous, save to crime;
Stain'd with each evil that pollutes

Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without e'en savage virtue bless'd,
Without one free or valiant breast.
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;
In this the snbtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renown'd.
In vain might liberty invoke
The spirit to its bondage broke,
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sunt, is set.
The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo farther west
Than your sires' «Islands of the Blest.»
The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.
A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis:
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?
And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now,—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like mine?
'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.
Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ?
What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, «Let one living head,
But one arise—we come, we come!»
'Tis but the living who are dumb.
In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!
You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?
Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.
The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.
Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.
Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells!
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.
Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.
Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

DARKNESS.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation: and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings— the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes

To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contained;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd; the wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings: the wildest brutes
'Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food;
And war, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again; a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd;
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws! himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,

And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd, and died —
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —
A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay,
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths:
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge —
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished; darkness had no need
Of aid from them — She was the universe.

EXTRACTS FROM JOHN MILTON (1608–1674).

PARADISE LOST.

SATAN'S SPEECH AND DESCRIPTION.

«Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
That we must change for Heav'n? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is sov'reign can dispose and bid
What shall be right; farthest from him is best,
Whom reason has equall'd, force has made supreme
Above his equals. — Farewell happy fields
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors, hail!

Infernal world, and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same?
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder has made greater? Here, at least,
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?—
He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so indur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves.
.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. «Princes, potentates,
Warriors th' flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal sp'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose

Your wearied virtue for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T'adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!»
. He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form as yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain:
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful now they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath.

THE GATHERING.

. But (*they*) chief the spacious hall,
Thick swarm'd both on the ground and in the air,

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flow'rs
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburh of their straw-built citadel,
New ruhb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! They hut now who seem'd
In higness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numherless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees; while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rehounds.

SATAN CONSULTS WHAT IS TO BE HAZARDED FOR THE RECOVERY OF HEAVEN.

High, on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings barharic pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted heyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high; insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heav'n; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd:
«Pow'rs and dominions, deities of Heav'n!
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, tho' oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, tho' just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n
Did first create your leader, next free choice,

With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd on a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior: but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction: for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then,
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise may speak.»

THE OPENING OF HELL GATES.

. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She (*Sin*) open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place are lost: where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold

Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heav'n first born,
Or of th' eternal coeternal beam!
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, tho' long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
Thro' utter and thro' middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre,
I sung of chaos and eternal night;
Taught by the heavn'ly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Tho' hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brook beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird

Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, hut not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal hloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or hnman face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal hlank
Of Natnre's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut ont.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her pow'rs
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisihle to mortal sight.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY.

O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That hring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once ahove thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore? he deserv'd not snch retnrn
From me, whom he created what I was
In that hright eminence, and with his good
Uphraided none: nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! Yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wronght hut malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd (1) subjection, and thought one step high'r

(1) Disdained.

Would set me high'st and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd: what burden then?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? Some other Pow'r
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what t'accuse,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou, since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.
O then at last relent; is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission! and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell:
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state: how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What faint submissions wore! ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void:
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher: therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold instead
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

PARADISE DESCRIBED.

Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mound high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearls and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which, not nice art,

In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal Spring.—

ADAM AND EVE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all:
And worthy seem'd, for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd),
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:

His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.—
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met:
Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down: and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gamboll'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine

His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded. —

.

To whom (*Adam*) thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
«My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.

.

THE MORNING.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As thro' unquiet rest: he, on his side,
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld

Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: «Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.»
Such whisp'ring wak'd her.

THE FALLEN ANGELS' DEFEAT, AND THE MESSIAH'S TRIUMPHAL RETURN.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw
Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Encumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor, from th' expulsion of his foes,
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to reign: He celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the court
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

ADAM RELATES TO RAPHAEL THE FIRST SURVEY HE TOOK OF HIMSELF.

«For Man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky; till, rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeav'ring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. «Thou Sun,» said I, «fair Light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?—
Not of myself;—by some Great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.»—
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light; when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flow'rs,
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought

I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said: « Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.»
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclos'd with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat: whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss: he rear'd me, and: «Whom thou sought'st, I AM,»
Said mildly, «Author of all this thou seest,
Above, or round about thee or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine.»

ADAM LEADS EVE TO THE NUPTIAL BOWER.

Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore

Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud:
«This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
Of all thy gifts! nor enviest.
. Woman is her name; of Man
Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.»
She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or, to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd:
I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn: all Heav'n,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours, from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

THE FALL OF MAN.

WITH ADAM'S EXCLAMATION AFTER EATING THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost.
. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld! those heav'nly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O! might I here
In solitude live savage; in some glade
Obscur'd where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening: cover me, ye Pines!
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!

EVE EXPRESSES HER SORROW ON LEAVING PARADISE.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th'ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r! by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world; to this obscure
And wild! how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

ADAM AND EVE EXPELLED FROM PARADISE.

. The hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see! the guards,
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round:
We may no longer stay: — go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd,
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
To meek submission: thou, at season fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;
Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliv'rance by her seed to come
(For by the Woman's seed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will he many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,
With cause, for evils past; yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.
He ended, and they both descend the hill;
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before: but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not sad, she him receiv'd:
«Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st I know;
For God is also in sleep; and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress
Weari'd I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promisd'd Seed shall all restore.»
So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch-Angel stood; and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground

Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat,
In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:
Some nat'ral tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

FROM WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE (1564–1616).

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SOLITUDE PREFERRED TO A COURT LIFE, AND THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

Duke. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference: as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
«This is no flattery;» these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it!

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

GRATITUDE IN AN OLD SERVANT.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs, lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age; here is the gold;
All this I give you; let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you,
I'll do the service of a younger man,
In all your business and necessities.

Orlando. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When servants sweat for duty not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashions of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that, do choak their service up,
Even with the having. It is not so with thee—
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'ell light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee.
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

THE WORLD COMPARED TO A STAGE.

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye brow. Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the hubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on 's side:
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

THE TEMPEST.

CALIBAN AND PROSPERO.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

.

I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me: would'st give me
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities of th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pros. Abhorred slave!
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,

Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which goodnature
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

SATIRE ON UTOPIAN FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contracts, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation: all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:
All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony
Sword, pike, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

A FINE APOSIOPESIS.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—Oh, what might?—no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

CALIBAN'S CURSES.

All the infections that the sun sucks up,
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him —
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes, like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount

Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness—Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I 'll fall flat:
Perchance, he will not mind me.

CALIBAN'S PROMISES.

I 'll show thee the best springs: I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man—
I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I 'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock.

FINE SENTIMENT OF HUMANITY ON REPENTANCE.

Ariel. —The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charms so strongly work 'em
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.
Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther.

DOOMSDAY.

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! we are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A JEW'S MALICE.

Bassano. This is signior Antonio.
Shylock. How like a fawning publican he looks! *Aside.*
I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
E'en there, where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Curs'd be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

THE JEW'S EXPOSTULATION.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:—
Go to then;—you come to me, and you say,
«Shylock, we would have monies;» you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger-cur
Over your threshold:—Monies is your suit.—
What should I say to you?—Should I not say,
«Hath a dog money?—Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?»—or
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this: «Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much monies?»

SHYLOCK'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS SERVANT.

Shyl. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat. Drones hive not with me:

Therefore I part with him: and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.

UNFEELING REVENGE.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soft'n that (than which what 's harder?)
His Jewish heart.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above the sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show like God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this —
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

DESCRIPTION OF A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT, WITH FINE MUSIC.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. —

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

TRUE LOVE EVER CROSSED.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth:
And, ere a man hath power to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion!

COWSLIPS, AND FAIRY EMPLOYMENT.

The cowslips tall her pensioner be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their savours;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

PUCK, OR ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Fairy. Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery,—
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Puck. I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale:
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough:
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

FAIRY JEALOUSY.

These are the forgeries of jealousy;

And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

DESCRIPTION OF A MERMAID, WITH A COMPLIMENT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Oberon. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.

A FAIRY BANK.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight.

FAIRY COURTESIES.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition:
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart:—
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine phrensy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIP AND INNOCENCE.

We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other; what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd
That any did: had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heav'n
Boldly—«Not guilty;» the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DESCRIPTION OF CLEOPATRA'S SAILING DOWN THE CYDNUS.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.—
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swells with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

ANTONY'S DESPONDENCY.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this! The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heel, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all.

ANTONY ON HIS FADED GLORY.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air:—
My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape.

CLEOPATRA'S DESCRIPTION OF ANTONY.

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Brested the world: his voice was properti'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But, when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was a rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

CORIOLANUS.

MARTIAL FRIENDSHIP.

—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitions strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married, never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: thou has beat me out
Twelve several times; and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

HAMLET.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this?
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two;

So excellent a king! that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother.
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
A little month;—or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she—
O Heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother: but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.—

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON GOING TO TRAVEL.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.—
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

HAMLET ON THE APPEARANCE OF HIS FATHER'S GHOST.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

ENTER GHOST AND HAMLET.

Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit:
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: list, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O Heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thonghts of love.
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt:
And dnller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wonldst thon not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle?
Ghost. O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline

Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;—
Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment:
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;—
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! what else? (*Exit.*
And shall I couple hell! O fie! hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter.

HAMLET'S REFLECTIONS ON THE PLAYER AND HIMSELF.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

LIFE AND DEATH WEIGHED.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them: To die,—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause:—there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

THE KING'S DESPAIRING SOLILOQUY.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n;
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force;—

:

To be forestall'd, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice:
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked price itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul! that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe; (*The king kneels.*
All may be well!

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FINICAL COURTIER.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again:—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff—And still he smil'd and talk'd,
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd negligently, I know not what;
He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet.
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,

Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

A GALLANT WARRIOR.

I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR'S IMPATIENCE FOR THE BATTLE.

. Let them come:
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet-sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

THE CHARACTER OF KING HENRY V. BY HIS FATHER.

He is gracious, if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd;
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope:
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN PRINCE HENRY AND HIS FATHER.

P. H. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust:

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms;
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees:
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity!
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleness;
Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt:
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on ev'ry innocent.
O, my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do; when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. H. O pardom me, my liege! but for my tears, (*Kneeling*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown:
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die!
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: «The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:
But thou most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.» Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head:
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe: Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort:
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.

PERFECTIONS OF KING HENRY V.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any course of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF BEES.

So work the honey-bees:
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busi'd in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Deliv'ring o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

DESCRIPTION OF A FLEET SETTING SAIL.

Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,

Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch; from tent to tent,
Let him cry—praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

KING HENRY'S SPEECH TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE.

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian.
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet shall all be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.

THE DEATH-BED HORRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Bring me unto my trial when you will:
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess—
Alive again? Then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

THE DUKE OF YORK ON THE GALLANT BEHAVIOUR OF HIS SONS.

My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, «Courage, father! fight it out!»
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, «Charge! and give no foot of ground!»
And cried, «A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!»
With this we charg'd again; but out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim agains the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

A FATHER'S PASSION ON THE MURDER OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
.
That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood;
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, «Alas, it was a piteous deed!»

THE EARL OF WARWICK'S DYING SPEECH.

Ah, who is nigh! Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? My mangled body shows;
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
 Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walls, my manors that I had,
E'en now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.

QUEEN MARGARET'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TEWKESBURY.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil:
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

GLOUCESTER MURDERS KING HENRY VI. IN THE TOWER.

Glo. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech; (*Stabs him.*
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
—If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither, (*Stabs him*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.— (*again.*
I have no brother, I am like no brother,
And this word *love* which grey beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me! *I am myself alone.*

GLOUCESTER'S DISSIMULATION.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile:
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And send the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

QUEEN KATHARINE'S SPEECH TO HER HUSBAND.

——— Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been bless'd
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:

The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate yet
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have,
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO CROMWELL.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, tho' thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
(Th' image of his Maker,) hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in:——
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

CHARACTER OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

We write in water.
. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.—
He was most princely; ever witness for him,
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God

JULIUS CÆSAR.

CASSIUS, IN CONTEMPT OF CÆSAR.

Cassius. I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, «Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?» —Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, «Help me, Cassius, or I sink.»
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.—
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cried — «Give me some drink, Titinius» —
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of this majestic world, (*Shout. Flourish.*
And bear the palm alone.

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

ANTONY'S SOLILOQUY OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the line of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men);
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.—
.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made.—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, oh ye gods! how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my Countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.——
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That loves my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,

In a dying, dying fall.
By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies:
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animating sounds:
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed.
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes,
Intestine War no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.
But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main;
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies resound,
To arms! to arms! to arms!
But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadfull gleams!
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts.
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire!
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.
By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,

Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh, take the husband or return the wife!
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the Poet's pray'r:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard, and how glorious!
Though Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her!
Yet Music and Love were victorious.
But soon, too soon, the poet turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sister move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries;
Ah see, he dies!
Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.
Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
The immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n. POPE.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair.
Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove:
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.—
The list'ning crowd admires the lofty sound;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god.
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.
The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.
Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n, from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below:
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.
The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measure.
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasure.
War he sung is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.
Now strike the golden lyre again;
And louder, yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around!
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unhuried remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King seiz'd a flamheau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, liko another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or check impetuous fire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700

SPRING SHOWER.

The North-East spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heav'n
Breathes the big clouds with vernal show'rs distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingled deep,
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wint'ry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of ev'ry hope, and ev'ry joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing wood,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem, thro' delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,

And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the gen'ral choir. E'en mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing show'r is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander thro' the forest walks.
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while heav'n descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flow'rs, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
 Thus all day long the full distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-show'r'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain; thro' the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods; and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
 Full swell the woods; their ev'ry music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales.
Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from the eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense, and ev'ry hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism;
And, to the sage-instructed eye, unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy:
He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,

Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thousand diff'rent plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

THOMSON (1700–1748).

THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

O knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatt'rers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with massy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all!
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heav'n descends in show'rs; or bends the bough
When summer reddens, and when autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay:
Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsulli'd beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. . . .

The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flow'ry solitudes,

To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year:
Admiring, sees her in her ev'ry shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys: and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain,
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and, through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buri'd earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea th' imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on the mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his pow'rs;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on him alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children; twisted round his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by the primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with man.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE,

FROM A REVIEW OF WINTER.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
The sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale contending Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame!
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of Heav'n and Earth! awak'ning Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r
And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form ideal wants: why heav'n-born Truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge; why licenc'd Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, «That all men are about to live,»
For ever on the brink of being born.

All pay themselves the compliment to think
They, one day, shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise,
At least their own; their future selves applauds.
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in Folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human Wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-solves, then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in the grave.

YOUNG (1679–1765).

THE LAST DAY.

—At the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.
Amazing period: when each mountain height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er Creation!—while aloft
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire:
Far other sun!—A sun, O how unlike
The babe of Bethlem! how unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet, he it is;

That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside:
And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous: her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in peace,
And wordly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more,
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we stood! — Lorenzo! while thou mayst
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?
 Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth rose from chaos; man from earth;
And an Eternity, the date of Gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
Already is begun the grand assize,
In us, in all: deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and by forestalling, proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that God in man.

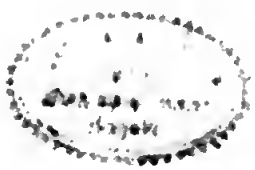
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